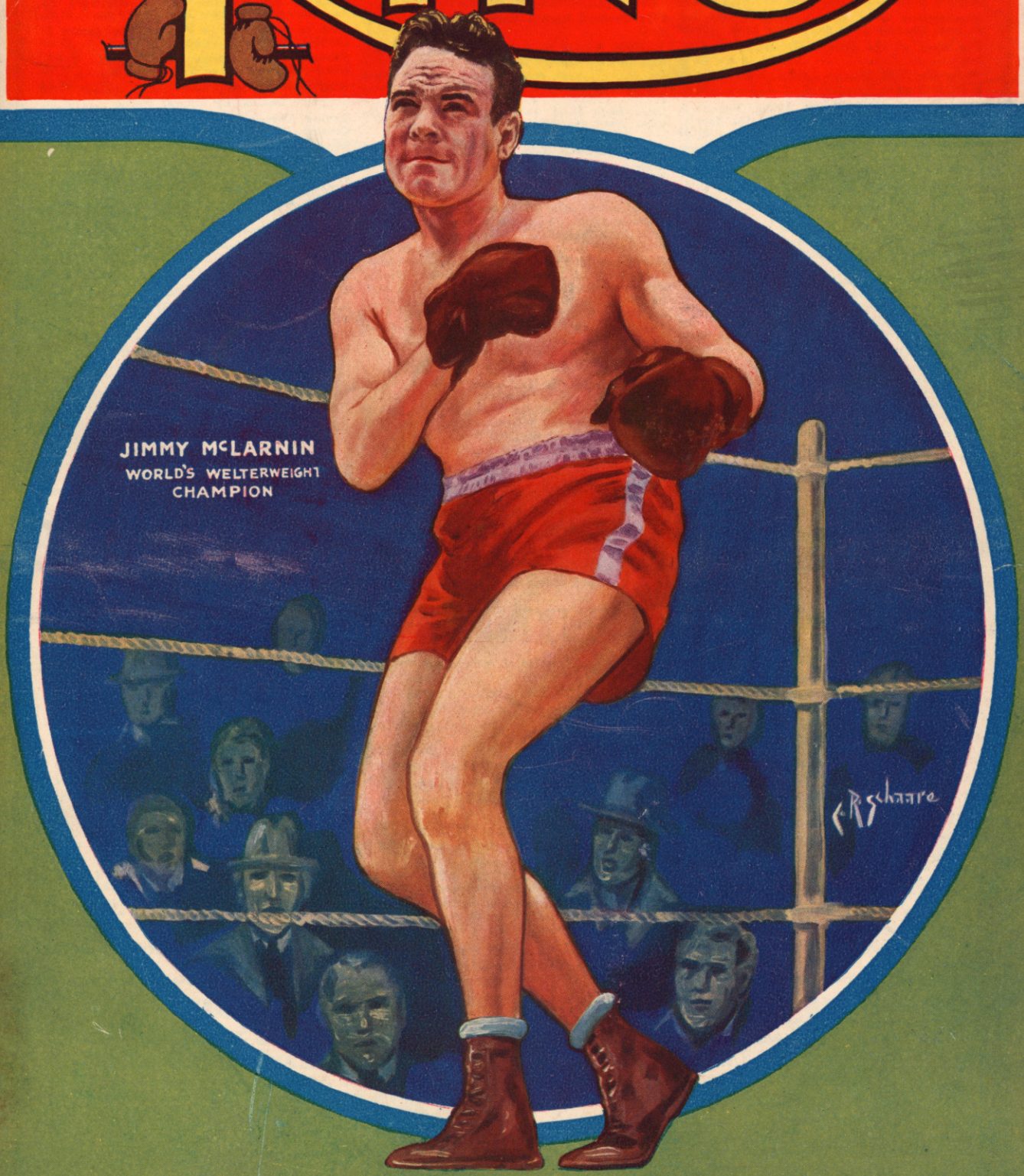
BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

25 CENTS

FEBRUARY

The RING



ANNUAL RATING OF BOXERS

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

The Home of Boxing. By A. F. Bettinson. Regular price $5.00. Our price $3.00

Recollections of a Boxing Referee. By Joe Palmer. Regular price $5.00. Our price ..$2.50

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....75 cents

The "Set-up." A thrilling fight story in verse. By Joseph Moncure Marsh. Regular Price $2.50. Our Special Price 75 cents. Add 10 cents for postage.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.25

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring.....69 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price $1.00

The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price $1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price $1.50

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

1934 Everlast Record Book. Price 35 cents by mail.

Andrews Record Book for 1934.....40 cents

Post Boxing Record. By John J. Romano. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $8.00. 1932-1933—Price $7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Modern Wrestling—By Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer. Finest book on the sport. 140 illustrations. Price.....$1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustrations. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst.....Price 75 cents

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—by George Hackenschmidt $1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special chapters on Weight Lifting .....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price $1.50

Feats of Strength. By Sid Harmer $1.00

Simple Strength Tests ..... 75 cents

BOXING BOOKS

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

Navy Drills. By Tom Sharkey. Price 25 cents.

Army Exercises. By Frank Idone. Price 25 cents.

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics $1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells ...$1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll ...$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll $1.00

Scientific Bag Punching. By Harry Seeback. Price .....25 cents

Bowery Life. By Chuck Connors.....20 cents

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier $1.15

Nat Fleischer's "System for Increasing Your Height." By Nat Fleischer.....75 cents

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

No Books Sent C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Get this latest, newly revised Edition. Brought up-to-date. Contains many improvements over the original "Training for Boxers" which is now out of print. 42,000 copies of the first seven editions sold in less than two years. A record that speaks for itself. Now Ready—The New "Training for Boxers"—The Eighth Revised Edition. Price $1.00.

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates, with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer" "How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

Please mark books desired. No books sent C.O.D.

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

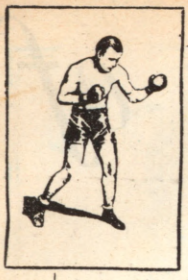
City .....State.....

REVISED EDITION

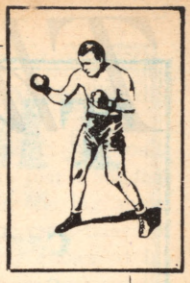
"How to Second a Boxer" and "How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) *(Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1935—All Rights Reserved)*

Vol. XIV **FEBRUARY, 1935** **No. 1**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

THE RING'S RATING OF BOXERS FOR 1934	Nat Fleischer	2
HOW BOXERS ARE GROUPED BY THE RING FOR 1934		13
SIX YEARS AGO!	"The Ring" Editor	14
AUSTRALIAN STARS (Photographs)		16
DO YOU REMEMBER ?	Bud Ridley	17
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		18
FOSTER-McLARNIN, INC.	George T. Pardy	20
YOUNGSTERS WHO ARE ADVANCING RAPIDLY (Photographs)		23
EDDIE HANLON, THE BOY WONDER	T. W. McNiel	24
WHAT THE CAMERAMAN SAW IN RECENT BOUTS		25
BALLYHOO IN FISTICUFFS	George T. Tickell	26
FOREIGNERS WHO RANK HIGH (Photographs)		29
FROM MILO TO LONDOS (Chapter 28)	A. D. Phillips	30
RASSLERS AND THEIR MILEAGE	Ed. W. Smith	32
BATTLES OF THE MONTH (Photographs)		33
THE AFGHAN LOVES HIS WRESTLING	Ghoofar Khan	34
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Emery Clarke	36
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Edward Merrill	38
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	48

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	50
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	52
SUNNY CALIFORNIA AND MONTANA BOXING BITS		53
GREATER BOSTON, BUFFALO, N. Y., HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.		54
SOUTHERN OHIO, TRENTON, N. J., HOLYOKE, MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA		55
CANADIAN TOPICS, ONTARIO, CANADA, ROCHESTER, N. Y.		56
KANSAS, MINNESOTA, SIOUX CITY		57
PHILIPPINES, SOUTH AFRICA, BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. INDIES		59
SECTIONAL RATINGS FOR 1934 (By Our Correspondents)		60
MICHIGAN AND LOUISIANA NEWS		62
AUSTRALIAN AND HAWAIIAN BOXING		63
SYRACUSE, CONNECTICUT, CUBA		64

In Our Next Issue

"Fights that are Naturals" is an article that every promoter should digest. In this, Nate Lewis, one of America's foremost matchmakers and promoters, selects the twenty outstanding bouts for 1935, several of which he hopes to sign. His choices are the fistic attractions that hold the spotlight: contests, which, if our leading clubs are able to corner them, would enable this country to have its biggest boxing year since 1930.

Years ago, Bob Fitzsimmons, the freckled champion, gained world renown by holding three championships — the middleweight, light-heavyweight and the heavyweight crowns. Several title holders since Ruby Roberts' days gained the distinction of being a double crown wearer, but no ring gladiator ever succeeded in equaling Fitz's record.

For a time it seemed that Mickey Walker would emulate the feat of Freckled Bob. He could have been a triple champion had he gone after the light-heavyweight title, but what he wanted, after retiring from the middleweight section, was the heavyweight diadem and in that he failed.

The story of the Toy Bulldog who failed because he couldn't burn the candle at both ends, is the stirring tale of a real champion. You'll like the story of his life as told by George T Pardy, former sports editor of the "Chicago Inter-Ocean," who saw Fitz at his best and watched Mickey grow from a raw novice to a great title holder.

You will also find several interesting articles by "The Ring's" galaxy of stars, including A. D. (Pop) Phillips, the 84-year-old boxing and wrestling expert; Daniel M. Daniel, who is the Globe Trotter of "The Ring"; Eddie Borden, Ed Smith, former Chicago sports editor and famous referee, and Nat Fleischer.

Keep up your interest in boxing and wrestling by buying "The Ring" regularly.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass., or Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

Office of publication, The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

The Ring's Rating of BOXERS *for* 1934

Max Baer, Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarnin and Paul Pirrone Carry Off Year's Honest Honors

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHILE boxing competition the world over in 1934 was not quite as eventful as it had been hoped, it built the background for bigger things to come next year. No year really is complete in its contribution to ring history without a contest for the heavyweight championship, and thanks to the socking ability of Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper, the 1934 battle will go down into the annals of Fistiana as one of the most sensational titular tilts in modern history. Only two contests surpass the Baer-Carnera affair in thrills, in both of which the great Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, was a party—those with Jess Willard in which Jack won the crown and with Luis Firpo in which the "Man Killer" almost lost the championship.

It would be folly to say that the year 1934 was one of outstanding success in boxing, for such is far from the case, yet we must admit that the sport during the past twelve months has experienced such a marked degree of success, both financially and in the matter of pleasing, thrilling contests, that prosperity seems to be just around the corner. Boxing has come partially out of the woods and if the heavyweight champion and Jimmy McLarnin, the welterweight king, both of whom are popular ring idols, will come forth and fight oftener, we will hear little of a depression in fisticuffs in 1935. There are a flock of young, budding, two-fisted fighters who have come to the fore these past twelve months and with their rise, local interest has been increased in the sport throughout the country. All the game now needs to assure a prosperous boxing year in 1935, is real fighting champions.

Max Baer, the colorful leader of the heavyweight brigade.

* * *

BOXING is no longer becalmed in the doldrums. It is my opinion that it is riding the high tide of action, vigorously fanned by favoring breezes. The events of the past year were such as to reawaken public interest in the doings of the mitt-men. When Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey and became the heavyweight king, national pride demanded the production of an American who could demonstrate the supremacy of Uncle Sam over the giant son of Sunny Italy.

Right there the interest in the fortunes of the big fellows was stimulated to a fervid degree of excitement and, when Baer came out of the West like another Lochinvar and regained the world crown for the United States, boxing went into something strongly resembling a big boom session. When we consider the financial flop of the Sharkey-Carnera bout and then note the vast difference in the receipts of the Carnera-Baer embroglio, and add to that sum the two highly successful Ross-McLarnin contests, one cannot help but feel that the boxing depression is over. In fact, it is my opinion that, although the million-dollar gates are gone, never again to return—at least, not in our days—the sport would always prosper if the promoters would give the public the kind of fights that are naturals. The three bouts above referred to drew total receipts of close to one million dollars, in a year when almost seven million persons were unemployed in this country.

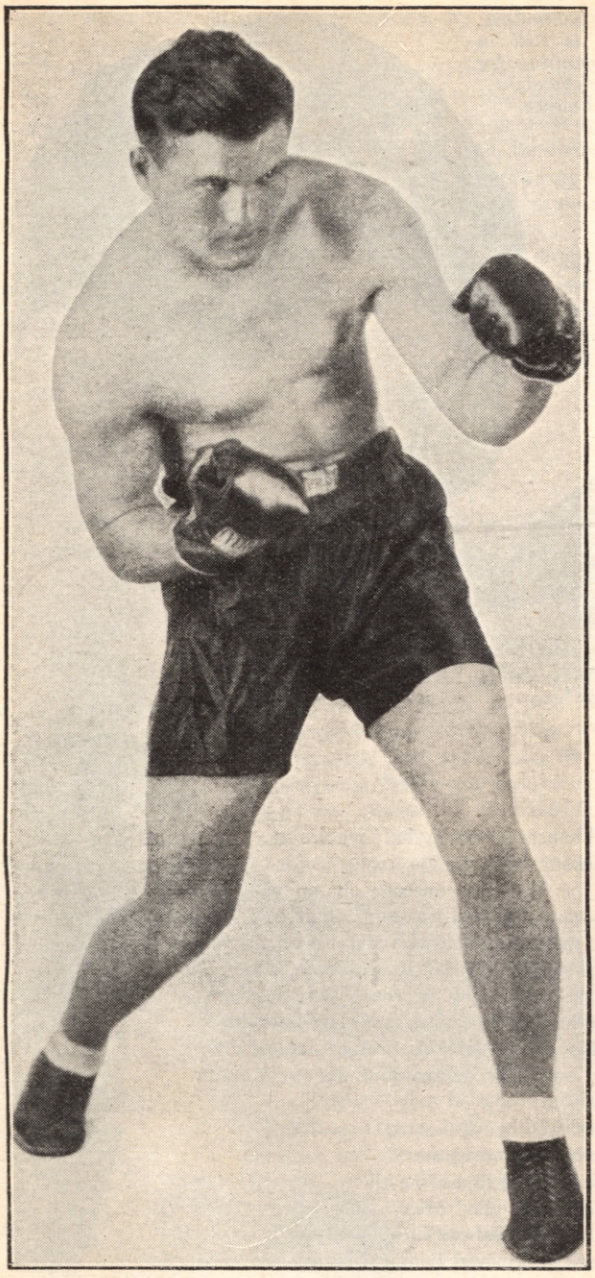
* * *

TO Baer, Ross, McLarnin, Lasky, Peterson, McAvoy, Canzoneri and Hamas, boxing owes a vote of thanks for having stimulated fan interest to a fervid degree of excitement, an interest that traveled all over the world and gave dormant promoters in many localities an opportunity to reap the benefits. It was largely through the ballyhoo that emanated from their camps that the smaller clubs were enabled to reopen their doors. The contests in which they engaged brought about a new zest to the public appetite for spectacular glove jousts.

True, the larger organizations, the Garden of New York and of Boston, the Stadium of Chicago, and the Olympia Club of Detroit, did not do so well financially during the indoor season but, even with their losses, they showed gains over the two previous lean years through the new impetus given to the sport. The big gains are recorded by the smaller fry, the organizations which are the incubators of pugilism—the clubs that develop the raw talent which later is passed on to the big arenas. That is why the prediction is made that 1935 will be a banner year for boxing.

The past year saw the development of exceptionally fine talent. In fact, better prospects were developed in all divisions, especially in the heavyweight, middleweight, light and bantam, than had advanced from the novice stage in pugilism in several years. That is what makes it so promising for this year.

Lads who came to the front with a bang in 1934 and will be heard from this year include Paul Pirrone, Sixto Escobar, Jock McAvoy, Jack Peterson, Lew Feldman, Lew Ambers, Mike Belloise, Charley Massare, Art Lasky, Baby Arizmendi, Louis



Steve Hamas, one of the foremost heavyweight contenders.

Salica, Young Tommy, Speedy Dado, Baby Quintana, Joe Tei Ken, Little Pancho, Star Frisco, Teddy Yarosz, Joe Louis, Ambrose Palmer, Johnny Miler, Oscar Rankins, Kid Azteca, Cerefino Garcia, Bobby Pacho, Al Ettore, Benny Lynch of Scotland, Sammy Fuller, Darky Blandon of Australia, Steve Dudas, Petey Hayes, George Hansford and Joe Conde, among others. Boxing will depend on them for much of its success this year.

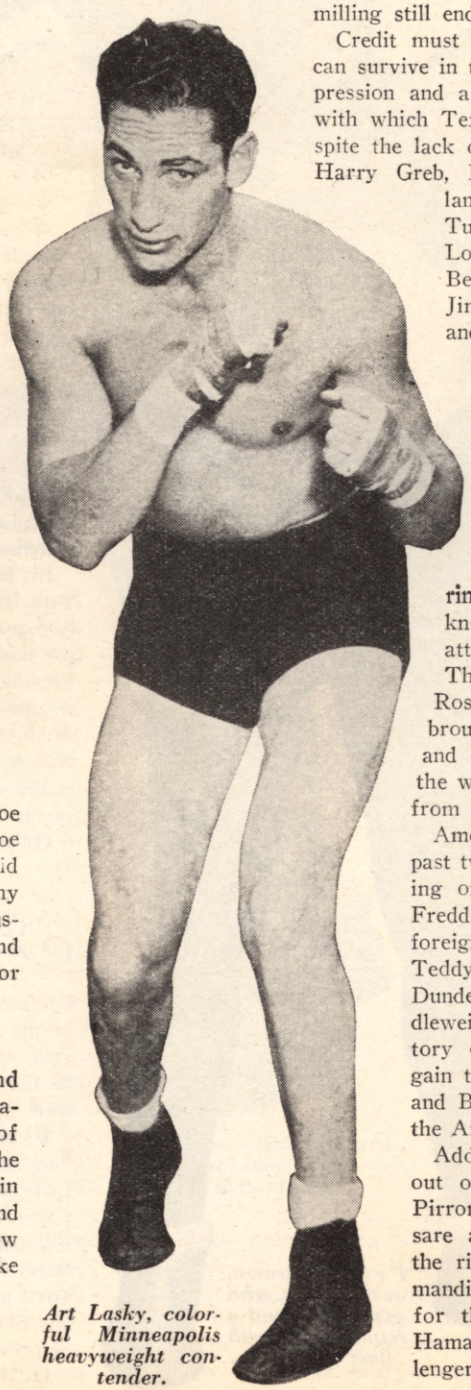
* * *

IN a recent questionnaire sent to one hundred and forty boxing promoters and scribes by this magazine, it was learned that seventy-eight per cent of the clubs which failed to operate in 1933 because of the depression, opened their doors after the first Ross-McLarnin fight had been arranged and the ballyhoo had begun, and have kept open since. These clubs' reports for the year show that fifty-six per cent earned a profit, twenty-seven broke even, or almost so, and the rest were in the red, but not sufficiently to force them to shut down again. Considering that only twenty-two per cent of all of the boxing clubs in the United States operated last year, we can safely say that boxing is again on the upgrade, and to the budding young prospects, and to the three champions—Baer, Ross and McLarnin—this rise is directly attributed.

Of all the prospects, none compares to Paul Pirrone and to Joe Louis. Two years ago Pirrone, the Clevelander, was regarded as just a budding youngster who looked good in the bushes but failed in the big show. But today, aside from Baer, Ross and McLarnin, he is the most-talked-of fighter in America. Knocked out seven times in the early stages of his career, he started an uphill climb last year and wound up making the most sensational record of any fighter in 1934. He is still a youngster, but he hits with the power of a heavyweight. His knockouts for the year were over such tough boys as Young Terry, Jimmy Smith, Tait Littman and Mickey Walker. Those who have seen Pirrone in action declare him to be the hardest hitting middleweight since Stanley Ketchel's time.

With Pirrone, Teddy Yarosz and Oscar Rankin on this side to stir up interest in the division, and Jock McAvoy, Fred Henneberry and Carmelo Candel keeping the section in the spotlight in foreign lands, that division seems prepared to be most active and liveliest of all this year.

Let the pessimists croak as they will, there is no denying the cold fact that boxing is slowly but surely coming back into its own. The longing for good slugging matches, sensational knockdowns, and fast, clever milling still endures.



Art Lasky, colorful Minneapolis heavyweight contender.

Credit must be given to a sport which can survive in the face of a world-wide depression and a lack of the colorful talent with which Tex Rickard was favored. Despite the lack of fighters of the caliber of Harry Greb, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Delaney, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Luis Firpo, Tommy Loughran, Johnny Dundee, Benny Leonard, Charley White, Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa, and Mike McTigue, boxing was able to execute a vigorous revival and win back the public—a most notable achievement for the sport.

* * *

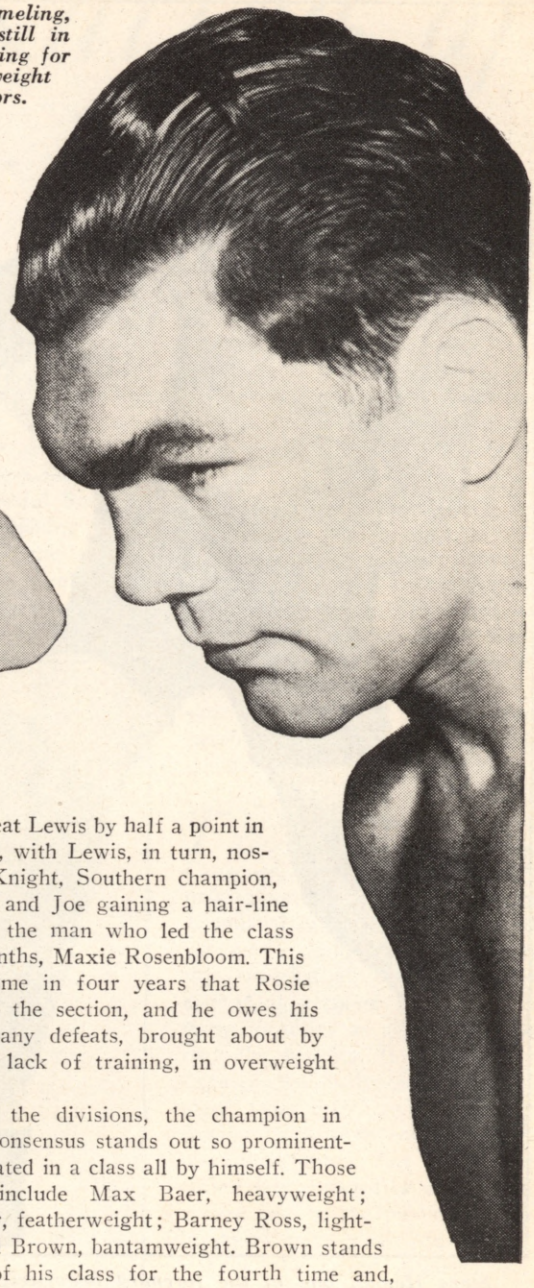
THE year was replete with unusual incidents, the most stirring of which was Baer's knockout of Carnera and its attending eleven knockdowns. Then we had the victory of Ross over McLarnin that brought to Barney a second title, and the subsequent regaining of the welterweight crown by Jimmy from Barney.

Among other notable feats in the past twelve months was the clinching of the featherweight title by Freddie Miller, who went into foreign lands to achieve his goal; Teddy Yarosz's victory over Vince Dundee to win the American middleweight honors; Bob Olin's victory over Maxie Rosenbloom to gain the light-heavyweight laurels, and Baby Arizmendi's winning of the American featherweight title.

Added to these was the knockout of Mickey Walker by Paul Pirrone, the knockout of both Massare and Ramage by Joe Louis, the rise of Art Lasky to a commanding position as a challenger for the world laurels and Steve Hamas's rise to the leading challenger's post.

The year's most active champion, as well as the most fearless, was Freddie Miller, who defended his featherweight crown four times in six weeks and fought nine battles abroad after clinching the title, winning each of them. Freddie in that respect holds a unique post in modern fisticuffs and represents a new type of twentieth century pugilist.

Now, with that introduction to lead the way, we will go into our ratings. First and foremost, as in the past ten years, we want to impress upon the minds of our readers that our selections are made only on the performances of the past twelve months and do not take into consideration what the fighter has accomplished in past years. Also that our selections are made up from a consensus gathered from among our boxing correspondents the world over, in addition to our own RING staff of competent experts.



Max Schmeling, who is still in the running for heavyweight honors.

Primo Carnera, ex-champion, who expects to land a return match with Baer next year.

Where a fighter is a world champion, he is not listed Number One by virtue of his position. If our consensus shows him to be below par, we never hesitate to place a challenger above him. With this in mind, we will now take up our ratings.

* * *

THE RING'S ranking of boxers for 1934 finds every world champion recognized by this authoritative organ heading his division, even though such a title-holder was not recognized by the National Boxing Association or the New York Board, which for some unknown reason — jealousy, I call it — has refused to show true sportsmanship in such backing. In only one case, that of the newly crowned title-holder, Bob Olin, did the leading light experience any tough sledding and come through with highest honors by a close shave.

Olin was hard pressed by John Henry Lewis and Joe Knight. He beat Lewis by half a point in our consensus, with Lewis, in turn, nosing out Joe Knight, Southern champion, by one point, and Joe gaining a hair-line decision over the man who led the class for eleven months, Maxie Rosenbloom. This is the first time in four years that Rosie failed to lead the section, and he owes his fall to his many defeats, brought about by clowning and lack of training, in overweight matches.

In four of the divisions, the champion in THE RING'S consensus stands out so prominently that he is rated in a class all by himself. Those so honored include Max Baer, heavyweight; Freddie Miller, featherweight; Barney Ross, lightweight, and Al Brown, bantamweight. Brown stands at the head of his class for the fourth time and, N.B.A. or New York State rulings notwithstanding, he not only is the world champion, but stands head and heels over the rest of the field.

Only one fighter, Barney Ross, is placed in a double bracket.

* * *

IN the heavyweight division, there can be no doubt as to the supremacy of the champion over all his rivals. Based on his annihilation of Carnera, he stands out all by himself. The heavyweight section is the dominant division of the boxing world, but my faith in the success of pugilism this year must be based, not on that class, which ordinarily would be the case, but on the boys in the lighter divisions who have come forth during the last few months.

I believe that, regardless of the condition of Baer, due to his long lay-off, he will smother any opposition he may be asked to face in defense of his crown this year. He is so far ahead of Carnera, Hamas, Lasky and Schmeling that he will need even less training than he did for Carnera, to retain his crown. The heavyweights who are listed as the ranking fighters for the year are a mediocre lot, with the exception of Carnera, Hamas, Lasky and Schmeling, and that quartet, compared to the leading heavies of previous years, present nothing over which to enthuse.

Of Baer, enough has been written, and nothing more that I

could say would add to the information. He gets the highest post because he deserves it.

Heading Group Number Two, I place Carnera, who, despite the lacing he received at the hands of Baer, is entitled to that post because he had successfully defended his title only a few months previously against Loughran at Miami and, since being shorn of his crown, he defeated Vittorio Campolo in Argentina. In view of the fact that Carnera was the world champion for part of the past year, he is entitled to be ranked above any of the other contenders.

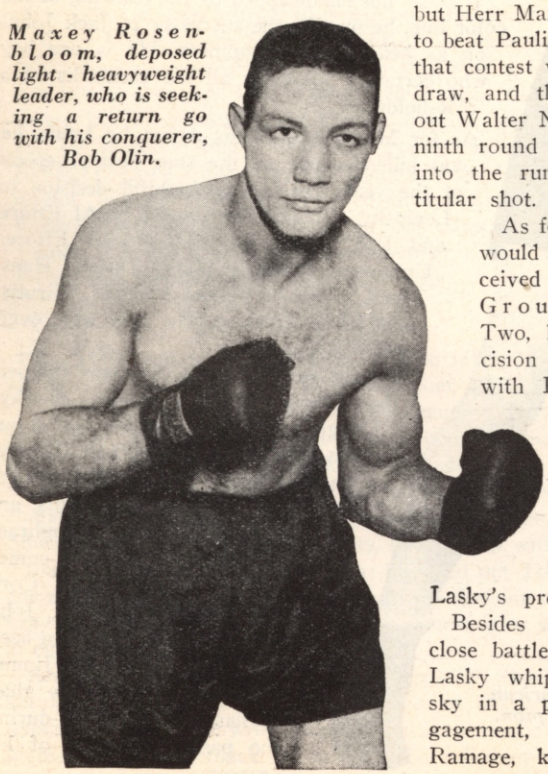
In his latest fight with Campolo, whom he had stopped in two rounds in 1931, Primo showed that the jarring he had received at the hands of Baer had shattered confidence in himself, for against the hog-fat, unconditioned South American, Primo found it impossible to do better than to win a twelve-round decision. That gives an indication of what is in store for the Italian behemoth should he obtain a return engagement with the champion

* * *

STEVE HAMAS, who is the first college graduate to become a challenger for the world heavyweight crown, receives second choice in Group Number Two. By his decisive defeat of Schmeling in Philadelphia and his disputed decision over Lasky he gets the precedence over both the latter and Schmeling, the others who occupy a place in that group. There are many persons in the fight game who think that Hamas is the ranking challenger because he put both Lasky and Schmeling out of the way and because Carnera was shunted aside by the title-holder, but that line of reasoning is not logical.

There is no way of telling whether Hamas is a better man than Carnera unless they clash, and this Primo is willing to do to settle the dispute, but Hamas is not. Were Hamas to whip Carnera, there would be no doubt that Baer would have to recognize him as the outstanding challenger but, under the present conditions, there are four challengers and only an elimination can bring forth the best man.

As for Schmeling, it was expected that he would retire after the bad beating he received from Hamas, following his knock-out at the hands of Baer, but Herr Max came back to beat Paulino, although that contest was called a draw, and then knocked out Walter Neusel in the ninth round to get back into the running for a titular shot.



Maxey Rosenbloom, deposed light-heavyweight leader, who is seeking a return go with his conquerer, Bob Olin.

As for Lasky, he would have received third call in Group Number Two, had the decision in the bout with King Levinsky been in his favor. Holding the Kingfish to a draw did not add to Lasky's prestige.

Besides losing the close battle to Hamas, Lasky whipped Levinsky in a previous engagement, beat Lee Ramage, kayoed Tom Patrick in three rounds, Benny Miller, Johnny Freeman and Billy Donohue in five each, and Jack Van Noy in ten. That record was the outstanding, over among the heavyweights, for action in 1934. It was my opinion that Lasky beat Hamas in their Garden affair and many of those who saw the fight with Levinsky were of the opinion that Art carried off the honors and that the draw decision was a gift to the Kingfish. With that in mind, therefore, I predict that Lasky will fight his way to a championship battle within the year and, if given an opportunity, which he deserves, to meet Hamas again to decide first call on Baer, he will emerge on top.

Bob Olin, newly crowned light-heavyweight champion.

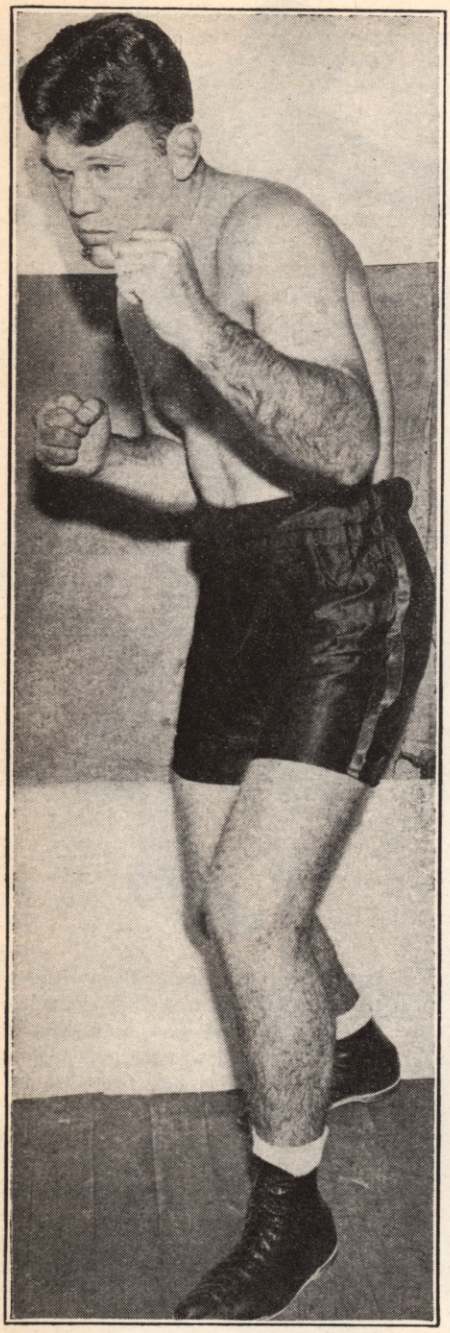
Jack Peterson, England's hope for heavyweight honors.

* * *

THE third group of heavyweights in our ranking names eleven gladiators, headed by Levinsky and ending with Loughran. Included in that group is another foreigner, Jack Peterson, the British heavyweight king, who, according to our consensus, is awarded seventh place in world ranking and second post in the third group.

Levinsky whipped Lee Ramage, Charley Massare, Don McCorkindale, Artie Sykes, and scored a three-round K.O. over Salvatore Ruggirello. He was the victim of a very poor decision when he lost to Walter Neusel in the Garden of New York.

Peterson, the British menace, must be given serious consideration by the other heavyweight contenders. He has a good



Paul Pirrone, whose sensational work during the year, makes him one of the outstanding middleweights.

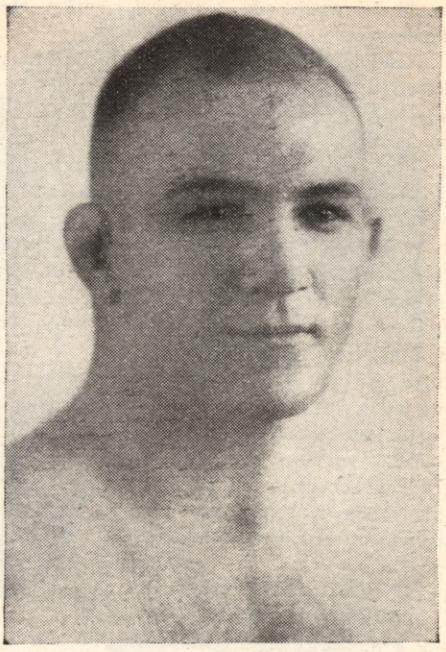
record, as far as foreign competition goes, even though his list of victims includes several who couldn't stand up in this country. The fact remains that he has clashed with the best of competition abroad and has come through triumphantly, and that makes him an outstanding fighter. His most notable victories were K.O.'s over Reggie Meen in two, Larry Gains in thirteen, Len Harvey in twelve, Ben Foord in thirteen, Charley Smith in one, and Crossley in ten.

Peterson may not be a world beater, but he has displayed a brand of fighting that, for the first time since Phil Scott was at the helm, has enabled England to have one of its heavyweights so far up in the ranking.

Next in line comes Patsy Perroni, of Cleveland, who is now making Boston his home. Patsy is one of the younger prospects who has come forth with a rush and of whom much is expected in 1935. He scored knockouts over Big Boy Rawson in one round, and Johnny Rosseau in two. He drew with Red Barry, whipped Hans Birkie twice, Unknown Winston and Johnny Risko twice, Tony Galento and Jack McCarthy.

* * *

NATIE BROWN and Lee Ramage, who follow Louis, have good records for the year. Until Louis stopped Ramage, Lee was entitled to fourth post in Group 3, but that recent K.O. earned for Louis the place which would have gone to Ramage. Lee lost to Lasky and Levinsky, but turned in two victories over Maxie Rosenbloom and drew once with the champion; scored twice over Red Barry and whipped Tony Cancela. Brown, who is handled by Billy McCarney, did commendable work during the year. He drew with Walter Neusel, Mickey Walker and Bob Tow; whipped Marty Gallagher, Johnny Risko, Don Petrin, Arthur Huttick, Hans Birkie, Eddie Simmons, Al Stillman twice, and Bob Tow twice. Natie's rise to such high position in the rating was one of the year's surprises.



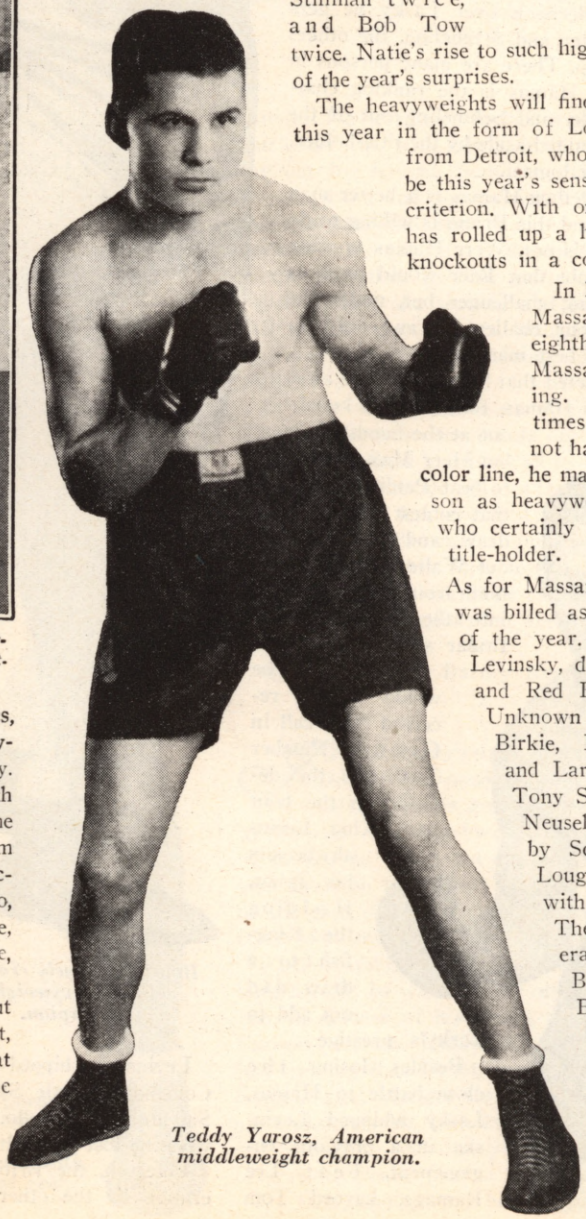
Marcel Thil, recognized world's middleweight champion.

The heavyweights will find a dark cloud shadowing them this year in the form of Louis, the former Golden Glover from Detroit, who is hitting on all fours. Joe may be this year's sensation, if his work for 1934 is a criterion. With only a year's professionalism, he has rolled up a high percentage of victories and knockouts in a comparatively short time.

In his most trying tests, he stopped Massare in third and Ramage in the eighth round. Any fighter who can stop Massare and Ramage is worth watching. Louis put Ramage down four times before halting him. If Louis is not handicapped by the drawing of the color line, he may be the successor to Jack Johnson as heavyweight champion. He is one boy who certainly possesses all the earmarks of a title-holder.

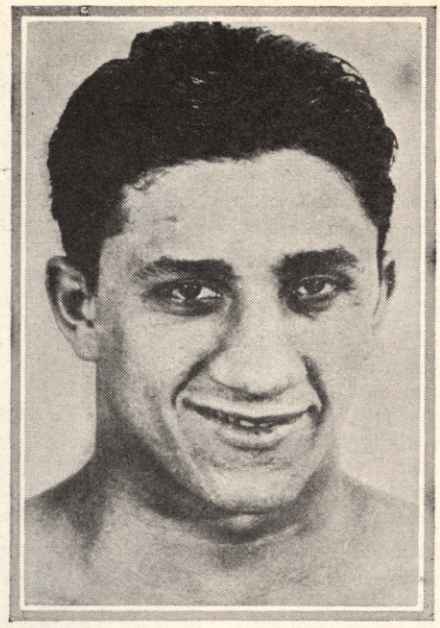
As for Massare, until his defeat by Louis, he was billed as one of the four best prospects of the year. He lost a doubtful decision to Levinsky, dropped the verdict to Al Ettore and Red Barry, and scored over Ettore, Unknown Winston, Steve Dudas, Hans Birkie, Eddie Simms, Yustin Sirutis and Larry Johnson. He also won over Tony Souza.

Neusel, next in the group, was stopped by Schmeling, won from Levinsky, Loughran, Ray Impellitiere, and drew with Natie Brown and Len Harvey. The last three in the group, the veterans among the heavyweights, are Braddock, Risko and Loughran. Braddock is staging a fine comeback. His knockout of Corn Griffin and his defeat of John Henry Lewis brought him back in the fistic spotlight. Jimmy is fighting better now than he has at any time during the past two years of his career.



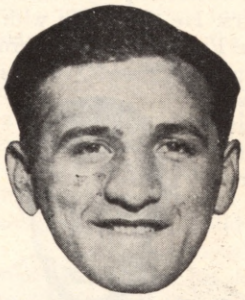
Teddy Yarosz, American middleweight champion.

NOW for the light-heavies. As I have already stated, Olin, by virtue of his victory by a decision over Rosenbloom to win the world's championship, earned the right to the top post in the final weeks of the year's campaign. Although I didn't think he had earned the honors in his bout with Slapsie Maxie, the fact remains that he gained the verdict and that is all that counts when ratings are compiled.



Patsy Perroni, slashing heavyweight, now living in Boston.

Aside from that bout, however, Bob was beaten twice by Lou Brouillard who failed to show much merit during the year as a light-heavyweight. Olin knocked out Bob Godwin in one round—his most impressive feat, as that was accomplished at the time when Bob was being touted around the country as the best boy at his weight—whipped Godwin a second time over the route, and drew with Abie Feldman.



Young Corbett, Pacific Coast's leading middleweight.

Rosenbloom defended his title only twice in 1934. The first time he fought a fifteen-round draw with Knight in Miami and the second time, he lost his crown. In all other contests he fought over the weight, a system which has been overworked by title-holders and should be stopped.

Whenever Maxie was forced to fight hard, he proved his superiority by a wide margin over his opponents, but because of the general attitude of boxing commissioners against him for striking with the open gloves, he found it difficult to get sufficient fights to keep himself in coffee and crullers.

Maxie's overweight bouts brought defeat quite frequently. He dropped matches to Mickey Walker, who only a few weeks ago was knocked out by Paul Pirrone; lost twice to Ramage; was beaten by Bob Godwin, and Clyde Chastain, who was knocked out by Knight; Dutch Wiemer, Young Sam Langford, Leo Kelley, Cyclone Smith, Gordon Fontenberry, Leroy Brown, Al Gainer, Johnny Miler, Pietro Georgi, and drew with Ramage, Godwin, and Gainer. He knocked out Max Maxwell in five rounds. He was the most active member of his class but his record was unimpressive for a title-holder.

* * *

NOW compare the records of John Henry Lewis and Joe Knight with that of Rosenbloom, who in our ranking, loses the high post he had occupied for several years previously and is shifted down to fourth position. Although Lewis lost to Jimmy Braddock, a heavyweight, in the Negro's eastern debut in the Garden, he followed that bout with a three-round K.O. over Yale Okun and a one-sided victory over Tony Shucco. In addition to those contests, Lewis drew with Red Barry, a tough lad, and with Young Firpo; knocked out Tony Poloni in one round, Earl Wise in three, and gained a decision over Norman Conrad. With that record, the Detroit Negro wins second choice in our annual ranking.

Knight's only setback was at the hands of Shucco. Had Joe not lost that one, he would have received first choice in our selections. Joe drew with Rosenbloom in a titular contest and against that one setback he suffered, he rolled up a record of victories against Eddie Houghton, Leroy Brown, Tony Cancela, George Pavlick and Rosy Rosales. He also scored kayo's over Les Kennedy in two rounds; Wilson Dunn in three; Clyde Chastain in six; Al Rodriquez in seven; Buck Everett in nine and Carl Knowles in ten—all good boys. He also drew with Everett. That entitles Joe to third place.

* * *

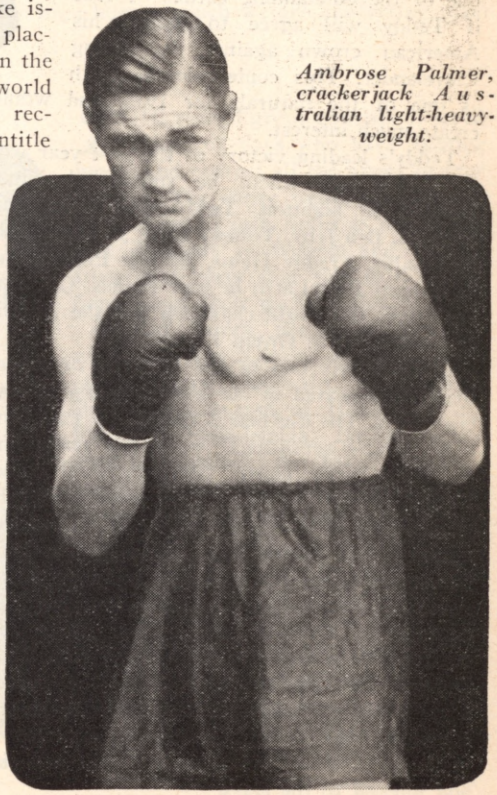
OUR second group is headed by Shucco, who, had he not been so inactive in the last four months and had he not lost to Lewis on December 14, the final day on which this ranking is based, would have received No. 2 position, next to Olin. Shucco's fall from that high post should be a lesson to others who like to hide their gloves in moth balls. Tony's record for the year includes two victories over Al Gainer. He also beat Unknown Winston, Joe Knight when Joe had come up from the South fresh from a draw championship battle with Rosenbloom; Dick Madden and Bud Mignault, in addition to fighting a draw with Al Rodriquez. The only black mark against Tony prior to making such a poor showing in the Garden, was a one-round knockout at the hands of Winston, whom he later defeated handily.

Ambrose Palmer may not be as good against American competition in this country as he has been against native and American competition in his home land, but in Australia, he ranks supreme and must be properly recognized here. He scored over Roy Williams, twice; Maurice Strickland, Roy Nichol, Dave Shade, Marty Sampson and lost once on a foul to Shade. Both Shade and Sampson, Americans, declare that Palmer is not overrated by his countrymen. Palmer is placed next to Shucco.

Brouillard, who takes his place in this group next to Palmer, twice defeated the present champion of the division, Bob Olin. He also whipped Gainer twice, Norman Conrad, kayoed Solly Dukelsky in seven rounds; Henry Firpo in six and Tommy Rios in five. He lost to Tait Littman and to Gainer.

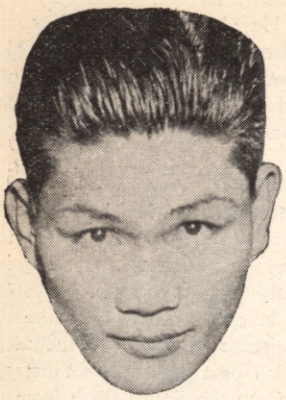
The latter, who follows Brouillard, lost twice to Shucco and to Brouillard, but whipped George Nichols, Al McCoy, Lew Scozza, Brouillard and Lou Poster. He kayoed Frankie Wine in three rounds, Clyde Chastain in five, and Arthur Huttick in seven, a rather worthy record.

As for Len Harvey, the British readers of this publication will probably take issue with us for placing him so low on the list—ninth in world ranking—but his record does not entitle him to a better post. He is fighting abroad as both a light-heavyweight and a heavyweight but should be ranked among the boys of the light-heavyweight section because of his weight during the year.



Ambrose Palmer, crackerjack Australian light-heavyweight.

Len was kayoed by Peterson, drew with Neusel and whipped Gains—all heavyweights, and won on a foul from Jimmy



Cerefino Garcia, welterweight star of the Philippines.

Tarante. In view of the fact that he held the British light-heavyweight crown, we shall give him the benefit of a ranking in that class, for among the heavyweights, he would not be in the honor section at all.

With that, we now come to a division in which many good boys are coming to the front—the middleweights.

* * *

ALTHOUGH in this country the New York Boxing Commission refuses to sanction the title claim of Marcel Thil to world's middleweight championship, and holds that Teddy Yarosz, of East Liverpool, Ohio, is the rightful owner of the crown, by all right and precedence the possession of the laurels that go with a championship belong to Thil. The Frenchman has repeatedly demonstrated to the satisfaction of unbiased critics why he is the crown wearer of his class.

When Thil clinched the world honors in his fight with Gorilla Jones after Marcel had previously whipped Len Harvey to win the European title, he further tightened his grip on first place by whipping Vince Dundee, then recognized a leader among American middleweights. Following that victory, Thil cleaned up all the European and other foreign opposition including Kid Tunero, Jack Etienne, Erich Seelig.

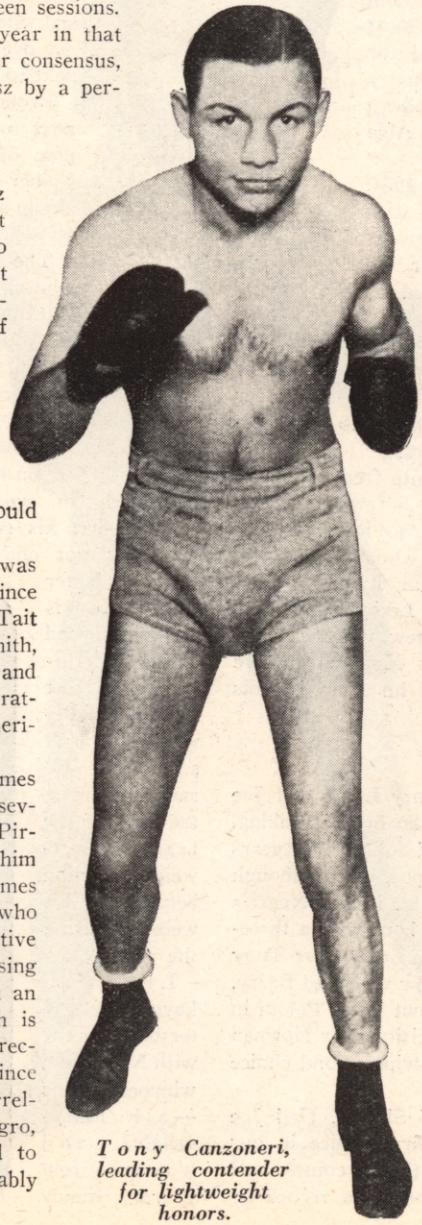
Then coming into 1934, Marcel further proved his superiority by successfully defending his title against Gustave Roth and Ignacio Ara. He also drew with Carmelo Candel and in overweight matches he whipped Oddone Piazza, Rinaldo Meroni, Erich Seelig, Tiny Polando and knocked out Adolf Witt in eight rounds, besides winning on a foul from Martines de Alfara in thirteen sessions. That record surpasses any for the entire year in that class. It gained for Marcel top rank. In our consensus, Thil was voted for first over Teddy Yarosz by a percentage margin of seventeen points.

* * *

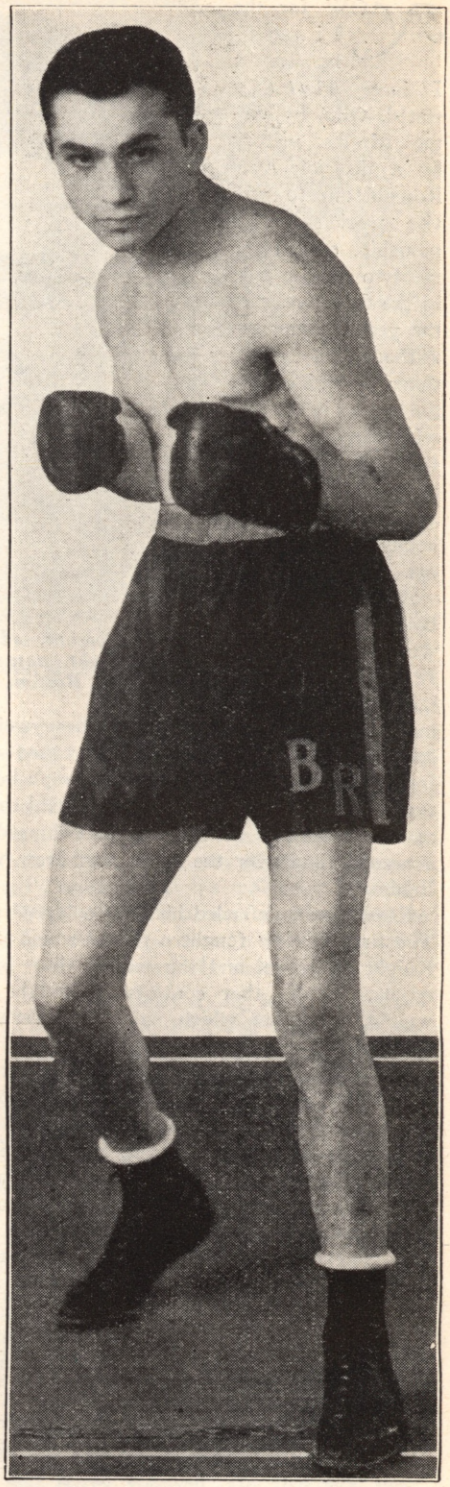
THERE is no doubt that in Yarosz and in the latest fistic middleweight sensation, Paul Pirrone, boxing has two classy boys who have helped keep the sport alive in 1934. Both deserve special commendation for their efforts on behalf of boxing. The rise of Pirrone makes it possible for some promoter to clinch one of the outstanding battles of 1935 if Teddy will agree to defend his American crown against the young Clevelander. This contest looms forth as one of the naturals for 1935, and would create much interest.

Teddy's leading victory of the past year was over the man whom he supplanted—Vince Dundee. In addition, Teddy won from Tait Littman, Ben Jeby, Tommy Rios, Jimmy Smith, Bud Saltis, Freddy Heinz, Johnny Phagan and he kayoed Pete Latzo in four rounds. Our rating places the world champion and the American champion in Group 1.

Group 2 has one of the best list of names that has appeared in our annual rating in several years. The division is headed by Paul Pirrone, whose sensational work has made him a leading fistic figure. Next to Paul comes Young Corbett, Pacific Coast southpaw, who would rank in Group 1 were he a more active fighter. Then comes Jock McAvoy, the rising young Britisher, who will shortly appear in an American campaign and from whom much is expected by the American critics. Jock's record for 1934 is praiseworthy. The veteran Vince Dundee and another newcomer, the sorrel-topped Oscar Rankins, a Los Angeles Negro, completes this group. McAvoy is expected to make an American invasion and will probably add interest to the class.



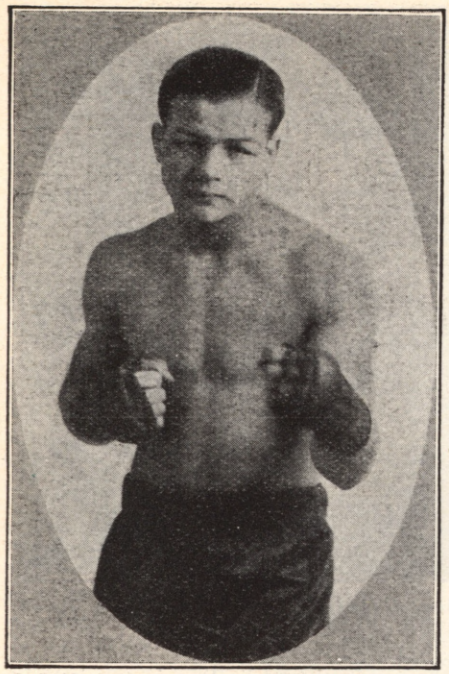
Tony Canzoneri, leading contender for lightweight honors.



Barney Ross, head of the lightweight division.

OF Paul Pirrone, so much has been written of late that a review of his career would be superfluous. But it would not be doing the boy justice were we to neglect mentioning a few of his accomplishments. Considering the fact that Paul started the year by being knocked out in one round by Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg puncher, and then came through with flying colors, makes his record all the more remarkable.

Pirrone took into camp Tommy Rios, Ken Overlin, Lew Halper (twice), Al Diamond, Mickey Walker by decisions, then knocked



Freddy Miller, newly crowned featherweight champion of the world.

out Tony De Marco in one round, Jimmy Smith in one, Bucky Lawless in two, Young Terry in three, Jackie Aldare in four, Jackie Purvis in four, Tait Littman in six, and ended the knockout streak for the year with an eleven-round kayo over Mickey Walker. He lost one fight to Ken Overlin. When one considers the dearth of high-class material in the middle and light-heavyweight section during the past three years, it is indeed refreshing suddenly to have thrust upon you a lively, two-fisted Jack Dempsey in the ranks.

As far as Young Corbett is concerned, little need be said about this veteran, other than that he is one of the most dangerous boys in his class. His defeats of Mickey Walker, Babe Anderson and his kayo over Young Terry in three rounds were his only three battles, yet gained him his high ranking.

McAvoy whipped Ernie Simmons and knocked out Jack Etienne in one round, Kid Tunero in seven, and Teddy Phillips in eight. However, both American experts who have been abroad, and the British fistic scribes, have sung McAvoy's praises to the skies and based on the high opinions of these men, we give to the British middleweight king, the position of fifth best middleweight in the world.

* * *

DUNDEE, besides losing his American title to Yarosz, also dropped decisions to Rios, Young Stuhley. He whipped Ben Jeby, Joe Kaminski, Al McCoy, Al Diamond, Tony Brescia and knocked out Matt Rice in eight rounds.

The last name in the group, the red-haired Negro, Oscar Rankins, stepped into the limelight with victories over Gorilla Jones, the former champion, and Swede Berglund for the Pacific Coast middleweight championship.

Heading the third group, we list the best middleweight of Australia, Fred Henneberry, as the leader, with Carmelo Candel of France, Gustave Roth of Belgium, Erich Seelig of Germany, Dave Shade, New York, and Gorilla Jones of Akron, Ohio, following in the order named.

Henneberry split decisions with Dave Shade, but kayoed Ally Roberts in ten rounds, won on a foul from Jack O'Brien in twelve, and lost on a foul to Ron Richards in four. He also whipped Richards in another bout. According to Shade, Henneberry is of the top flight middleweights.

Gorilla Jones was beaten by Rankins, Emilio Martinez and Dutch Weimer and drew with Freddy Steele and whipped Tony Poloni.

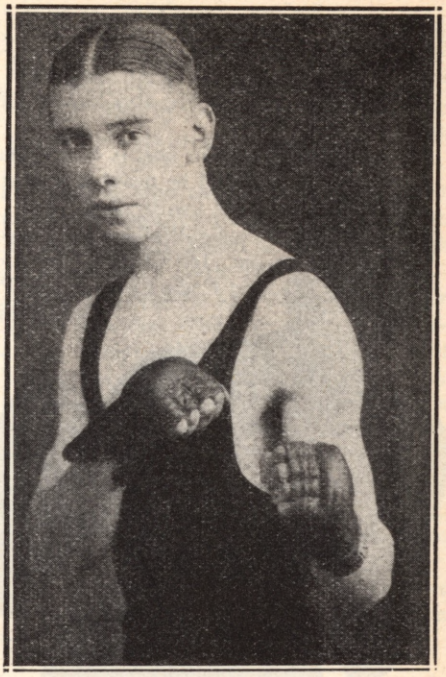
* * *

COMING down to the welterweight we are faced with an enigma in the placing of Jimmy McLarnin and Barney Ross. Our consensus shows a tie between these gladiators for the top rank post but in view of the fact that McLarnin regained the title that he had lost, as the final arbiter in such cases, I have cast my ballot in favor of McLarnin, thus giving him the highest honors.

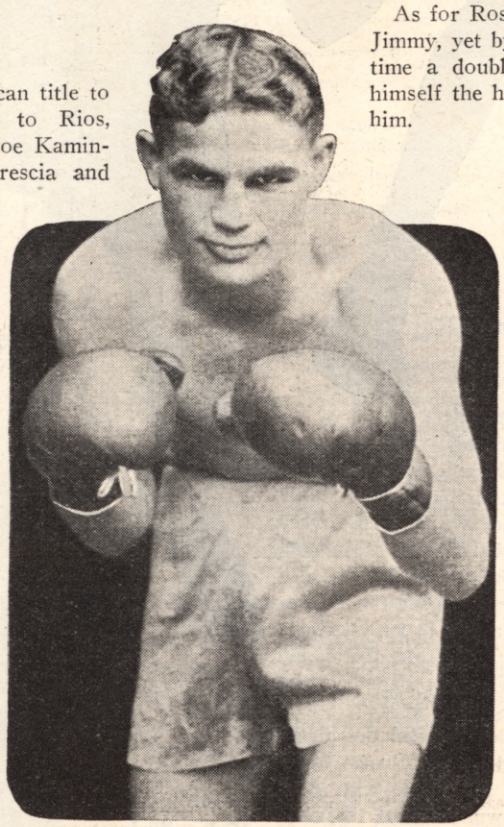
Ross is amply rewarded by being the only fighter this year to be placed in two divisions, second to McLarnin as a welter and first as a lightweight. The two lads who held the welter crown this year are placed in Group 1 with a splendid field for taking up the trail in the other divisions.

Although McLarnin fought only twice, it must be conceded that his defeat at the hands of Ross in the first battle was questioned by almost as many people who favored the decision for Barney, and, in the return engagement, Jimmy turned the trick that seldom is pulled in pugilism, vanquishing the rival who had previously shorn him of his crown. This in itself would be ample reason for awarding top place to the Vancouver Irishman.

As for Ross, his only welterweight battles were with Jimmy, yet by winning the crown and becoming at one time a double title-holder, the Chicago lad won for himself the high honors which we are conferring upon him.



Nel Tarleton, the class of the British featherweights.



Merv (Darkie) Blandon, first class bantam contender from Australia.

* * *

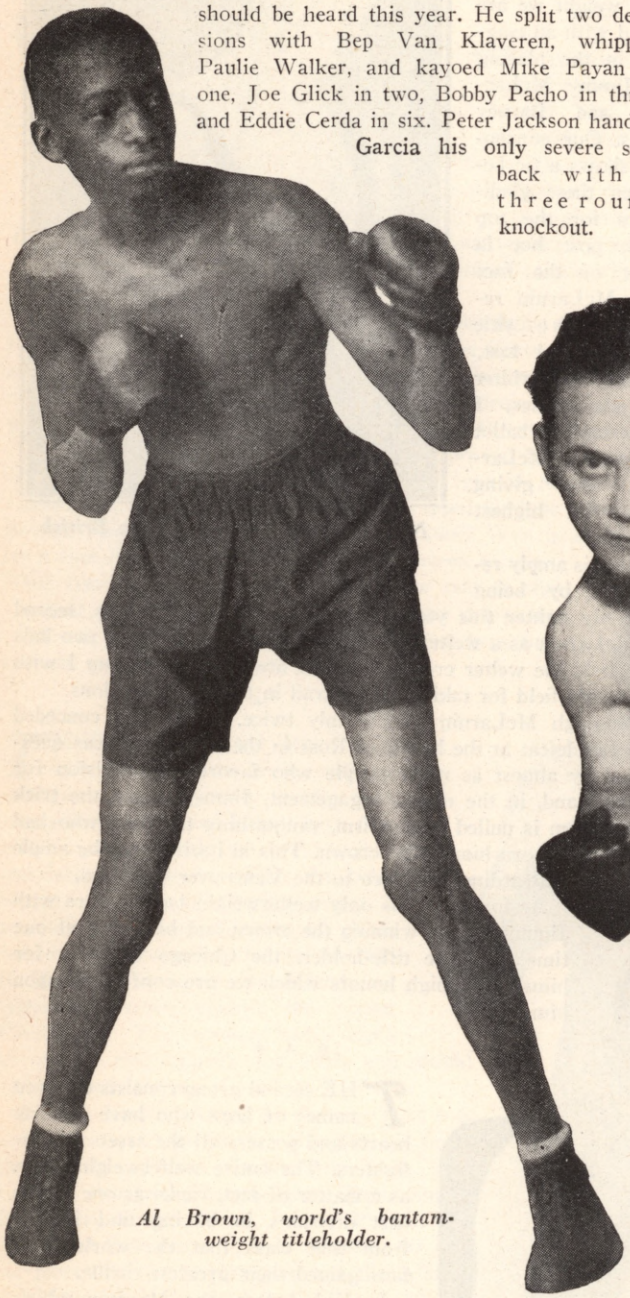
THE second group consists of seven names of boys who have fighting hearts and possess all the assets of true fighters. The entire welterweight class, as a matter of fact, ranks as one of the best divisions in boxing and it was from that class that the world fight fans gained their greatest thrills.

In Kid Azteca, the Mexican whirlwind, Cerefino Garcia of the Philippines, Harry Dublinsky of Chicago, Bep Van Klaveren of Holland, Tony Falco of Philadelphia, Bobby Pacho, another Mexican two-fisted scrapper, and Eddie Kid Wolfe of Memphis, the group shows a well-balanced fighting field which should furnish the promoters with talent worth while. When one considers the cry of the promoters and matchmakers of lack of good boys, one wonders why at least six corking good fights cannot be arranged by pairings from the above list.

In Kid Azteca, the welterweight division has a representative who made great strides during the year and will cut

quite a figure this year. The Mexican scored victories over Eddie Kid Wolfe, Young Peter Jackson, Baby Joe Gans, Kenny La Salle, twice, and Eddie Anderson and fought a draw with Ritchie Mack to whom he lost. He also kayoed Benny Levine in four and Pat Murphy in five.

Cerefino Garcia, next in line, is another lad from whom much should be heard this year. He split two decisions with Bep Van Klaveren, whipped Paulie Walker, and kayoed Mike Payan in one, Joe Glick in two, Bobby Pacho in three and Eddie Cerda in six. Peter Jackson handed Garcia his only severe setback with a three round knockout.



Al Brown, world's bantamweight titleholder.

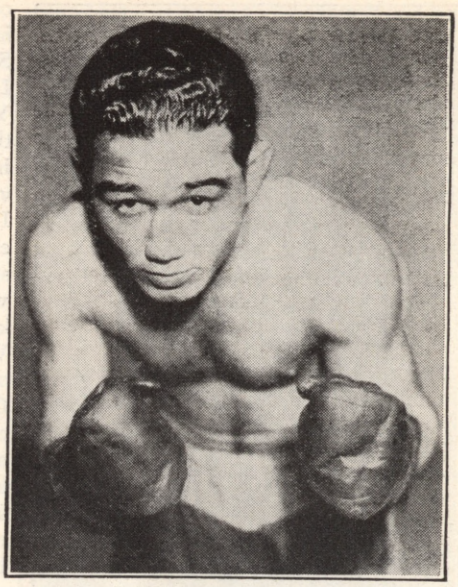
OF Dublinsky, we have no doubt that this Chicago Polish lad will rank higher this year than last as he carries everything into the ring that makes for success. He split decisions with Canzoneri, split also with Eddie Kid Wolfe in addition to fighting him one draw, whipped Tracey Cox, Tony Falco, Ritchie Mack, Jimmy Leto, Dominick Mancini, and twice over Billy Hogan but lost to Frankie Klick. He also drew with Bobby Pacho and Tracey Cox, kayoed Ervin Berlier in five, Frankie Carlton in six and Steve Haliako in ten rounds.

Van Klaveren split with Garcia, drew with Joe Rossi and whipped Tony Falco, Phil Rafferty, Frankie Petrolle, and stopped Benny Levine in three and Eddie Shapiro in four.

Falco stepped into the limelight when he exploded the highly touted Jackson. Among others, he whipped Pacho, Bucky Jones, Pete Nebo, Joe Rossi and Jimmy Brady and drew with Billy McMahon, George Gibbs and Buster Brown. He lost to Nebo, Dublinsky, Pacho and stopped Phil Rafferty in five rounds.

Pacho split decisions with Falco, drew with Dublinsky, lost twice to Ross, was kayoed by Garcia, whipped Kid Frattini and disposed of Jimmy Slavin in three and Louis Jallos in five rounds.

Eddie Kid Wolfe lost to Dublinsky, Azteca, Willard Brown and whipped Dublinsky, Brown, Tiger Joe Randall, knocked out Eddie Ran in two rounds and drew with Dublinsky, Brown and Tiger Burns.



Sixto Escobar, hard hitting Porto Rican bantamweight.

The fighters in the entire division are sectioned into four groups.

* * *

AS we have already remarked, Ross, by virtue of the commanding position he held during the year as a double title-holder is placed by himself in Group 1 of the lightweight division, the outstanding fighter of his class. There can be no doubt of the fall of Tony Canzoneri in fighting ability caused by age, as this was demonstrated on several occasions in the contests in which he engaged in 1934. Yet, Tony outranked the other nine boys who are placed with him in Group 2, which he heads. Considering the many years of ring activity of this sterling Italian-American fighter, his sportsmanship, his acknowledged ability and his pleasing style of milling, we must doff our cap to the former featherweight and lightweight king.

Second post in this group is awarded to another sterling young fighter, Frankie Klick, of San Francisco, whose last battle with Tony at Ebbets Field was a classic. Imbued with the fighting spirit, this courageous gladiator may yet reach the uppermost rung of the lightweight ladder, espe-

Midget Wolgast, leader of the flyweight clan.

cially should Ross outgrow the division and Canzoneri retire.

* * *

ALTHOUGH we give to Young Peter Jackson, of Los Angeles, third position in Division No. 2 he is a mighty lucky boy to be so honored because of his most disappointing showings in his two eastern battles. But we must recognize the splendid work he performed in his home sector, California, where he is the holder of the state championship. There can be no doubt that Jackson is a much better fighter than he proved to the easterners and for this reason he is given the third post, with Sammy Fuller, of Boston, running him a neck and neck race.

Natie Brown, rugged heavyweight from Washington, D. C.

The fight between Fuller and Jackson which brought about a terrific explosion in New York because the Negro boy was favored, when as a matter of fact he lost by a mile, was not sufficient to give Sammy a margin in our annual selections over the Californian. But Sammy is going places if he abandons the inactivity which hitherto had marred his fighting record and enters into his vocation with the same vim which he has so often displayed in active combat. Sammy has it within his power to win the lightweight crown this year and it is all up to him.

We cannot leave the lightweight group without going into ecstasy over the thrilling fighting of Lew Ambers, the Herkimer, N. Y., sensation, whose ever-flaying gloves have gained for him the cheers of the fans in every contest in which he engaged in 1934. A few more fighters like Ambers, Eddie Cool, Tracey Cox, Lew Massey, Cleto Locatelli and Tiger Humery will make us soon forget the fighting depression.

* * *

ROSS, as a lightweight, drew with Frankie Klick, defeated Billy Petrolle, won twice over Bobby Pacho and defeated Pete Nebo and Kid Mero. Canzoneri split even with Harry Dublinsky in two thrilling encounters, whipped Baby Arizmendi, Cleto Locatelli, Pete Nebo, and then stopped Frankie Klick in nine rounds. Tony may be through so far as his feet are concerned but when it comes to headwork and flying fists he still appears as the Tony of old.

Klick, in addition to losing to Canzoneri, dropped decisions to Locatelli and Frankie Wallace, but fought a thrilling draw with Barney Ross on the Coast. He whipped Harry Dublinsky and kayoed Kid Chocolate in seven rounds.

As for Jackson, he drew with Eddie Frisco, and lost to Tony Falco but whipped Cecil, Payne, Tony Herrera, Ritchie Mack, in addition to getting an unjust verdict over Sammy Fuller and scored knockouts over Louis Jallos in two rounds, Cerefino Garcia and Manuel Villa in three rounds each and was beaten by Kid Azteca.

Eddie Cool, the Philadelphian, who seems destined to further glory in fisticuffs, lost to Benny Bass but whipped Johnny Jadick, Teddy Loder, Phil Rafferty, Al Roth, Buster Brown, in addition to scoring a six round knockout over Eddie Ran.

Tracey Cox, hard hitting Indianapolis lightweight, is another about whom we must speak in praise. While beaten by Lew Massey and Ritchie Mack, Cox whipped Tony Herrera twice, scored a knockout over him once in seven rounds. He also defeated Ray Kiser, Lew Avery, and kayoed Al Kearney in two, Carlos Garcia in three, Murray Brandt, in three, Eddie Ran in five, Tommy Corbett in six and Avery in eight—a most impressive record.

Benny Bass drew and lost to Cleto Locatelli. Lost a decision and on a foul to Petey Sarron but whipped Frankie Wallace, Cool, Jadick and knocked out Eddie Shea in two and Jimmy Leto in three rounds.

Although the New York Commission has accepted Lew Ambers as leading challenger for Ross's crown, Canzoneri, Klick, Jackson and Fuller outrank him.

* * *

NOW we head into a division that brings us a leader who, in the opinion of the majority of those who figure in this consensus, stands forth with the finest record a featherweight has made in years. In fact, based on the votes of THE RING'S selectors, it will not be surprising if Freddy is awarded next month with THE RING'S annual trophy for having accomplished the most for boxing during 1934.

Considering that Freddy went abroad with his American crown only because he could not obtain proper recognition from the powers that be in this country, and was determined either to fight his way into international recognition or to give some other worthy lad an opportunity to clinch the world title, it is indeed strange that the New York fistic fathers, in the light of his great success, continue to ignore his claim. It should be an honor for New York to fall in line and acknowledge Freddy as the world champion. If ever a pugilist deserved such honor, Miller has earned it. Let's be fair and give the lad his just due.

THE RING, whose recognition of champions has been followed and accepted throughout the world and is officially recognized in most foreign countries, has seen fit to reward Miller with a championship belt. Likewise we have rewarded Bob Olin and Jimmy McLarnin in addition to presenting Teddy Yarosz with one for winning the American crown, gifts which the above have justly earned.

That is THE RING'S contribution to boxing for the year 1934. We mention it at this stage only because it is appropriate when discussing the case of Freddy Miller.

* * *

MILLER has been most industrious and has been returned a consistent winner. Guided by that genius of mentors, Pete Reilly, who handled Jack Delaney, Freddy has

Notable Feats and Outstanding Bouts

The year's most notable feats were the knockout of Carnera by Baer to bring back to America the heavyweight crown; the winning of the welterweight championship by Ross to attain his second title and the regaining of the world welter diadem by McLarnin.

The year's highest award goes to Ross for turning a trick unexcelled in modern fisticuffs — holding two titles at one time.

The year's most exciting event was the Baer-Carnera fight with its thrilling knockdowns—single and double.

The year's largest gate resulted from the Baer-Carnera tilt, with a gross of $418,653.60.

The year's new world champions crowned were Max Baer, heavyweight; Freddie Miller, featherweight, and Bob Olin, light-heavyweight.

The American champions who won their spurs in 1934 were Teddy Yarosz, middleweight, and Baby Arizmendi, featherweight.

The year's outstanding fights were:

Carnera's defeat of Tommy Loughran in a heavyweight championship mill.

Baer's eleven-round knockout victory over Carnera for the heavyweight title.

Barney Ross' victory over McLarnin in welterweight title bout.

McLarnin's triumph in a return battle.

Joe Louis' knockouts of Charley Massare and Lee Ramage in Chicago.

The defeat of Rosenbloom by Bob Olin in championship match.

Schmeling's nine-round K.O. of Walter Neusel.

The draw between Marcel Thil and Carmelo Candel in middleweight title contest.

Thil's defeat of Ignacio Ara in middleweight title contest.

Thil's victory over Gustave Roth in title contest.

Paul Pirrone's knockouts of Young Terry, Jimmy Smith, Tait Littman and Mickey Walker.

Teddy Yarosz' triumph over Vince Dundee for the American middleweight title.

Al Brown's victory over Kid Francis in bantamweight title bout.

Brown's victory over Young Perez in bantam title contest.

Brown's K.O. of Perez in tenth round in bantam championship mill.

been steered into contests that have meant much for him and that have enabled him to become one of the most talked of fighters in the world. He scored victories over Nel Tarleton, the British champion, Young Casanova, Mexican title-holder, Clever Sison, Cuthbert Taylor, the Welsh champion, Moon Mullins, Petey Sarron, Frankie Covelli, Roger Bernard, Little Dempsey, Tommy Paul, Tommy Crowley, Jimmy Walsh, George Hansford, Mose Butch, and twice over Jack Sharkey.

In addition, he stopped Benny Sharkey in one round, Johnny Cuthbert in two, Billy Hazel in five, Paul Dazzo in six and Gene Espinoza in eight. Freddy also won on fouls from Jose Girones, the Spanish champion, in five rounds, Gilbert Johnstone in ten rounds, and lost on fouls to Tommy Paul in two and Billy Gannon in six rounds. What more does any boxer want or expect from any fighter before recognizing a legitimate claim to the highest honors of the division.

When Baby Arizmendi defeated Mike Belloise for the New York State championship, he undoubtedly scored a fine victory that placed him in the commanding position of the challenger's post among the feathers. The Mexican scored also over Henry Armstrong; Al Roth, Mark Diaz, lost to Canzoneri and kayoed Diaz of seven rounds and Al Greenfield in three.

We must give to Belloise third position in world ranking because of his exceptional cleverness. Although Mike lost to Arizmendi and Lew Feldman, he also beat Feldman and triumphed over the following classy boys: Petey Hayes, Al Roth, Roger Bernard, twice over Pete De Grasse, Benny Britt, Johnny Erickson, Mickey Barron. He also drew with Hayes, disposed of Joe Marcienti in eight rounds. Such a record gives Mike a distinct standing.

* * *

THE second group, in addition to Arizmendi and Belloise, carries the names of such sterling little fighters as Petey Hayes, George Hansford, Nel Tarleton, Petey Sarron and Maurice Holtzer. Hayes lost to Belloise. Lew Feldman, Leo Rodak, and drew with Belloise, but defeated Kid Chocolate, Al Roth, Charley Von Reeden, Joe Doherty, Johnny Farr and Ernest Torres, in addition to fighting a draw with De Grasse.

Hansford lost decisions to Tony Morgano and Gene Espinoza, but won over Joey Ponce and Tommy Paul and kayoed Paul in four rounds. He drew with and defeated Frankie Wallace.

Nel Tarleton was whipped by Freddy Miller and lost to Sonny Lee. Previous to his defeat by Miller, he clinched the British laurels by scoring over Seaman Watson and Harry Brooks. He knocked out George Covacci in eight rounds and Nick Bensa in eleven.

Sarron lost to Freddy Miller and Bucky Burton, won on a decision and on a foul from Bass, Frankie Wallace, Bucky Burton and Ray Schneider.

One other lad who is deserving of special mention is Leo Rodak, Chicago youngster, who has outgrown the featherweight division and in the future will have to confine himself to the lightweight division.

Little need be said about the standing of Al Brown, who, as we mentioned in our introductory remarks, is in a class by himself. The Panamanian was beaten by Alphonse Edwards and on a foul to Tiger Hunery in overweight matches, and defended his title successfully against Kid Francis, Young Perez, kayoed Perez in another match in ten rounds and disposed of Dubois in two heats. He also scored over Francois Machtens.

* * *

GROUP No. 2 of the bantamweight section carries the names of only two fighting lads, Merv (Darky) Blandon, of Australia, and Sixto Escobar, of Porto Rico. We place Blandon at the head of the group because, for the major part of the year he was fighting as a bantam and rolled up a good record but, towards the end of the year, he has outgrown this class and henceforth will have to be figured among the featherweights.

Blandon scored three victories over Star Frisco and lost to him. He also turned in three triumphs over Speedy Dado, and won over Claude Varner, kayoed Dal Costa in seven rounds and Phineas John in ten rounds.

In Escobar, the Porto Ricans have a lad who will probably lead the division within a year. At any rate, it is my prediction that Porto Rico will have its first world's champion in Sixto.

Escobar already is the recognized bantam title-holder, as far as Canada is concerned, but that means nothing as championships cannot be taken away from legitimate holders merely through the say so of a commission. There is plenty of glory for Sixto in the high ranking that he receives from this publication without taking any undue credit away from the leader of the class. Escobar kayoed Bobby Leitham, the best of the Canadians, in five and seven rounds, knocked out Young Casanova in nine, and won over Eugene Huat and Joey Archibald.

* * *

OUR third group shows six fighting little devils headed by Young Tommy, successor to Pancho Villa as the Filipinos' best bantam. Then follows that sterling product of the Golden Gloves of New York, Louis Salica. Next in line comes four more Filipinos: Speedy Dado, Pablo Dano, Star Frisco and Little Pancho, brother of the late flyweight king, Pancho Villa.

Young Tommy lost to Salica and drew with Joe Tei Ken and Eimei Hattori. He defeated Speedy Dado, Huerta Evans, and kayoed Baby Face Mathewson in one, and Babe Triscaro in three rounds.

Louis Salica lost to Dado and Midget Wolgast, and drew with Wolgast. He whipped Joe Tei Ken, Young Tommy, Pete De Grasse, Harry Bauman, and won two over Julie Katz.

Speedy Dado was beaten three times by Darky Blandon and was kayoed by Joe Tei Ken and Frankie Genaro in four rounds each and Mickey Miller in seven. He scored over Louis Salica, Joe Tei Ken, Augie Ruggiere and kayoed Pete Severedra in four rounds and lost to Young Tommy.

Pablo Dano scored over Johnny Pena, Tony Marino, Peppy Sanchez, Lew Farber, Midget Wolgast, and drew with him. Dano kayoed Augie Ruggiere in six rounds.

Star Frisco lost three decisions to Darky Blandon and whipped him once. He also lost to Herb Bishop and scored over Mickey Miller, Ron Leonard and Young Dumaguilas. He disposed of Ernie Jurado in four and Chato Laredo in ten rounds.

* * *

WE now come down to our final choices, the gamecocks of the ring. Despite the international dispute *in re* the leader of the flyweight division, THE RING still carries the name of Midget Wolgast as the champion, because to date there has been no fighter whose record warrants greater recognition than that given to the Philadelphian. Until the Midget outgrows his division, or is defeated in a championship fight by one of the other many claimants to the crown, he must be considered the title-holder.

Strange as it may seem, so lacking in fistic material is the United States in this division that Wolgast is the only American who is ranked by THE RING in the entire flyweight class. A perusal of our list shows England, France, Scotland, the Philippines and Spain carrying the bulk of the honors.

To Jackie Brown, England's star little fighter, who is recognized by the National Boxing Association and the British Board of Boxing Control, we award second place in Group Number 1, with Benny Lynch, a promising Scotlander, holding down third position. Incidentally, it might be remarked that in Lynch boxing has one of the outstanding flyweights of recent years, a lad who may yet place the division in the position it held when Jimmy Wilde was at the helm. From my American friends who have seen Lynch in action abroad, including Pete Reilly, an excellent judge of fighters, we have received word to watch Lynch.

* * *

WOLGAST was beaten twice by Henry Moreno and drew and was beaten by Pablo Dano. He drew with Salica and whipped him. He won from Sammy Seeman, Kid Laredo, Henry Hooks, Babe Triscaro, Dewey Cannon and Jimmy Perrin.

Jackie Brown, England's entry for flyweight honors, was very inactive. He drew with Valentin Anglemann and scored over Aurel Toma.

Benny Lynch rolled up an enviable record during the year. He whipped Maurice Huguenin, Valentin Anglemann, Jim Campbell, Pedrito Ruiz, and disposed of Billy Johnston in five, and Peter Miller in eight rounds.

The second group has four fighters, headed by Maurice Huguenin of France, and followed by his countryman, Valentin Anglemann, and two Englishmen, Tommy Pardoe and Hobby McGhee.

Valentin Anglemann drew with Jackie Brown and was beaten by Lynch and Huguenin. He whipped Mickey McGuire and Pedrito Ruiz and kayoed McGuire in ten rounds, besides winning on a foul from George Batille in nine rounds.

Maurice Huguenin, French flyweight, was beaten by Lynch and Kid Francis. He whipped Valentin Anglemann, Eugene Huat, Joe Mendiola, Etienne Mura and Pedrito Ruiz. He disposed of Young Dupuis in five and Rene Chalange in eight rounds.

How Boxers *of the* World *are* Grouped *by* "The Ring" for 1934

Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)

Max Baer, Oakland, Calif.

(Group 2)

1—Primo Carnera, Italy.
2—Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J.
3—Art Lasky, Minneapolis, Minn.
4—Max Schmeling, Germany.

(Group 3)

1—King Levinsky, Chicago, Ill.
2—Jack Peterson, England.
3—Patsy Perroni, Canton, Ohio.
4—Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich.
5—Natie Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.
6—Lee Ramage, San Diego, Calif.
7—Charley Massare, Pittsburgh, Pa.
8—Walter Neusel, Germany.
9—Jimmy Braddock, Jersey City, N. J.
10—Johnny Risko, Cleveland, Ohio.
11—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 4)

Abie Feldman, Schenectady, N. Y.; Al Ettore, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ray Impellitiere, Cold Springs, N. Y.; Paulino Uzcudun, Spain; Obie Walker, Georgia; Red Barry, Washington, D. C.; Steve Dudas, Jersey City, N. J.; Unknown Winston, Hartford, Conn.; Charley Retzlaff, Duluth, Minn.

(Group 5)

Fred Feary, Stockton, Calif.; Hank Hankinson, Akron, Ohio; Isadoro Gastanaga, Spain; Jose Caratoli, South America; Vittorio Campolo, South America; Arturo Godoy, South America; Adolph Wiater, Green Bay, Mich.; Bob Tow, Washington, D. C.; Tony Galento, Orange, N. J.; Leroy Haynes, San Francisco, Calif.; Tiger Jack Fox, Indianapolis, Ind.; Marty Gallagher, Washington, D. C.; Tony Cancela, Tampa, Fla.; Yustin Sirutis, New York City; Hans Birkie, Oakland, Calif.; Buck Everett, Gary, Ind.; Roy Lazer, Paterson, N. J.; Pierre Charles, Belgium.

(Group 6)

Corn Griffin, Fort Benning, Ga.; Al Borros, Bridgeport, Conn.; Tom Patrick, Los Angeles, Calif.; Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; Bob Moody, Syracuse, N. Y.; Salvatore Ruggirello, Italy; Dewey Kimrey, Charlotte, N. C.; Dick Madden, Boston, Mass.; Larry Johnson, Chicago, Ill.; Ralph Ficucello, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tony Souza, Los Angeles, Calif.; Maurice Griselle, France; Big Boy Brackey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Tarzan Thomas, Seattle, Wash.; Tiger Warrington, Nova Scotia.

Light-Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Bob Olin, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2—John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.
3—Joe Knight, Daytona Beach, Fla.
4—Maxie Rosenbloom, New York City.

(Group 2)

1—Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.
2—Ambrose Palmer, Australia.
3—Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
4—Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.
5—Len Harvey, England.
6—Johnny Miler, Des Moines, Iowa.

(Group 3)

Billy Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lew Scozza, Buffalo, N. Y.; Tait Littman, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Fred Lenhart, Seattle, Wash.; Wesley Ketchell, Oakland, Calif.; Bob Godwin, Georgia; Emilio Martinez, Denver, Colo.; Al McCoy, Waterville, Maine; Chuck Hefner, Denver, Colo.; Adolf Heuser, Germany; Dave Maier, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Al Stillman, St. Louis, Mo.; Adolph Witt, Germany; Don Petrin, Newark, N. J.; Clyde Chastain, Fort Worth, Texas; Young Firpo, Pocatello, Idaho; Tony Poloni, Reno, Nevada; Frank Rowsey, Los Angeles, Calif.; Billy Donahue, New York City; Leo Kelly, San Francisco, Calif.

(Group 4)

George Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wilson Dunn, San Antonio, Texas; Jack Charvez, Kansas City, Mo.; Joe Lipps, Charleston, S. C.; Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J.; Buck Tracey, Boston, Mass.; Al Rodriques, Boston, Mass.; Pietro Georgi, Buffalo, N. Y.; Tom Walsh, New York City; Joe Kaminski, New York City; Freddy Panico, Paterson, N. J.; Al Zappala, Lawrence, Mass.

Middleweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Marcel Thil, France.
2—Teddy Yarosz, East Liverpool, Ohio.

(Group 2)

1—Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio.
2—Young Corbett, San Francisco, Calif.
3—Jock McAvoy, England.
4—Vince Dundee, Newark, N. J.
5—Oscar Rankins, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Group 3)

1—Fred Henneberry, Australia.
2—Carmelo Candel, France.
3—Gustave Roth, Belgium.
4—Erich Seelig, Germany.
5—Dave Shade, California.
6—Gorilla Jones, Akron, Ohio.

(Group 4)

Kid Tunero, Cuba; Freddy Steele, Tacoma, Wash.; Tiny Polando, Italy; Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada; Mickey Walker, Rumson, N. J.; Young Terry, Trenton, N. J.; Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark.; Ignacio Ara, Spain; Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind.; Lew Halper, Newark, N. J.; Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill.; Kid Leonard, Moline, Ill.; Red Affinito, New York City; Ken Overlin, Norfolk, Va.; Swede Berglund, Oakland, Calif.; Solly Dukelsky, Chicago, Ill.; Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Anson Green, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio.

(Group 5)

Al Diamond, Paterson, N. J.; Henry Firpo, Louisville, Ky.; Angel Cliville, Porto Rico; Al Rossi, Newark, N. J.; Archie Sexton, England; Hookie Jackson, Providence, R. I.; Jackie Aldare, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wally Sears, Philadelphia, Pa.; Johnny Rossi, Worcester, Mass.; Gorilla Ramos, Mexico; Gus Lesnovich, Jersey City, N. J.; Tom Chester, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eddie Cerda, Mexico; Tommy Rios, Wilmington, Del.; Joe Smallwood, Wilmington, Del.; Babe Risko, Syracuse, N. Y.; Babe Amos, Syracuse, N. Y.; Charley Weisse, New York City; Al Quaill, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Roy Frisco, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jimmy Jones, Baltimore, Md.; Relampago Saguero, Cuba.

Welterweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C.
2—Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 2)

1—Kid Azteca, Mexico.
2—Cerefino Garcia, Philippine Islands.
3—Harry Dublinsky, Chicago, Ill.
4—Bep Van Klaveren, Holland.
5—Bobby Pacho, Mexico.
6—Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn.
7—Tony Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 3)

Willard Brown, Indianapolis, Ind.; Tiger Burns, Memphis, Tenn.; Jack Carroll, Australia; Kenny La Salle, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla.; Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.; Paulie Walker, Trenton, N. J.; Gustave Eder, Germany; Vittorio Venturi, Italy; Francois Sybille, Belgium; Werther Arcelli, Boston, Mass.; Kid Frattin, Italy; Bucky Jones, Elizabeth, N. J.; Frankie Hughes, Clinton, Ind.; Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn.; Mickey Serrian, Syracuse, N. Y.; Jackie Davis, Cleveland, Ohio; George Gibbs, Atlantic City, N. J.

(Group 4)

Billy Hogan, Pierpont, N. Y.; Izzy Jannasso, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Morrie Sherman, Detroit, Mich; Tommy Romano, Ossining, N. Y.; Joe Rossi, New York City; Ray Napolitano, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Steve Haliako, Auburn, N. Y.; Sammy O'Dell, Akron, Ohio; Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, La.; Laddie Tonelli, Rockford, Ill.; Eduardo Duarry, Cuba; Moe Moss, England; George Salvatore, Boston, Mass.; Ritchie Mack, Dallas, Texas; Billy Miller, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Joey Speigal, Uniontown, Pa.; Tony Rock, Scranton, Pa.; Bob Wilson, Washington, D. C.; Phil Furr, Washington, D. C., Ray Bowen, Washington, D. C.; Frankie Britt, Fall River, Mass.; Jack Lowry, New York City; Petey Gulotta, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eugene Emanuel, Rochester, N. Y.; Harry Devine, Worcester, Mass.; Carlos Solomon, Yuma, Ariz.; Tommy Bland, Toronto, Canada; Frankie Genovese, Toronto, Canada; Billy Celebron, Rockford, Ill.; Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Lope Tenorio, Philippine Islands.

Lightweight Division

(Group 1)

Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 2)

1—Tony Canzoneri, New York City.
2—Frankie Klick, San Francisco, Calif.
3—Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.
4—Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass.
5—Lew Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y.
6—Tiger Humery, France.
7—Cleto Locatelli, Italy.
8—Eddie Cool, Philadelphia, Pa.
9—Tracey Cox, Indianapolis, Ind.
10—Benny Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.
11—Lew Massey, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Group 3)

Jack Portney, Baltimore, Md.; Laurie Stevens, South Africa; Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Kid Chocolate, Cuba; Tony Herrera, Fort Worth, Texas; Harry Serody, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tod Morgan, Seattle, Wash.; Lew Feldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herb Bishop, Australia; Eddie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Leonard Del Genio, New York City; Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia, Pa.; Leo Rodak, Chicago, Ill.; Jimmy Stewart, England; Jackie Kid Berg, England.

(Group 4)

Harry Mizler, England; Teddy Loder, New York City; Joey Ferrando, Ashtabula, Ohio.; Tony Morgano, Philadelphia, Pa.; Billy McMahon, New York City; Joe Vignali, Waterbury, Conn.; Roger Bernard, Flint, Mich.; Battling Battalino, Hartford, Conn.; Seaman Watson, England; Frankie Wallace, Cleveland, Ohio; Davey Abad, Panama; Johnny Bonito, New York City; Al Casimini, New York City; Jimmy Fantini, New York City; Johnny Morro, New York City; Charley Bedami, New York City; Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, Mo.; Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky.; Joey Costa, Jersey City, N. J.

(Group 5)

Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland, Ohio; Hershie Wilson, Denver, Colo.; Paul Junior, Portland, Maine; Leonard Viditich, Denver, Colo.; Toots Bashara, Norfolk, Va.; Paris Apice, Providence, R. I.; Al Cuillo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Billy Vaughn, Torrington, Wyo.; Davey Day, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Sagilio, Chicago, Ill.; Joe Zodda, New York City; Al Traino, Rochester, N. Y.; Bus Breese, Manhattan, Kan.; Bucky Keyes, Jersey City, N. J.; George Levy, Trenton, N. J.; Al Dunbar, New York City; Charley Gomer, Baltimore, Md.; Franke Eagan, Buffalo, N. Y.; George Daly, England; Douglas Parker, England, Jimmy Murray, New York City; Andy Muratella, New York City.

Featherweight Division

(Group 1)

Freddy Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Group 2)

1—Baby Arizmendi, Mexico.
2—Mike Belloise, New York City.
3—Petey Hayes, New York City.
4—George Hansford, Los Angeles, Calif.
5—Nel Tarleton, England.
6—Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala.
7—Maurice Holtzer, France.

(Group 3)

Jose Girones, Spain; Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joe Conde, Mexico; Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Young Casanova, Mexico; Johnny Pena, New York City; Vittorio Tamagnini, Italy; Gene Espinoza, Los Angeles, Calif.; Pete De Grasse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frankie Covelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jimmy Walsh, England; Sonny Lee, England; Claude Varner, Los Angeles, Calif.; Al Roth, New York City; Jerry Mazza, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Varias Milling, Philippine Islands; Pinto De Sa, Portugal; Phil Zwick, Cleveland, Ohio; Joe Doherty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tommy Paul, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mose Butch, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bucky Burton, Miami Beach, Fla.; Eddie Burl, Washington, D. C.

(Group 4)

Jose Santos, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass.; Chico Cisneros, Mexico; Juan Zurita, Mexico; Young Rightmeier, Sioux City, Iowa; Johnny De Foe, New York City; Conrad Conde, Cuba; Moon Mullins, Indianapolis, Ind.; Chalky Wright, Los Angeles, Calif.; Billy Gannon, England; Johnny Erickson, New York City; Orville Drouillard, Windsor, Canada; Joe Brown, Syracuse, N. Y.; Davey Finn, England; Johnny McCrory, Scotland; Lew Monte, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Abe Wasserman, New York City; Julie Katz, New York City; Al Ragone, New York City; Jimmy Martin, New York City; Louis Camps, New York City; Charley Turco, Worcester, Mass.; Lew Fox, New York City; Philippe Andrades, Porto Rico; Dave Crowley, England; Benny Sharkey, England.

Bantamweight Division

(Group 1)

Al Brown, Panama.

(Group 2)

1—Merv (Darkie) Blandon, Australia.
2—Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico.

(Group 3)

1—Young Tommy, Philippine Islands.
2—Louis Salica, Brooklyn, N. Y.
3—Speedy Dado, Philippine Islands.
4—Pablo Dano, Philippine Islands.
5—Star Frisco, Philippine Islands.
6—Little Pancho, Philippine Islands.

(Continued on page 49)

SIX

The Boxing World Lost its Greatest, Most Magnetic Promoter in the Death of Tex Rickard and the Sport Has Suffered Ever Since

By
"THE RING" EDITOR

Tex Rickard.

SIX years ago, on January 6, 1929, the sports world was shocked by the news from Miami Beach that Tex Rickard, greatest promoter of all time, had died from an appendix operation, and with his death passed the era of the million dollar gates in sportdom. In fact, boxing, the sport that was popularized by the man whom we honor in this issue, the Tex Rickard Memorial Number, has reached its lowest ebb if we are to judge by the attendance at the Garden at recent bouts, and it will take another Rickard to put the game back on its feet.

Where is there such a man? The sports world has been looking for him for six long years and probably will continue to search in vain for another stretch. Only a few weeks ago, in compiling a record of gate receipts and attendances for the leading fights of the last fifty years, I came across a clipping dated September 9, 1921. That clipping told the story of Tex Rickard in a few figures better than I could tell it in pages of praise. Take one glance at the following, and you'll see why Rickard was termed the promoter-extraordinary. Just think of it—a total of $1,306,469 intake in the Garden for only six months! The item proved so interesting to me that I am printing it in full. Here it is:

"Legislators inclined to move for the suppression of professional boxing in this state would do well to weigh carefully the effect their action might have among their constituents. No more convincing proof of the tremendous interest in this popular sport could be offered than the box office statement of the Madison Square Garden Sporting Club.

"Since the Walker law began functioning last September the aggregate receipts of Tex Rickard's club have been more than $1,300,000. The Brennan-Martin match put the receipts over the million-dollar mark, and the five subsequent shows swelled the total to $1,306,469, exclusive of federal taxes, representing a paid attendance of about 275,000. The million-dollar mark was crossed in just five months.

"The 5 per cent tax on the gross receipts of each show has yielded the state $65,323 thus far. From this one club alone the commonwealth is virtually assured of deriving an amount sufficient to meet the annual expenses and salaries of the Boxing Commission and the allied license committee. The tax exacted from all the other boxing clubs in the state and the money received from other sources is all 'velvet.' Little did the legislators dream that such a huge sum as Rickard turned in to the state treasury, would be obtained through legalized boxing.

"The receipts and results of each of the twenty-five boxing shows conducted by Tex Rickard in Madison Square Garden to date follow. The name of the victor in each bout is given first, except where draw decisions are specified:

Date	Match	Result	Prices	Receipts
Sept. 17	Welling-Dundee	Decision	$2—$10	$51,000
Sept. 28	Lynch-Sharkey	Draw	1— 5	
	Goldstein-Wallace	Decision	5	33,000
Oct. 8	Noble-Murray	Decision		
	Gans-Robinson	Decision	1— 5	19,200
Oct. 15	Sharkey-Ledoux	Decision		
	Lynch-White	Decision	2— 10	39,000
Oct. 22	Bogash-Cross	Decision		
	Ward-O'Loughlin	Decision		
	Perry-Doyle	Draw	1— 5	22,300
	Summers-Latzo	Decision		
Oct. 29	Jackson-Fitzsimmons	K.O., 10 rounds		
	DeFoe-Brady	Decision	2— 10	62,000
	Lynch-Sprague	Decision		
Nov. 5	Lynch-Goldstein	K. O., 11 rounds	1— 5	25,750
Nov. 9	O'Dowd-Smith	Decision	2— 10	45,600
Nov. 26	Leonard-Welling	K. O., 14 rounds	3— 15	91,000
Dec. 2	Lynch-Sharkey	K. O., 15 rounds	1— 7	41,719
Dec. 14	Dempsey-Brennan	K. O., 12 rounds	5— 25	145,935
Dec. 22	Lynch-Herman	Decision	2— 10	74,881
Dec. 30	Roy Moore-Sharkey	K. O., 11 rounds	1— 5	16,022
Jan. 7	Jackson-P. Mitchell	Draw	2— 10	40,839
Jan. 14	Leonard-R. Mitchell	K. O., 6 rounds	3— 25	*133,745
Jan. 17	A. Chaney-Beecher	Decision	1— 5	28,825
Jan. 26	P. Moore-Montreal	Decision	1— 7	27,712
Feb. 7	Britton-Lewis	Decision	2— 10	60,231
Feb. 15	DeFoe-Sieger	Draw	1— 5	38,360
Feb. 18	Brennan-Martin	Decision	2— 10	45,639
Feb. 22	Bartfield-Bogash	Draw	1— 5	18,771
Feb. 25	Jackson-Dundee	Decision	2— 10	45,892
Mar. 2	M. Smith-M. Collins	Draw		
	Beecher-Loadman	Decision	1— 5	24,882
	Buff-F. Daly	Decision		
	Bloom-J. Kelly	Decision		
Mar. 17	Wilson-O'Dowd	Decision	2— 15	96,771
Mar. 21	Kansas-Jackson	Decision	2— 10	*77,395
Total				$1,306,469

*Benefit shows.

YEARS AGO!

INDOOR boxing, which brought fame and fortune to Rickard, has turned into the biggest loser for the House that Tex Built. Imagine what a shock Tex would have suffered had he been in attendance at the Garden's recent show where Sammy Fuller and Jadick were the headliners and had he seen less than 2,500 persons present in the world's biggest and most widely known fistic arena! Just peep at the gate receipts in the above table and then compare any of those with the $4,800 taken in at the Fuller-Jadick fight!

In this memoriam, I do not intend to take up the Garden issues to ascertain the causes for the flop of the boxing department, but, since this is my annual contribution to THE RING in memory of the man who started this publication with me, and later launched with me the annual rating of boxers, I shall go on record with the statement that depression or no depression, boxing in the Garden today, under the able leadership of Tex Rickard, would still be the biggest financial gain on the sports program.

The Garden needs a Rickard to lead it out of the red but unfortunately no second Tex has as yet been discovered. Some blame the present incumbent of the matchmaker's post, Jimmy Johnston, for the flop; others blame the men higher up because of their failure to check the tide, and those in control of the Garden lay the blame wholly on the depression. One cannot lay the blame on any one particular person or item, but suffice it to say that regardless of present nation-wide conditions, were Rickard at the helm, things would be different in boxing, both in the Garden and, as a result, throughout the country.

EACH year since the death of Old Tedge—my ideal of a promoter—I have kept his name alive on the anniversary of his passing. THE RING alone has paid him this honor and so long as I am its publisher, I shall continue to do so. During the last forty years in sports, there have been only two nationally renowned figures in the promotion of boxing—Tex Rickard and James J. Coffroth.

Tex is gone but Coffroth holds forth as a racing promoter. Boxing in New York was at low ebb when Rickard came East to try his hand at the game here. He had promoted shows in the West and had been successful, and he was ready to gamble on success in an eastern venture.

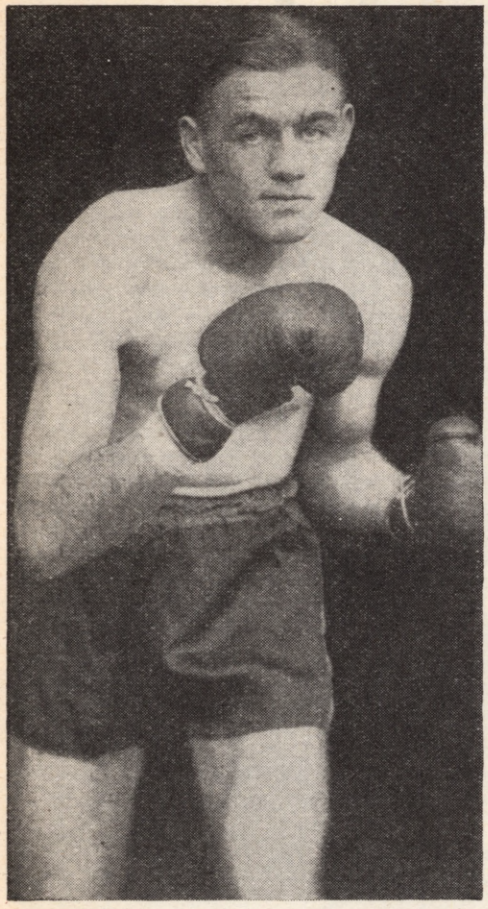
I remember the day that Tex threw a party for the scribes in the Biltmore, with good old Ike Dorgan in charge. As the boys, one after the other, made their speeches questioning the wisdom of Tex making money with a $52,000 overhead in rental for the old Garden, Tedge leaned back in his chair, big cigar in his mouth, listened attentively and said nothing. He was prodded with questions, but he simply smiled, tilted his chair, puffed his big Perfecto and looked up at the ceiling.

Through that haze of smoke he saw things to which the scribes were blind. He pictured the Garden filled with the finest sportsmen of New York. He visioned the élite coming to his shows with wife or sweetheart and occupying specially reserved seats. In his mind he had mapped out a New Deal in boxing and he wasn't going to spill the beans to the scribes. He would let them rave. He would permit them to think him a fool, a hick who was trying to crash the big circuit (*Continued on page* 41)

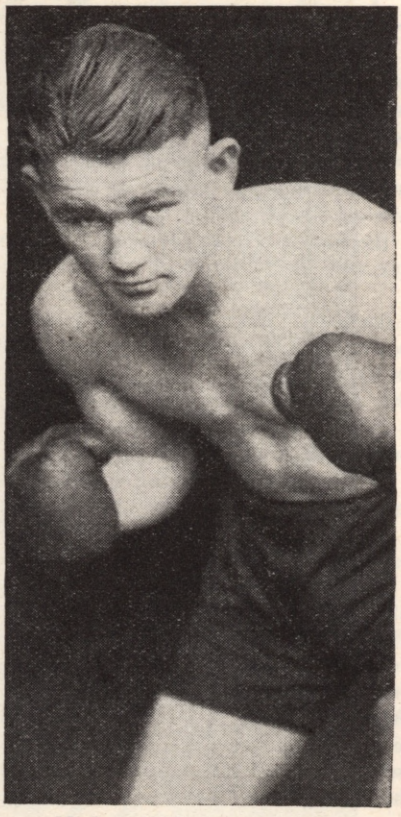
The Northern, whose sawdust floor was bed and lodging for the homeless hundreds who were befriended by Tex Rickard in the days of the Goldfield rush.

Those who wished to gamble here were welcome, and those who lacked the means to buy shelter were welcome to the warmth of Tex's Hotel.

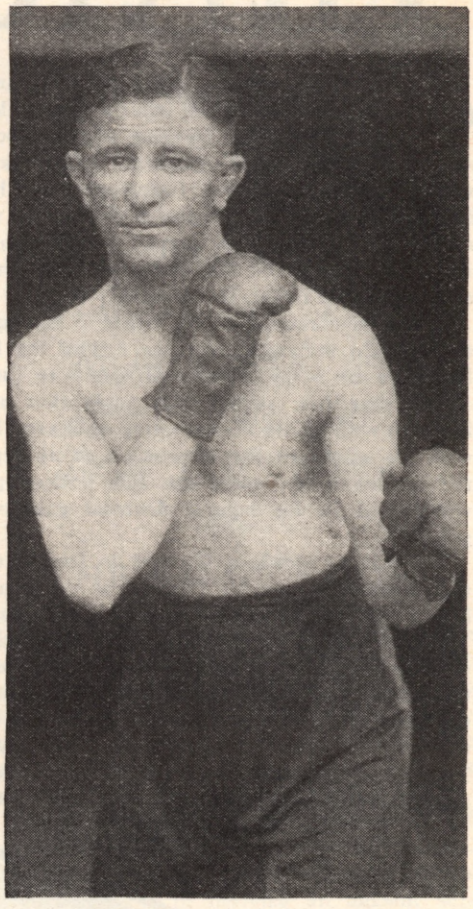
AUSTRALIAN STARS



Alf Blatch, crack lightweight comer.

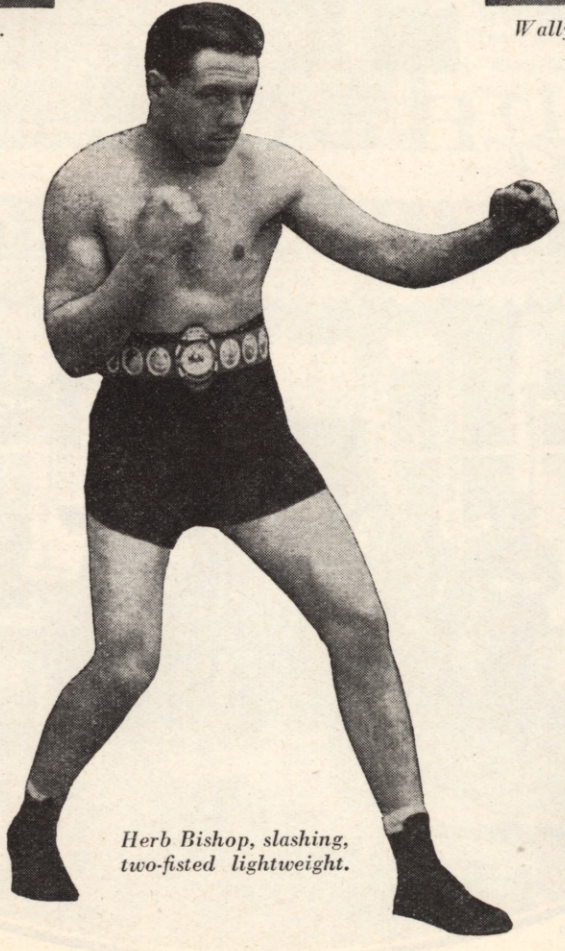


Mickey Miller, crackerjack bantamweight.

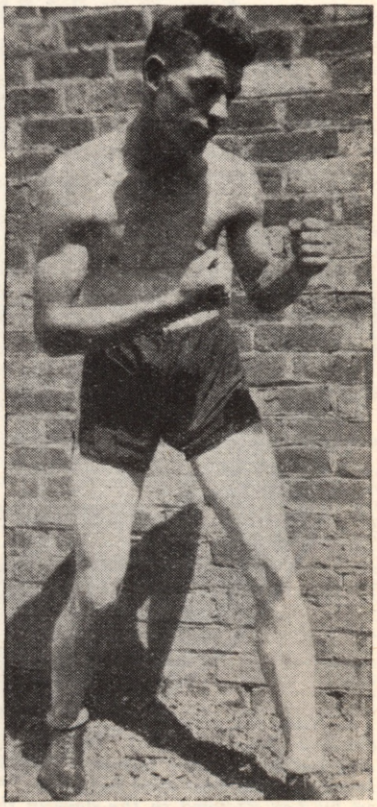


Wally Walker, best of the flyweights.

Tobey Salcole, New South Wales, lightweight.



Herb Bishop, slashing, two-fisted lightweight.



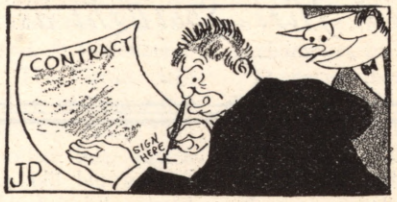
Less Cain, New South Wales, welterweight.

Do *You* Remember?

By BUD RIDLEY

Former Star Pacific Coast Featherweight

REMEMBER—The night your manager was indisposed for some reason or other, and he sent a guy, who didn't know a left hook from a fish hook, around to handle you in your bout that evening; and, right off the bat, the fellow said you were taping your hands wrong (you had wrapped your own mitts for ten years and prided yourself in your expertness) and showed you how to relax, so as to preserve your taking qualities; and told you to be sure to watch your opponent's left foot, because when it shifted inward, you'd know beforehand that you were going to get smacked?



* * *

Remember—When you got into the ring, how he begged you to take a big drink of water before the battle, so that your insides would stay nice and cool; and argued with you when you tried to tell him how to tie the gloves; and how you had to tell him three times to take off your robe—he was in a daze, watching a beautiful blonde in a ringside seat?

* * *

Remember—At the end of the first round, how he jammed the water bottle into your mouth before you got settled on your stool; and talked so much, saying nothing that pertained to the work in hand, that you could hardly think—then poured water all over your head just as the bell clanged, and you got up completely blinded?

* * *

Remember—How he mauled you the next time you went back to your corner for the minute's rest—slapped you on the back—rubbed the nape of your neck until you were dizzy—then jerked the stool out from under you when the ten-second whistle sounded?

* * *

Remember—When you returned to your haven of rest at the end of another round, with a slight scratch on your eye, how your second pulled your head back and smeared a wad of cotton, loaded with collodion, across the wound despite your protestations?

* * *

Remember—How sweet that last bell sounded, and how happy you were when the referee, very generously, gave you a draw—how your second threatened to punch the third man on the nose for having robbed you—while all the time his eyes were on the blonde at the ringside to see if she was noting and appreciating his fearless act?

* * *

Remember—How happy the guy was when you slipped him a "Fin" and told him he was the best little second you'd ever had—or cared to have again?

How often have you encountered that incompetency in your handler who, in studying the ways and means to take care of his charge, has absorbed what to him appeals as the most important of all points in seconding a fighter—"Come on now, he can't hurt us!"

* * *

AND, by way of contrast, remember—The big kid who showed up at your gymnasium one day and begged you to teach him a few of the tricks you had had pounded into you in your twelve years of ring warfare?

* * *

Remember—How you sized him up and down and were struck by his possibilities—his clear, fearless eyes, his well-moulded neck and shoulders, his litheness of movement?

* * *

Remember—How happy and appreciative he was when you let him join your class, and how he swore he would pay you back one hundredfold for your trouble?

* * *

Remember—You started him in an amateur show, and he worked like a champion, winning his fight in a walk; and you were so enthused and happy—even visioned yourself handling a future heavyweight champ?

* * *

Remember—How your kid bowled over every amateur opponent he faced—you gave up your class, so that you could give him your undivided attention? And bought him a first-class gym outfit, from your very meager bank account—fed him, bought him fine clothes, so that he would make a nice appearance on the street? How you patiently schooled him for two years—in which time you didn't make a dime with him—and turned down an offer of five grand for his contract?

* * *

Remember—The kid's debut into the professional ranks? How proud you were when you stripped off his robe and heard murmurs of admiration coming from the ringsiders at the sight of his powerful, well-conditioned physique; and noted the glitter of envy gleaming from the eyes of the other managers?

* * *

Remember—When the first gong ponged how your boy glided out with all the grace of a panther, with fire in his eyes, and lips drawn back into a confident grin—to meet the old battered hasbeen, whom you had picked, yourself, as a good, safe punching hulk for your prospect to start on—on his non-stop flight to fame?

* * *

Remember—How your boy crashed over a terrific hook to the old man's chin, and you started to pick up your boy's robe preparatory to leaving the ring in triumph; but the old-timer blinked his fading eyes, shook his head and threw over a right hand, loaded with dynamite; and the next thing you knew, your coming champion was on the canvas, writhing, moaning—and was counted out?

* * *

Remember—How that one punch took all of the confidence, the gameness, the viciousness out of your boy? How he dogged it every time he went to the post from then on—even though you matched him with some of the rankest of opposition?

* * *

Remember—His training and living then: Unless you went with him, he wouldn't hit the road, wouldn't raise a sweat in the gym, wouldn't go to bed nights—fell in love and wanted to get married, but didn't have the cash—blamed you for not getting him larger purses—wanted to fight main events, but wouldn't mix with anything but curtain-raiser fighters?

* * *

Remember—The sadness, the discouragement, the despair that gripped you when you realized that you had wasted your time, your hard-earned experience, your precious, thin, scanty dimes on just one more *palooka?*

Remember?

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Baer Tunes Up for Possible Activity Next Summer
Pa Peterson Peeved at U.S. Attitude Towards His Son
Joe Louis Hits Spotlight as Latest "Black Menace"

MAX BAER has finally seen the light. He is beginning to realize that one year of idleness is a detriment to any champion and has decided to engage in several four-round exhibitions to tune up for a summer defense of his title. The Livermore Larruper didn't show much in his initial bout with Johnny Miler at Des Moines, whom he boxed four rounds.

Of course, such exhibitions mean nothing except to keep the eyes sharpened if the bout is taken seriously, but in the case of Max, he clowned his way to a one-sided victory that didn't do him much good nor did it help his popularity any. Only 2,500 persons watched Baer as against the 10,000 who used to pack the clubs on Dempsey's exhibition tour. By this time Baer is probably convinced that he is not another Dempsey, and that it takes more than clowning to gain the popularity attained by the Manassa Mauler.

Incidentally, Baer's kid brother, who is taller than Max and weighs more, won his eighth consecutive bout at Max's show. Buddy Baer looks like a comer. He'll go a long way if nursed. His mentors are steering him clear of tough shots, the proper procedure until Buddy gets his bearings and knows the tricks of his chosen trade.

* * *

I RECEIVED an interesting letter a few days ago from "Pop" Peterson, father of Jack, the British heavyweight king, in which Pa takes me keenly to task for declaring in one of our recent issues that his son was not ready for a shot at Baer's title, and for not rating Peterson as No. 1 among the challengers. Says Pa Peterson:

"I have been very interested in your articles and I notice that you say in your November issue that we should ply our trade in America. As I told Mr. James J. Johnston, the only thing that will bring us to America is the World's Championship fight with Max Baer, and if you read through our record which I am enclosing, you will find that my boy has beaten more champions than you have ever seen in America.

"I am surprised at you rating my boy with Phil Scott. As you know, Phil Scott never had any color. You have been in the business long enough to know this.

"We are no ballyhoo fighters, but are the biggest boxing draw this side of the Atlantic, and when you realize that my boy has a better record than Carpentier ever had when he fought Dempsey for the world's championship, you may realize what the people think about your articles in the paper.

"As you see by the enclosed cuttings, instead of our coming to America, your men are coming over here. When we prove that we can beat any man you send over, then we may be recognized as the only contender for the world's championship.

"This should be the biggest international match since Carpentier and Dempsey; if you want to put boxing on the map this is the fight you should go after to bring the million dollar gate back again.

"It is about time that you woke up to the fact that we have always been willing to fight anybody named and have never said no to any match that has been offered to us. We have always fought on the up-and-up and barred nobody. As you see by the enclosed cuttings, we hope to fight Hamas here in January.

"I would like you to publish this letter in your next issue. Enclosed find Jack's record as a professional. The first bout with Harvey was an accident. You know what we did to him in the second fight.

"I hope you will see by this letter that we mean business. We want to fight Baer and put boxing on top of the world again."

* * *

IN his long letter, the dad of the British champion declares himself in strong words *in re* our champions. He says that he notices that after holding aloof and waiting for the foreign boys to go to America for fights, our champions are now beginning to see the light and making the trip to Europe to meet real challengers, referring of course to Freddie Miller. Then Pa goes on to remind me of the fact, as he states it, that Peterson has gained victories over more champions than I have seen in action in all the years of my career.

THE RING feels sorry that its frank statements, made after an exhaustive investigation, in which some of the leading lights of Pa's own country have been enlisted, proved that Jack Peterson is a good, budding heavyweight, but far from being ready to tackle the world champion. As I remarked before, there are at least five Americans who can take the measure of Peterson, if my information from reliable British scribes and sportsmen is to be given proper consideration. I have no axe to grind and defy Peterson or any other Britisher to show wherein I'm prejudiced or have ever failed to give to England's boxers credit where credit was due.

When Pa Peterson names the champions who were defeated by Peterson, and places his faith in his boy's fighting ability as a world beater on victories or knockouts over such champions as Len Harvey, Crossley, Mueller, Schoenrath, Gains, Pettifer, Power, Bandias and Doyle, he fails to take into consideration that, of the entire list, only Harvey and Gains were worthy of recognition among the top flight.

Take Harvey, for example. He is only an overgrown middleweight who failed to make any impression at all when he was here. Schoenrath fought one battle in the Garden and pitted against a fifth rater; he was sadly whipped and gave such a poor performance that he took the next boat back to Europe. Likewise with Pettifer who came here heralded as a phenom and couldn't fight a lick. He couldn't even win a four-rounder without having the help of his opponent. He was banned from the Garden for his mediocre showing and proved so poor a fighter that he was forced back home. Down in Miami his bout on the Carnera-Loughran card was the laugh of the evening.

I do not want to take any credit from Peterson whom I have rated high in my annual ranking but I do want Pa Peterson to feel that we in America would be tickled silly if Peterson could increase world interest in boxing by winning the title.

* * *

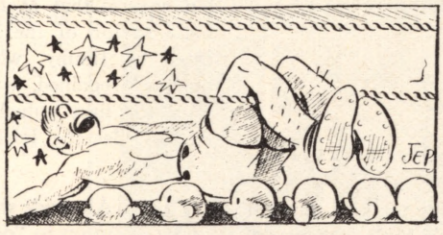
PRIMO CARNERA, after five months of idleness, started his South American come-back tour with a victory that added little, if anything, to his prestige. By failing to do better than to win a twelve-round decision over the fat, physically unfit Vittorio Campolo, Carnera proved that if he receives a return

bout with Baer, he will be an easier mark than he was on the occasion of the last slaughter match at the Garden's Long Island Bowl.

When the tour for Primo was arranged, it was expected that he would continue where he left off when he was fed with set-ups prior to his fight with George Godfrey in Philadelphia, but contrary to expectations, the Italian behemoth just plodded through a listless, uneventful contest that brought boos, instead of cheers to his ears. The trip to South America was part of the plan of the Madison Square Garden officials to get Primo back into the fistic spotlight so that a return engagement with Baer could be arranged that would meet with popular approval. It is doubtful, now, however, if the plans will materialize. The Garden still hopes to pit Carnera or Hamas against Schmeling in Miami this winter and if Primo gets that fight and emerges the victor, then only would he be regarded as eligible for another Baer match following his poor showing with Campolo.

* * *

THE American fight public read with a deep interest of the victories of Freddie Miller abroad, even though several were awarded on fouls. It is not the fault of our champion if his opponent violates the boxing code and is disqualified. In Miller we have the first champion in many moons who is not afraid to face the toughest of opponents—even in foreign lands. Freddie's latest victories over Jose Girones, Spanish featherweight king, in the fifth round, and Cuthbert Taylor of Wales by decision in twelve rounds for his ninth and tenth wins, makes him the most active champion of recent years.



* * *

THE setback that Charley Massare received at the hands of Joe Louis, the Detroit Negro who scored a three-round knockout over him in Chicago recently, should not affect Massare materially. If anything, the defeat should help Massare because it has taught him something he should have known long before now. One of the first principles in boxing, something every fighter should learn from the start, is to defend himself at all times and that axiom Massare apparently forgot when he dropped his guard as he walked away from the ropes in breaking clean at the referee's order. Louis, a shrewd lad, saw the opening, and in a jiffy sailed in, caught Charley with a short right to the body, another to the chin, and Massare, backing toward the ropes, performed a Dempsey feat and went out of the ring.

When Massare returned at the count of five, he learned still another pointer that should help him in future contests—for this young, promising, Monongahela heavyweight is of the learning type—namely, that a count is a count, even if only tolled off by the official timekeeper without the aid of the referee. Unfortunately, Tommy Gilmore, the Chicago official, failed in his duties as a referee by walking to the far corner of the ring while Massare was on his knees waiting for his count, and permitted the timekeeper to do all the counting. It seems inconceivable that so competent an official as Tommy, could forget such an important item as to be right on top of the fallen fighter. When Massare was informed that he had been counted out, naturally he was amazed, but out he was for the official count had been given him and thus, a lad who had jumped up from nineteenth place among the heavyweights in our rating to seventh, over a stretch of eleven months, lost his high post to Louis, another budding heavyweight from whom more will be heard. As Massare has clashed with the world's best heavyweights during the year, the feat of Louis was one worthy of particular attention. Joe will go a long way in his chosen profession. Watch him. He'll be among the topnotchers this year.

* * *

THE rise of Louis to a commanding position among the heavyweights, has been hailed by the Negro race because the Detroit Tiger is the first of his race to gain a rank of prominence among the heavyweights since George Godfrey was in his prime. If Louis continues to improve, he may be the first of his race to reach the challenger's post in a championship match. Times have changed and there is no telling what may develop.

Although the race problem is strong in some sections, a real, live promoter, especially in Chicago, would not hesitate to match a Negro with a white man for the world title and with Louis' popularity in the Middle West, such a match is likely to develop. Of course, much would depend on the champion's attitude and, in the case of Baer, he has openly declared that so long as he is champion, he will not engage in a contest with a colored man.

However, there is plenty of time for a further discussion, as Louis has not yet reached the ranking five stage. Yet he is the latest "Black Menace" and we might as well face the music now as later. We had the Brown Panther in Harry Wills who never got his chance to meet Dempsey though he deserved it and later George Godfrey, the "Black Shadow of Leiperville" who is now a wrestler. Now comes the "Detroit Tiger" to contend with.

* * *

LOUIS flattened eight boys prior to landing the haymaker on Massare, who, as already said, is one of the most promising of the younger flock among the heavies, and then stopped the highly touted Lee Ramage a fortnight later in the eighth round after Lee was floored eight times.

Louis is one more of a string of Golden Gloves champions who have been developed during the past three years through the efforts of the *New York Daily News* and the *Chicago Tribune*. He has been fighting professionally only one year. Like Barney Ross and Bob Olin, two other Golden Glovers who have reached the championship rung of the ladder, Louis may add to the growing list.

THE RING welcomes Louis among America's fighting men. Regardless of color, boxing needs good talent and in the Detroiter it has the type of gladiator for whom the sport has been looking during the past three years of world depression—another heavy hitting heavyweight.

* * *

THAT Mickey Walker has reached the end of his rope and should be urged to retire before he is carried a helpless mass out of the ring, was evident after the knockout he received at the hands of Paul Pirrone in their return engagement in Philadelphia. The Rumson Bulldog was counted out on the floor in 2.1 of the eleventh round after receiving a shellacking from this youth, hard hitting Cleveland middleweight.

By his double victory over Mickey—the first being meted out to the Jerseyite on November 12—Pirrone jumped into the front rank of the middleweights and if he continues to progress as he has during the last four months, he will be crowned the next world champion. A bout between him and Teddy Yarosz would be a thriller.

Pirrone's mentors are dickering with Jeff Dickson for a fight in Paris with the world champion, Marcel Thil. If such a contest is arranged, my money will go down on Pirrone to bring back the crown. He is the type of battler who could turn the trick against the wily Frenchman, and by the knockout route, at that.

As for Walker, his thousands of fistic admirers hope he takes the tip, regardless of his financial distress, and retires. He should have hung up his gloves several months ago. As for his distress, he has only himself to blame. Living the life of a spendthrift doesn't pay. Wine, women and song went in the good old bare-knuckle era, but in these days of hardened, well-trained, youthful, clean-living athletes, the body must be kept in perfect physical condition if one hopes to succeed and save something for a rainy day.

Walker has been counted out only twice in his career. The first time when Gene Delmont stopped him in 1919. Later he was stopped by both Joe Dundee and Max Schmeling, but on both occasions the referee halted the bout. *(Continued on page 43)*

FOSTER-

Jimmy McLarnin.

By GEORGE T. PARDY

ASKED to name the greatest boxing feats of the past year, the average fan's guess would be the stopping of Primo Carnera and annexing of the world's heavyweight crown by Max Baer; Barney Ross's spectacular exploit, as lightweight champion, in his defeat of Jimmy McLarnin, making Barney the first lightweight in history to hold both lightweight and welter titles; and, lastly, McLarnin's astonishing comeback which resulted in his recapturing the welter laurels from the king of the 135-pounders.

Both Baer and Ross have been accorded ample praise by press and public for their triumphs, nor have McLarnin's numerous admirers failed to award him full credit, which there is no doubt he deserves. Of the three fisticuff trials, Jimmy's task was by no means the least difficult, for, although plenty of fighters have made successful comebacks against men who whipped them, some sort of hoodoo has usually clung to the challenger in a comeback stunt when its aim was the regaining of lost official honors.

Take a look at old fistic annals. John L. Sullivan wisely accepted defeat at Jim Corbett's hands and made no attempt to reverse the verdict. Fitzsimmons would not give Corbett a return match after kayoing Gentleman Jim at Carson City. But Fitz had a second inning with his conqueror, Jeffries, which ended in disaster for the former.

Corbett tried twice to dethrone Jeffries, but failed on each occasion. Jack Johnson eliminated Jeff's dream of again becoming champ, after retiring. Johnson was sidetracked by promoters after losing to Willard, and was not accorded an opportunity to redeem himself. Willard's comeback trail wound up in a blind alley when Firpo pounded him into oblivion. Jess didn't even get as far on the return track as the man who snatched away his scepter at Toledo, Jack Dempsey, and everyone knows what happened to the old Manassa Mauler in his second tilt with Gene Tunney.

* * *

ABOVE all other classes, that headed by Jimmy McLarnin has played merry hob with its successive monarchs. Particularly is this true of late years. Ted Lewis held the title from 1917 to 1919, when he lost to Britton. The latter lasted until 1922, and was replaced by Mickey Walker, who reigned until 1926, and was then beaten by Pete Latzo. The following year, Latzo fell before Joe Dundee, and in 1929, Joe was hustled off the throne by Jackie Fields.

From then up to the present time, out of a list of champs, including Fields, Young Jack Thompson, Tommy Freeman, Lou Brouillard, Young Corbett, III and McLarnin, not one has succeeded in keeping a grip on the singularly elusive welter title for more than twelve months.

Britton and Walker hold the long-distance record as welter kings; whether McLarnin will manage to equal their performances remains to be seen. It won't be for lack of trying and the grim determination to stick, at all events. For Jimmy is honestly proud of his title, the first he has won since he made his professional debut in 1923, a mere frail lath of a flyweight kid, by beating Frankie Sands.

Remember also, that McLarnin is today the only Celt maintaining the Irish pugilistic reputation as a topnotcher, and his racial pride is at stake as an upholder of the Celtic fighting tradition. Prior to McLarnin's rise to titular glory, the last Irish champion of the Old Guard was Mickey Walker, once ruler of the middleweight division, but now in the sere and faded leaf register. It is but natural that McLarnin's countrymen should hail him as the fistic savior of the Celtic clans, a feeling thoroughly reciprocated by Jimmy, whose greatest grief when he lost the title he later regained, was expressed in his statement to the press after the first unlucky encounter with Ross, to the effect that he had "let the Irish down!"

* * *

RACIAL pride was, no doubt, a powerful incentive in spurring him on to "do or die," when he fought the successful battle which placed him back among the seats of the mighty. It works out that way sometimes, though not always. Unless the real fighting stuff is in a man, neither nerve nor pride suffices to pave the rugged road to victory. Witness the unavailing endeavor of Jim Jeffries to "bring back the crown to the Caucasian race," via the Jack Johnson route! The Jeffries pride withered and shrunk to nothingness in the hot blasts of the Johnsonian efficiency, for, unlike McLarnin, Jeff lacked the milling material with which to make good.

Von Moltke, the elder, whose keen military sagacity planned, developed and fostered the strategy which resulted in crushing defeats of the French by the German armies in 1870, once corrected a fervent admirer who referred to him as a great general.

"I do not," said Von Moltke, "consider myself a great general. No general deserves the epithet of 'great' unless he has fought at least one successful rear guard action, something that has never fallen to my lot to attempt."

Now the scrapper who faces an opponent who has previously beaten him is, in a sense, fighting a rear guard action against a force which has once proved itself his superior. However, he may strive against the mental obsession, the man "fighting back" is handicapped to a certain extent by the feeling that disaster may again befall him. In other words, he must battle against a bad-luck complex, as well as against the former conqueror whose confidence in himself is fresh and unshaken. Having once reached the championship goal, McLarnin was certainly put to a tough test by Fate, when he was thrown back on the long, hard road he had traversed to get there.

A rough, thorny trail that assuredly was. Fortunately for McLarnin, he did not have to travel it alone or in the company of an incompetent mentor. Jimmy is the first to admit that he owes his success in the ring, as well as his good financial standing, to the fact that his foster-father-manager, "Pop" Foster, has acted in the saving rôle of guardian angel to him since he was a youngster just graduating from the knee-pants stage.

"Pop" is not the pious ideal of an angelic guardian physically. Stockily built, ruddy of complexion, a former boxer who learned

McLARNIN, *Inc.*

the game in the rough-and-ready school of the traveling British boxing booths, whose glove-artists met all-comers at fairs and other outdoor festivities throughout the English provinces, he could probably take care of himself in a go-as-you-please fistic argument, today, as well as the younger ones.

* * *

WHEN his country went to war in the late world unpleasantness, Pop decided he was still young enough to take a hand in a totally different kind of fighting than that to which he had been accustomed, signed up, and did his bit in the front line trenches. He saw lots of service, was wounded, recovered and went back on the job again. But this battle stuff is something Pop can't be induced to dwell upon at any length. From his point of view, he simply did his duty, and why fuss about it? Not so McLarnin, who waxes eloquent on the subject of Pop's soldiering experiences.

It's a case of loyal hero-worship on both sides, for the relations between these two are absolutely without precedent, if you consider them just as manager and fighter. Of course they are far more than that. The history of the McLarnin-Foster connection has real story-book values; something after the style of the late Horatio Alger's romances, wherein boy heroes always battle their way from obscurity to fame and riches.

* * *

JIMMY McLARNIN was born in Ireland twenty-eight years ago. He was one year, six months old when his parents emigrated to America and settled on a cattle-ranch in the State of Washington. Four years later, the family moved to Vancouver, British Columbia. There were twelve other children besides Jimmy. One of his brothers died in infancy, there are six sisters.

Jimmy attended Strathcona Grammar School at Vancouver. He was always fond of athletics, including baseball, but his pet sport was handling the gloves. The elder McLarnin was in business for himself, and Jimmy had a small gymnasium under his father's store, where he and other neighborhood youngsters were wont to spar daily. It was at this juncture that Charlie (Pop) Foster, entered into the life of the kid who was destined to become a world's champion.

Foster was then a patient at Shaughnessey Heights Hospital, a Vancouver Army base. When convalescent and discharged from the doctors' care, Pop used to play around with the kiddies, became acquainted with Jimmy, and visited the latter's gym. Watching Jimmy utilize a straight left that appeared to be natural with him, Pop early became convinced that the youngster had great possibilities as a boxer. At sixteen, Jimmy scaled eighty pounds, but he was a growing lad and the veteran trainer, who had handled Spike Robson and other British cracks of a decade earlier, could see where the youngster's lithe frame possessed excellent building-up qualities.

Meanwhile—there was the amateur game to start with, as good a test as one could want to determine the status of a budding pug. Pop entered Jimmy in a tournament, which he won with surprising ease. Another and yet another followed, until the kid had scored six victories in succession. Pop Foster was satisfied now that his protege was ripe for the road and professional life.

Was Jimmy willing? What boy equipped with burning ambition to be a champ and brimful of confidence in himself wouldn't have been eager to hit the long trail to glory? There was no hitch there! But trouble loomed when Pop broached the subject to the elder McLarnins. Jimmy's mother, like all good mothers, trembled to think of her pet lamb wandering so far from the domestic pastures. Pa McLarnin, however, was made of sterner stuff and, while at first hesitating, finally yielded consent to the proposed pilgrimage of teacher and pupil. As a precautionary measure, Jimmy, not being of age, Pop had to go to court and take out papers appointing him the lad's guardian.

* * *

THE wanderings of the pair offered book material of the type which would have delighted the heart of the late O. Henry. Although never actually in serious want, times were hard enough to have thrown a scare and longing for home and mother into the heart of a less stout-

Jimmy's happiest moment—the thrill of a lifetime. Joe Humphreys announces that the Vancouver Irish lad has regained the world's welterweight championship.

The welterweight king as he looked when he scaled only eighty pounds and was only fourteen. He is on the shoulders of Pop Foster, the veteran who brought him up from a mere novice to one of the greatest fighters of the modern era.

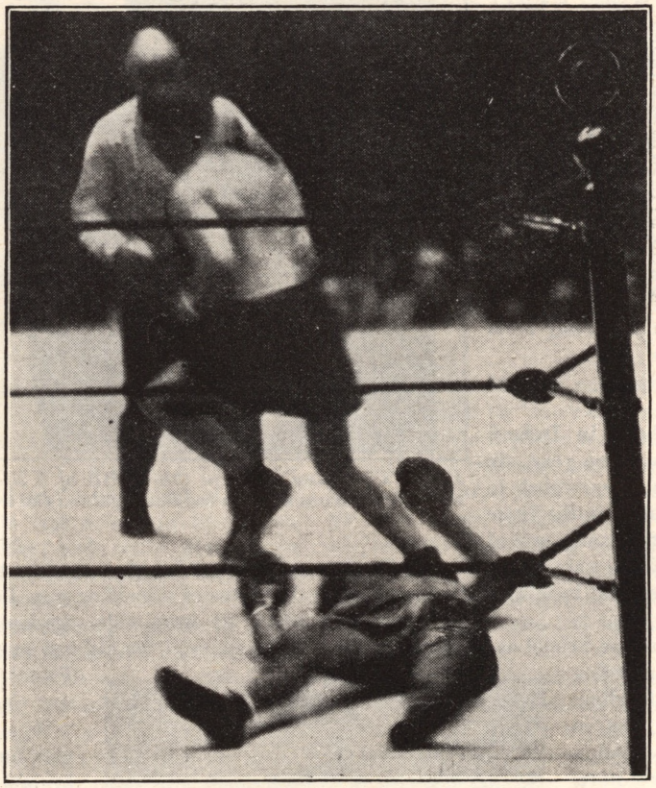
hearted kid than Jimmy McLarnin. But there was no quitting or quailing in him; besides, had he not a rock of strength continually behind him, in the person of Charles (Pop) Foster, and did not adventure perpetually beckon onward? What red-blooded boy would desire more?

From the outset, Pop had striven to impart to his charge the kind of scientific instruction he had picked up from crack English boxers; knowledge which Jimmy absorbed swiftly and showed remarkable aptitude for putting into practice. Foster was anxious to pattern the boy after Jem Driscoll, England's one-time feather champ, and unquestionably one of the finest boxers the ring has known. To Pop's fancy, Jem was *the* finest, and perhaps is as good a choice as any that might be made.

There are plenty of ring-wise folks who would agree with that view, notably the veteran Charlie Harvey—present manager of Steve Hamas, leading contender for Max Baer's title—and who managed Driscoll in 1909. It was in this year that Jem paid a visit to the U. S., took on our cleverest featherweight, Abe Attell, then in his prime, and gave him a ten-round lesson, during the painful sessions of which Abe was cuffed about shamefully. Old-timers who recollect how Driscoll shaped up, may be able to recognize something of the British wizard's style in blocking, feinting, and getting away in the McLarnin tactics.

As a matter of fact, they are tactics that really had their foundation in the Jem Mace boxing methods, as practiced by that great scientist of the old London Prize Ring, who was universally recognized as the world's premier boxer in the sixties, as well as being bare-knuckle champion. Mace detested waste motion in a boxer, unnecessary feinting or dancing around. He was a past-master of the fine art of timing, slipping the head away from a jab, ducking so as to escape a round-house swing by the merest fraction of a margin, of sidestepping with easy grace.

He was the model which the best of Australia's and England's boxers, in a later day, followed in systems of attack and defense. The Mace influence could be traced in the sparring style of Young Griffo, the greatest boxer ever turned out in the Antipodes. You could also see it when Jem Driscoll, Pop Foster's fistic idol, stripped for action. And coming down to modern times, the present welter champion, as before stated, exhibits many of the Driscoll ring mannerisms.



When McLarnin crashed the haymaker against Al Singer's jaw.

* * *

WHEN Pop and Jimmy started off on that first crusade, the future 147-pound king only tipped the scales at the 106 mark. A slim youngster, with excessively thin arms and legs, there was nothing in his physical make-up to indicate either punching power or the ability to "take it." Also, his face was of the cherubic, softly rounded type and, altogether, it is not to be wondered at that in Los Angeles, the first stop in their journey in quest of combat, no promoter could be found who would shoulder the responsibility of sending such an appealingly tender-looking boy into the shambles of the ring.

They tackled San Francisco next, but without avail. Pop tried his best arguments—and the said Pop possesses a real cajoling tongue, if any one asks you—yet Promoter Lynch of the Dreamland Arena, was deaf to all his pleadings. Lynch bluntly stated that it would be a clear case of child-homicide to subject young McLarnin to the chances of a glove-beating, and the wanderers, deeply disgusted, moved on to Oakland.

By this time Pop was getting desperate. True, their wants were few and easily satisfied, but when you begin playing a game, with next to nothing to buck against it, the process of trimming down to rock bottom goes very swiftly, and the firm of Foster and McLarnin was perilously close to utter financial desolation. Stung by the spur of dollar stringency, Pop led a forlorn-hope-storming-party of two in a direct attack on the stronghold of Promoter Tommy Simpson.

The Oakland promoter was not a whit more sympathetic toward the idea of matching up McLarnin than any of his contemporaries. But desperate situations require desperate remedies and Foster, fighting in the last ditch, assaulted Simpson's position with such fluency of conversation that Tommy virtually threw up the sponge. As a matter of fact, Simpson wasn't convinced at all. But knowing what a determined cuss Pop was, he figured the easiest way out was to comply, and let the kid take a licking. Accordingly, McLarnin got his long-looked-for chance of a real scrap in a real pro-ring.

* * *

BUSINESS is business, above all in the box-fight game, and even if Simpson may have felt some slight impulse of pity for the frail kid whom his manager was apparently determined to sacrifice to the god of slugfest, the promoter wasn't going to spoil his program by selecting something soft for the newcomer.

He paired Jimmy up with Frankie Sands, a tough lad with a bad wallop in either mitt, and on the night of McLarnin's debut, the promoter watched with amused interest to see his own judgment vindicated, and Pop Foster's house of cards demolished in short order. Much to Tom Simpson's amazement, things didn't happen that way at all. For the innocent-faced youngster simply made a chopping-block out of his opponent and whipped him cleanly and decisively in four sizzling rounds.

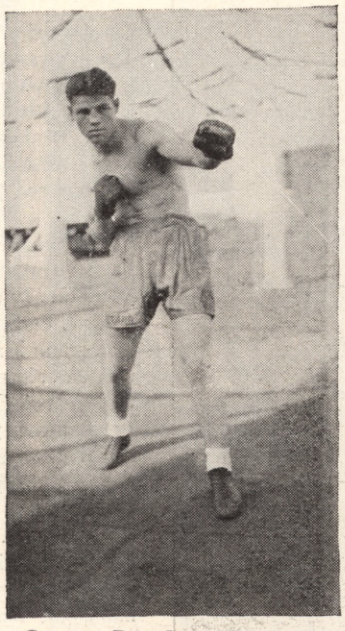
Although he had guessed wrong, Simpson was greatly pleased by the result of Jimmy's professional debut; admitted to the triumphant Foster that his judgment had slipped a cog, and engaged McLarnin again. Once more Jimmy won handily, and proved such a drawing card that the promoter got the "McLarnin habit" and utilized the youngster's services eleven times in as many weeks. Pop's boy scored one victory right on the heels of another and Simpson increased his wage, so that toward the close of his Oakland activities he was receiving $125 per fight.

This was big money for the firm in those days. But who would have ventured to prophesy that in less than ten years later, gate receipts for battles in which McLarnin figured as the stellar attraction would go well over the million and a half mark? Or that he would reign as the world's welterweight champion? Well, the average person would probably have laughed at such notions. But not Pop Foster. Napoleon Bonaparte had firm belief in his star of destiny, but Nap had nothing on Pop in that respect.

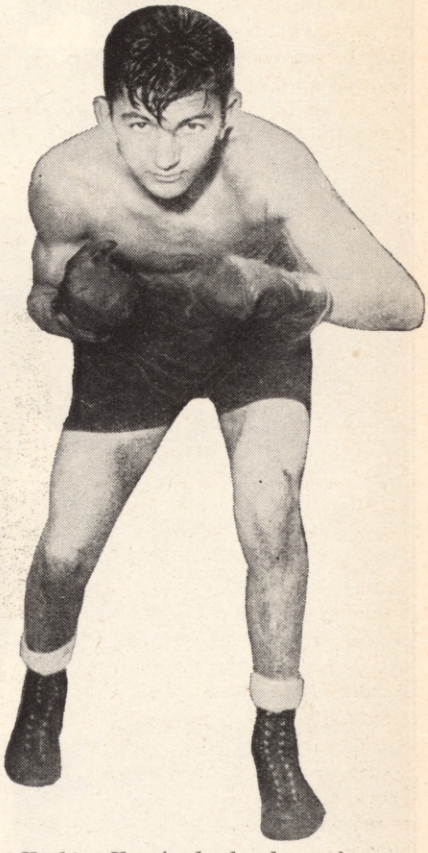
Because, from the start Pop not only believed Jimmy would be a champion of some class, some day, but spoke his belief out loud to whoever would listen, and told it to the newspaper reporters for publication wherever he *(Continued on page 46)*

YOUNGSTERS *Who Are Advancing* RAPIDLY

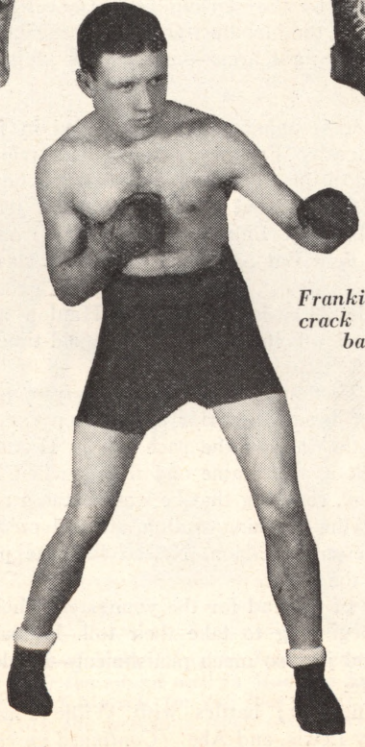
Louis Carranza, Los Angeles 140 pounder.



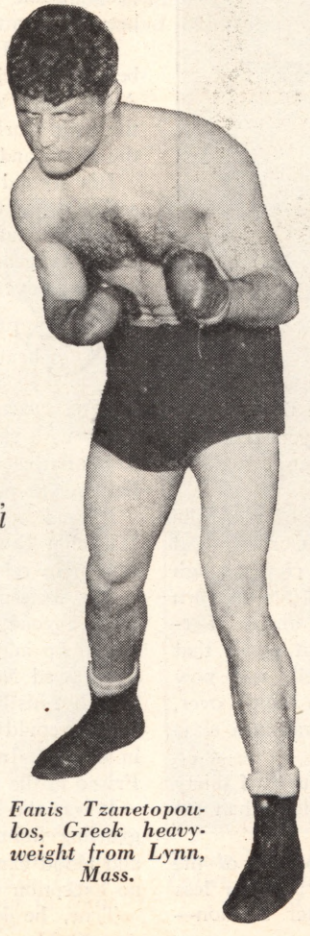
George Baratko, Cleveland's promising middleweight.



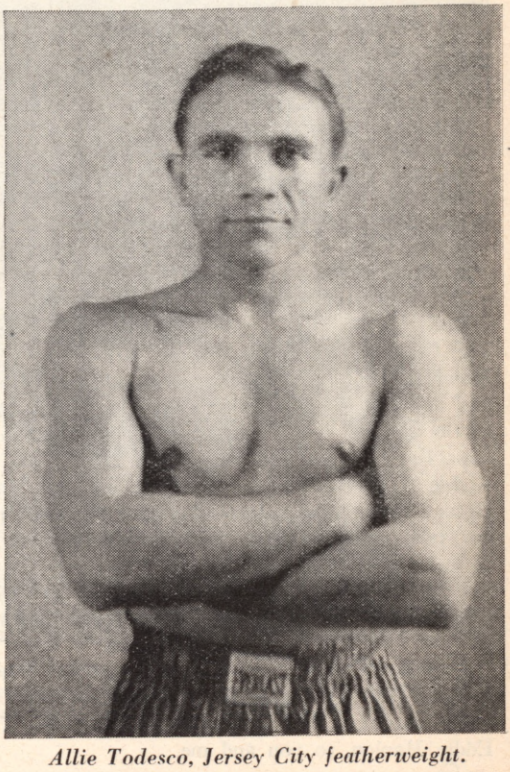
Herbie Hansford, brother of George, featherweight from Los Angeles.



Frankie Martin, crack Montreal bantam.



Fanis Tzanetopoulos, Greek heavyweight from Lynn, Mass.

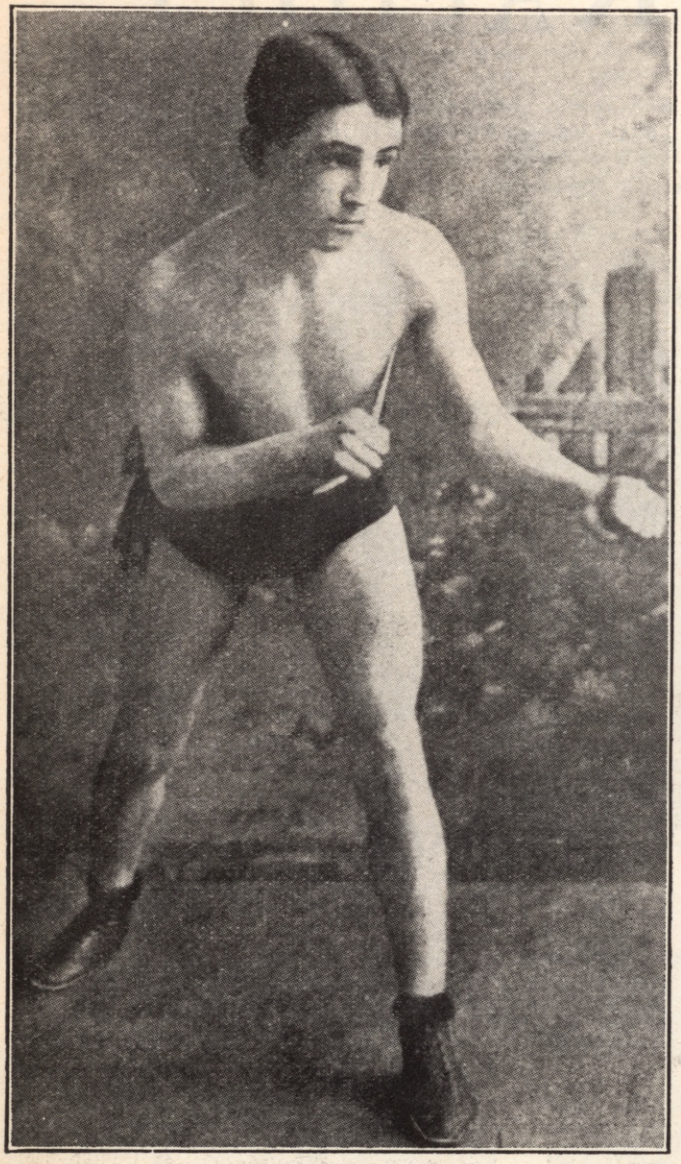


Allie Todesco, Jersey City featherweight.

EDDIE HANLON—

The BOY WONDER

By T. W. MCNIEL



Eddie Hanlon, the Frisco Idol.

PERHAPS some evening when you are seated comfortably by your fireside, and have laid aside the sporting sheet, you will close your eyes and let your memory drift back to those golden years of lightweight pugilism—the 1900-1910 period.

Perhaps you will recall the deeds and misdeeds of men like Joe Gans, Bat Nelson, Jimmy Britt, "Young" Corbett, Dal Hawkins and . . . . Oh, why go on and recall those clever, tough and fiery-fisted fellows that made the first decade after the turn of the century the most memorable in lightweight annals. Perhaps I'm batty on the "old-timer" angle. One must admit that Richie Mitchell, Benny Leonard, Sammy Mandell, and now Barney Ross, were lightweights that one can't pass lightly over, but, take 'em as a whole, that 1900 to 1910 outfit was in a class by itself.

I can't help but regard those bloody-finish fistic duels of thirty years ago as more of an acid test for a man's ability than the modern ten- and twelve-round games.

And now for the subject of this article: Perhaps few of the modern generation ever heard of him except in a more or less vague manner. His real name was Charles Walter Hanlon—Eddie Hanlon, to you and me.

EDDIE was born in Frisco, on October 2, 1885. By the time he was big enough to lift a pair of boxing gloves he was fighting with the neighborhood kids. It was only natural that a kid with Eddie's pugnacious traits should get into the fistic game. In those days, the Queen City of the Pacific Coast was the mecca of American pugilism. Certainly, every chance in the world was offered to a native son who showed any fistic ability whatsoever.

The record books show that Eddie Hanlon launched out on his fistic voyage in 1900. That was the year that Eddie was fifteen years old. In a sense the records are right, but at the same time the records don't show any of those bruising, bloody brawls that the Telegraph Hill kid engaged in up and down Market Street, along the waterfront and in the various dingy and gas-lit gymnasiums that dotted Frisco in those days. By the time Eddie was thirteen or fourteen years old, he was in there with guys like "Kid" Broad, Eddie Santry, Billy Rotchford and hosts of others—in the rôle of sparring partner of course—all the time picking up pointers that were to help him out when he blossomed out for himself later.

We find him going to the post for gold and glory in 1900: a short, heavy-set kid with a perpetual Irish grin adorning his handsome features; rough, tough and a brawler from the word go. That first year we find him in there with Abe Attell, Joe Hill and Frankie Neil. Oh yes, he was little more than a bantamweight in those days. But nobody was getting fat at Eddie's expense. Some of 'em beat him, it's true, but they knew they had been in a battle when it was all over.

The year Eddie was eighteen, 1903, he was in there with the best the world had to offer. Battles with Benny Yanger, Abe Attell and "Young" Corbett brought him notice in the eyes of the fistic world. He was holding his own with the best, and over the finish and distance route too.

His second battle with Corbett that year was his first major setback. He was stopped by the sterling little Denverite in the sixteenth round of one of the bloodiest and most bruising battles that ever graced a Frisco fight arena—and that is saying a lot, but true nevertheless.

* * *

NEXT year, after stopping old "Kid" Broad in fourteen heats in his native Frisco, Eddie made a trip to the East. In no-decision battles in Philadelphia, he fought George Decker, Jack O'Neill and Tim Callahan. A ten-round draw with "Kid" Sullivan at Baltimore and Eddie came back to his native Frisco to fight Bat Nelson in one of the classics of lightweight pugilism.

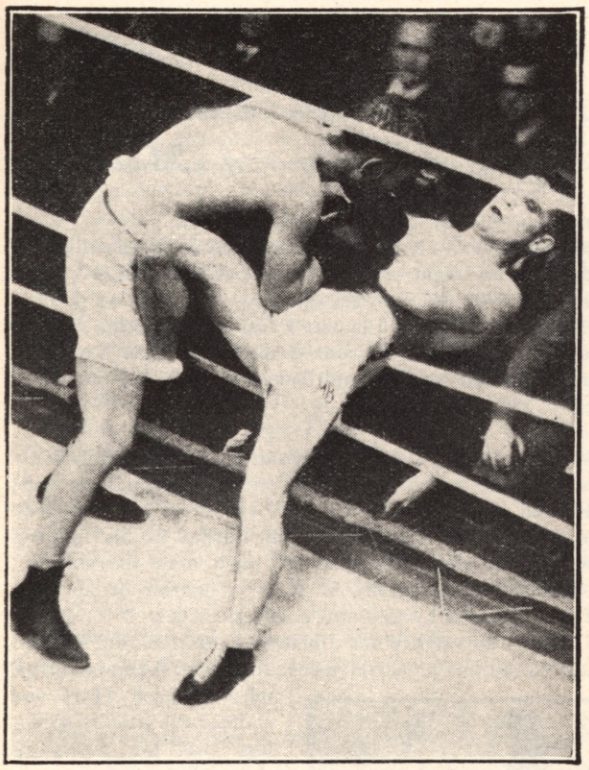
It was a sultry July 29th, in 1904, when Hanlon and the "Durable Dane" squared off in the battle that old-timers still delight in relating

For sixteen rounds, Hanlon hammered Nelson from pillar to post. Anyone but a stout hearted warrior like Nelson would have folded up and quit in the face of the pace set by Hanlon. But iron-jawed Nelson took it as it came and finally when Hanlon had shot his bolt, Nelson, realizing that he was a beaten man unless he could put over the finishing wallop, stepped on the gas in earnest. In the nineteenth session, Nelson laid the pride of Frisco in the resin for the count.

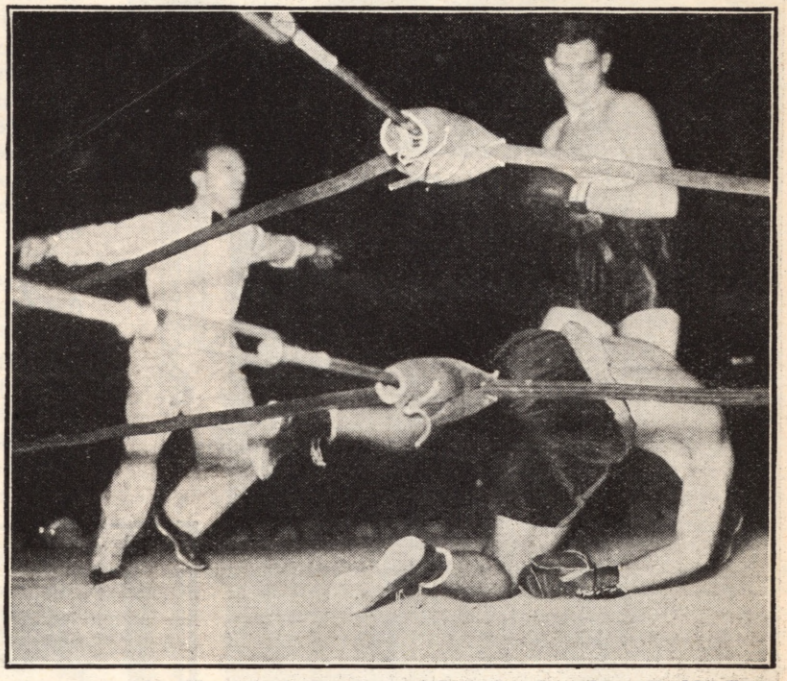
It was the beginning of the end for the youngster. Those long grueling fights were beginning to take their toll. Human flesh and blood can withstand just so much punishment—Hanlon was no exception to the rule.

True, he kept on fighting; battles with Willie Fitzgerald, Aurelio Herrera, Harry Lewis, and Abe *(Continued on page 42)*

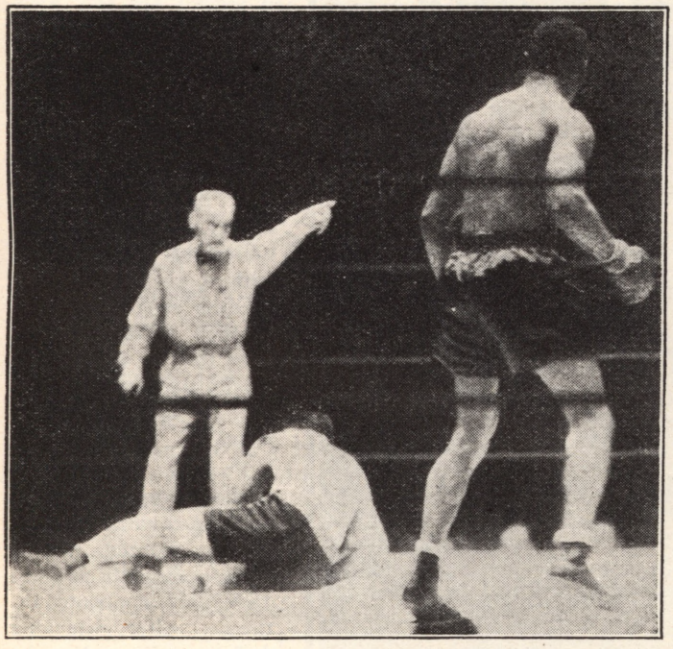
What the Camera Man Saw in Recent Bouts



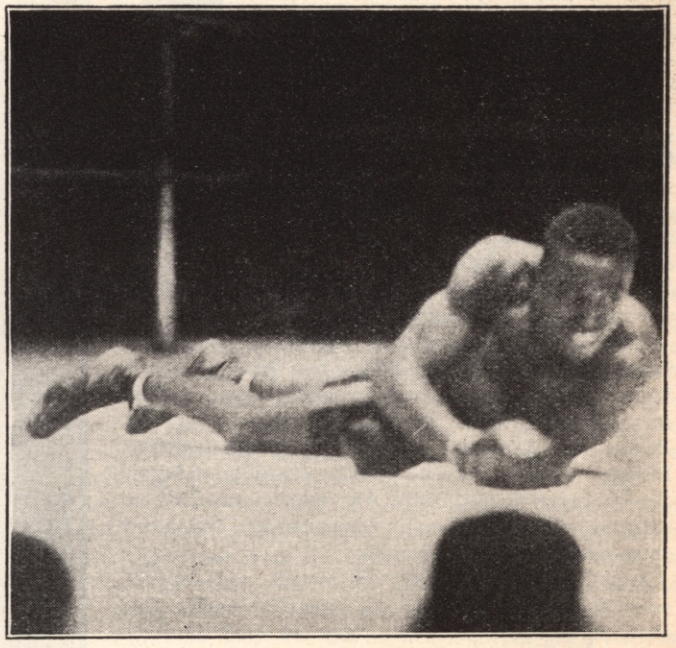
Claude Varner of the United States is shown here forcing Merv Blandon of Australia through the ropes in their recent battle at Sydney. Blandon got the decision and the fans were at odds over the verdict.



A scene in the Olympic Auditorium of Los Angeles where Buddy Baer, giant brother of the world champion, knocked out Gene Garner in the first round. It took Buddy only a minute and 31 seconds to turn the trick.



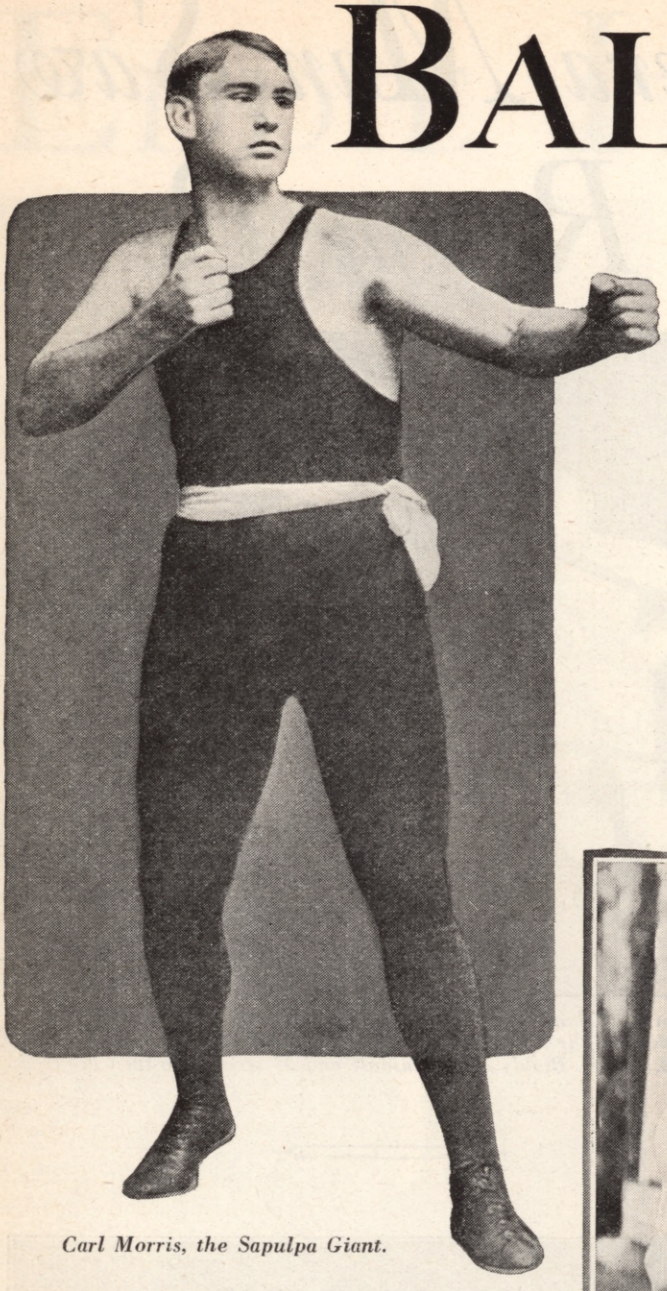
The knockout of Yake Okun by John Henry Lewis in the third round of their ten round mill in Madison Square Garden. Lewis thus redeemed himself for the loss of his initial bout in New York the previous week to Jimmy Braddock.



Young Peter Jackson taking the count in his bout with Sammy Fuller in Madison Square Garden. Jackson was outclassed and floored three times, yet was awarded the decision —a most unjust verdict.

BALLYHOO

How Giant Gladiators, With Little Except Height as an Asset, Have Been Exploited by Shrewd Managers



Carl Morris, the Sapulpa Giant.

EVERY now and again there comes a time when some heavyweight of huge proportions temporarily dominates the boxing world, and a feverish quest begins for a mammoth fighter of immense tonnage who can cope with the abnormally large conqueror. Yet that particular quest always seems doomed to failure. Invariably it is some smaller chap who emerges out of the ruck, and proceeds to whittle the gigantic bruiser down to his own size.

Max Baer performed this unwelcome service for Carnera, even as Dempsey did for Jess Willard. Before Baer won the title, promoters looked around in vain for opponents whose bulk might vie with that of Primo. The Argentine gave them Vittorio Campolo; Portugal came to bat with Jose Santa—both of heroic size—but each flopped badly. And neither caused Primo half the trouble that many comparatively diminutive antagonists provided him with.

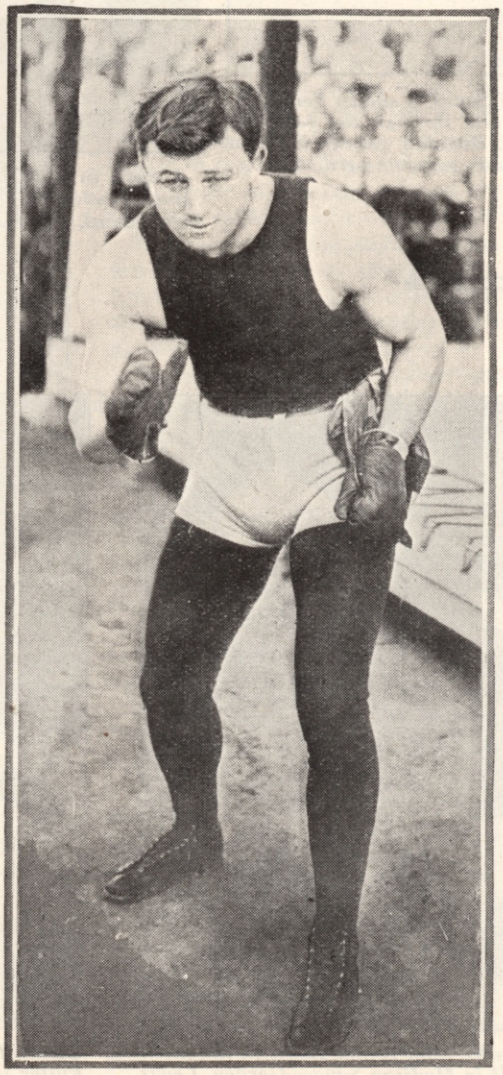
Ray Impelletiere, scaling 270 pounds, and six feet, seven and a half inches tall, the largest of modern ring contestants, was urged as an opponent for Primo last year by his energetic manager, Harry Lenny, but no match was arranged. Which perhaps was just as well for Lenny's charge, as Ray was later outpointed by Tommy Loughran, and lost to Walter Neusel, who was recently kayoed by Max Schmeling.

As a result of Baer's victory and the benching of Impelletiere, Santa and Campolo, giant stock has dropped way below par in the fistic market. For the time being, at any rate, boxing patrons have veered back to the old London Prize Ring maxim, that "a man standing five feet eleven, and weighing thirteen stone ten (192 pounds), is tall enough and heavy enough for anything on two legs!"

* * *

AS a matter of fact, the great John L. Sullivan stood only five feet ten and three-quarter inches, although he was always referred to as "the big fellow!" His chief rival, Charlie Mitchell of England, was five feet nine inches in his fighting shoes. Jim Corbett registered just one inch over the six feet standard, Fitzsimmons was shy of it by a quarter of an inch, while Jeffries topped it by one and one-half inches.

Marvin Hart, who reigned for a brief period after Jeff retired, was five feet eleven and a quarter inches in height. Tommy Burns, who whipped Hart and claimed the title by so doing, was the pigmy of them all, with his toe to crown measurement of five feet seven inches, and Jack Johnson beat the six-foot tape by half an inch. Sharkey and Tunney were the same height—six feet one inch. Max Baer stands on an even keel with Jack and Gene, as against the six feet seven inches of Primo Carnera.



Pueblo Jim Flynn, who stopped the progress of big Carl just when the ballyhoo was at its height.

It was Johnson's success as an incomparable scientist and artful punisher that led to the "White Hope" crusade, which was really a crusade in search of a giant. For the seekers were mostly imbued with the notion that the only man with a chance to whip Johnson must be a fellow of such Titanic proportions that he would overwhelm the clever colored man by sheer weight of metal.

Probably never before in the history of pugilism was the country so thoroughly scoured in the hunt for Goliaths as when Jack Johnson mounted the throne, after whipping Jeffries at Reno, Nevada, in 1910. Any big bozo possessed of a punch and a persistent press agent was

in FISTICUFFS

By GEORGE T. TICKELL

pretty sure of getting a hearing and a fighting date or two from the promoters. Needless to say, there were some frightful dumbbells among the new recruits, but that was of minor importance. Every big entrant was okayed for a start, even if his intellectual powers were strictly of the porcine order.

Naturally the bright boys of the managerial profession took full advantage of this state of things and New York City became the Mecca for ponderous sluggers, whose pilots in some cases steered some pretty fair scrappers under the spotlight. There were Luther McCarty, standing six feet four inches; Al Palzer, six feet two and three-quarters inches; Carl Morris, six feet four inches; and Jess Willard, six feet six inches.

To this day many experts insist that McCarty, who died in the ring during an encounter with Arthur Pelky at Calgary, Alta., in 1913, was the best of the white hopes. Palzer, under the deft guidance of that wily veteran, Tom O'Rourke, loomed large on the fistic horizon for a while, following his spectacular kayo of Bombardier Wells, the British champ, but failed to live up to his early promise. It was Willard's destiny to dethrone Johnson. Morris was rather of the false alarm type, when he made his Gotham début, but afterward developed into quite a capable battler, although he never touched championship form.

* * *

WE are rather apt to pride ourselves nowadays on the high-pressure excellence of our publicity stunts, but it is worthy of note that in the case of Carl Morris, at least, the press agents in the year of grace 1911 put across as nifty a piece of work as ever boosted a heavyweight pug into notoriety. Particularly, because they had really no legitimate material as foundation to build their boosts upon.

Primo Carnera was lavishly press-agented when he made his début in the U. S., and his famous "sucker" tour, bowling over setups from coast to coast, is still good for a laugh wherever talking fight fans grow reminiscent. Santa and Campolo were built neatly enough into respectable drawing cards, but, although the latter had been kayoed by Monte Munn prior to his arrival here, and the former had beaten no one of any consequence abroad; yet both were strictly on the up-and-up, so far as fighting bona fide battles was concerned.

It was quite different in the booming of Morris. The yarn which heralded his New York début was to the effect that Carl was an Oklahoma locomotive engineer, celebrated for his size, strength and pugnacity, acknowledged champ of the railroad he worked for at rough-and-tumble, padded mitts, or any old way of milling. One day, after reading a newspaper story regarding the vain search for a white man to beat Jack Johnson, Carl declared himself.

He was through with the throttle and would never climb into an engine cab again, until such time as he had met and conquered the colored man and restored the world's championship to the Caucasian race. That accomplished, he would immediately retire from public life. He cared nothing for riches or fleeting fame, but preferred to be an honest workingman. His mission in life was—just to beat Jack Johnson.

That was a pretty good human interest tale for a start. Fans of this generation can have only a hazy notion of the widespread interest in the movement to separate Johnson from his title, a movement vigorously supported by the sport scribes, most of whom were willing to give plenty of space to managerial ravings, provided that the said ravings concerned the development of some elephantine athlete who photographed impressively.

Morris, himself, was of course only a pawn on the pugilistic chess board. The secret of his sudden leap into national notoriety lay in the fact that an oil millionaire of Oklahoma, Ufer by name,

Charles Freeman, the Colossus who overtopped every heavyweight in fistic history.

had been bitten by the champ-creating bug and thrown the power of his dollars behind the ballyhoo for the locomotive engineer. Morris, by the way, was really half Indian, of Irish-Cherokee parentage, but his sponsors wisely played up the Celtic strain of his make-up, and soft-pedalled the other half for press purposes. For, as before stated, the anti-Johnson campaign was conducted under purely Caucasian colors.

It wasn't long before Morris was established as a sure-killer around Oklahoma. A bunch of scrappers were imported into the State in quick succession to face the new pug wonder. Inside of eight months Carl was credited with seven straight knockouts, all delivered in jig time. Among his victims were Tim Hurley, Ed Anderson, Battling Britt, Jim Harper, Marvin Hart, Spike Kennedy and Mike Schreck.

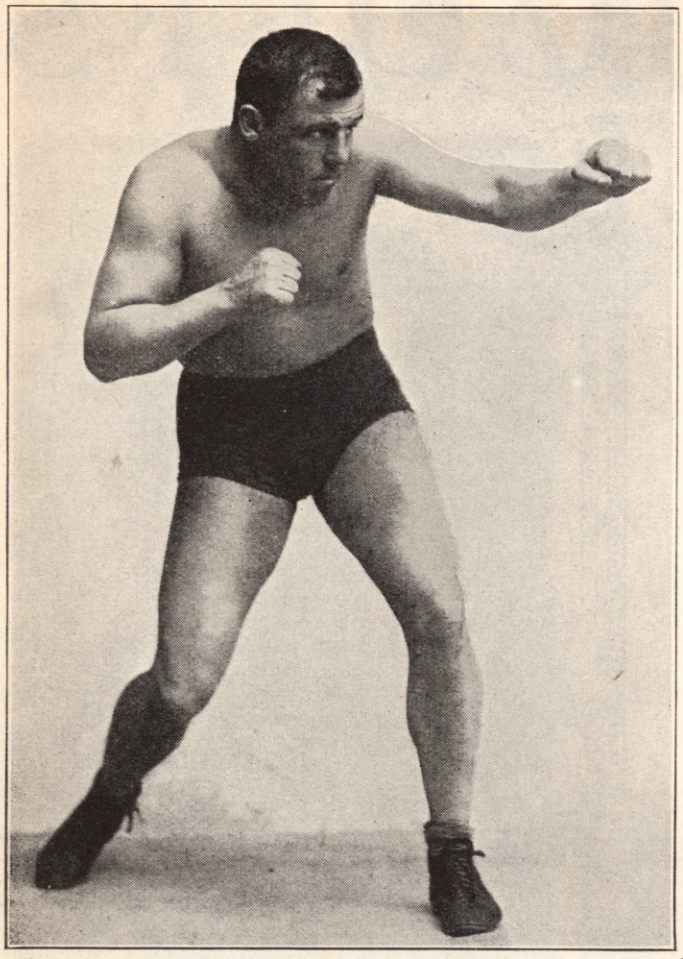
With the exceptions of Hart and Schreck, none of the foregoing battlers had a shred of reputation, and both Marvin and Mike were long past their prime. Rumor had it that each man who took the knock was well paid for his services, but the Oklahoma sports went wild over their hero's prowess and Carl's fame as a slugger spread far beyond the state borders.

In Schreck's case, at least, there could be no doubt that Mike deliberately laid down for, in after days, the latter frequently told the story of how he outwitted the Oklahoma promoters in the financial deal he made. Be it understood, that while the said promoters knew that Schreck was not in condition, and no longer figured among the first-flight heavies, they still had considerable respect for his fighting ability, and were not disposed to take any chances on his damaging their much-boosted giant.

Schreck, always a foxy soul, no sooner entered the arena than he realized he had the edge on the promoters. Carl's enthusiastic friends had gathered from the uttermost ends of Oklahoma to witness the man whom they fondly imagined would be the next world's champ display his fistic wares.

It was a fine, big house and the moment Schreck got a flash at the huge assembled crowd he had a grand inspiration, and sent for the chap who was running the show:

"See here," said Mike, "I've sort of changed my mind about



Mike Schreck, whose defeat by Morris enabled Carl to get the "O. K." of the sports for an Eastern campaign.

scrapping tonight. I ain't feeling well. Better get a substitute!"

* * *

MR. SCHRECK knew right well there was no substitute to be had. The promoter uttered a protesting howl of anguish.

"Why," yelled the agonized showman, "we've been billing you for six weeks. These here guys, and there's a lotta tough eggs among 'em, I'm a'telling you, 'ill just naturally cut loose and tear down the whole shack if you don't go on and fight!"

Mike never turned a hair.

"Leave 'em tear away," he retorted cheerfully. "It won't take me long to beat it out of harm's way. It's your funeral! Of course, I ain't saying but what if you passed me an extra thousand bucks, I might manage to stall along for a few rounds!"

The showman saw a great light then. He hated to submit, but Mike had the whip hand, and there was nothing to do but hand over the blackmail. Which he did, and Mike faithfully fulfilled his contract by doing a dying gladiator nap on the canvas in the sixth frame.

"As soon as we got started," said Mike to the writer a short time afterward, "I could tell this Morris was only a big dub, strong enough, but clumsy and knowing hardly a thing about the game. I hadn't trained a day, but fat and out of shape as I was, I could have stopped him inside of a round if I'd tried. Maybe he'll learn something some day, but booming him as the man to lick Johnson is an awful gag to spring on the public."

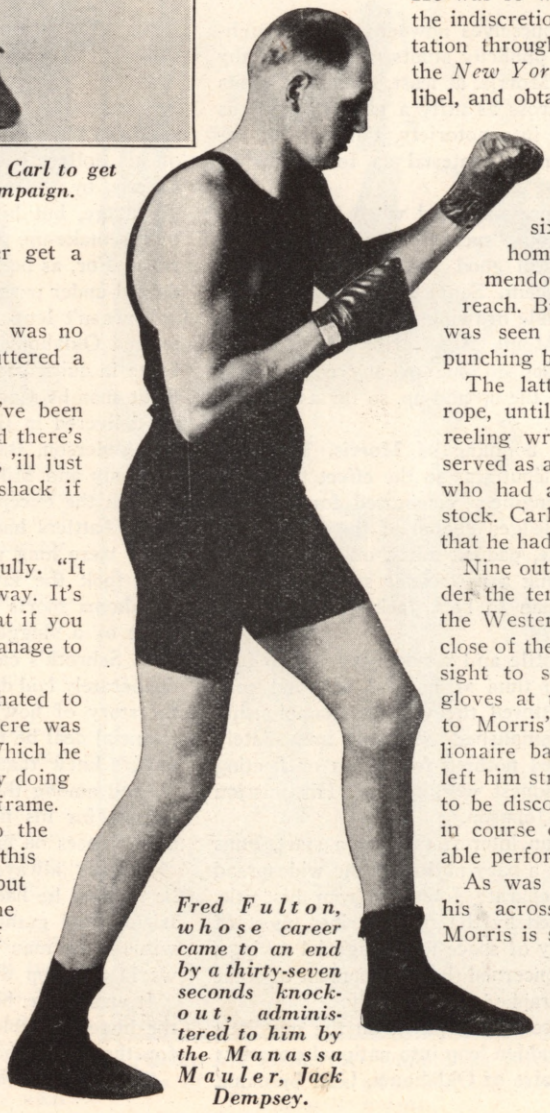
However the victory over Schreck, such as it was, had due effect in the East. The oil magnate took his giant to New York, spent oodles of coin, and naturally got oodles of publicity in the metropolitan papers. It wasn't only the sport sheets that served up Morris-marvel meals as a regular diet; even the Sunday magazine sections devoted columns of space, freely illustrated with pictures of the Oklahoma prodigy, to the large Lochinvar who came out of the West to crush Jack Johnson and restore the heavyweight crown to the white race.

* * *

A LARGE training staff was engaged to condition Morris for a battle with Jim Flynn at the old Madison Square Garden, and awe-inspiring indeed were the press interviews given out for public edification regarding the man-eating qualities of the Oklahoma grizzly. Among other significant items was the stressing of the gloves especially made for Morris to use in sparring. They were said to be four times the size of ordinary mitts, a necessary precaution, as otherwise Carl would inevitably have crippled or killed his hapless boxing partners.

The late Bat Masterson was one of the few sport writers who refused to swallow all the fulsome guff being published with regard to Morris's ability. Bat visited the gymnasium where Morris was installed, saw him work out, went back to his desk in the *Morning Telegraph,* and proceeded to express his feelings on the subject in cold type.

These views were not complimentary to Morris, because they stated the truth in all its stark nakedness. Several fistic critics who read them felt chills run down their spines and muttered an inward curse on the candid Bat for spoiling such a "good thing!" But the party most aggrieved was Morris's millionaire manager. He was so wroth, indeed, that he committed the indiscretion of attacking Masterson's reputation through an article which appeared in the *New York Globe*—Bat promptly sued for libel, and obtained a verdict for several thousand dollars in court.



Fred Fulton, whose career came to an end by a thirty-seven seconds knock-out, administered to him by the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey.

Finally, the Morris bubble burst as a result of his match with Jim Flynn. The latter was sixty pounds lighter than the Oklahoma monster, who was also tremendously handicapped in height and reach. But as soon as the ball opened it was seen that Carl was only a human punching bag for his small opponent.

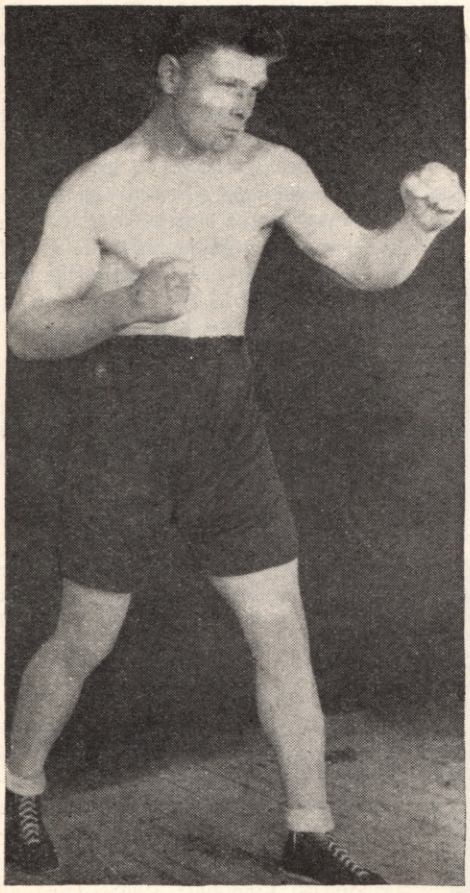
The latter battered him from rope to rope, until the big fellow was a crimson, reeling wreck. It was pure slaughter and served as a telling indictment of the writers who had assisted in booming the Morris stock. Carl's one asset was gameness, and that he had in plenty.

Nine out of ten men would have quit under the terrific walloping he received, but the Westerner was still on his feet at the close of the tenth and final round, a horrible sight to see, but insistently pushing his gloves at the onrushing Flynn. It is also to Morris's credit that, although his millionaire backer meanly deserted him and left him stranded in New York, he refused to be discouraged, stuck to the game, and in course of time became quite a respectable performer in the ring.

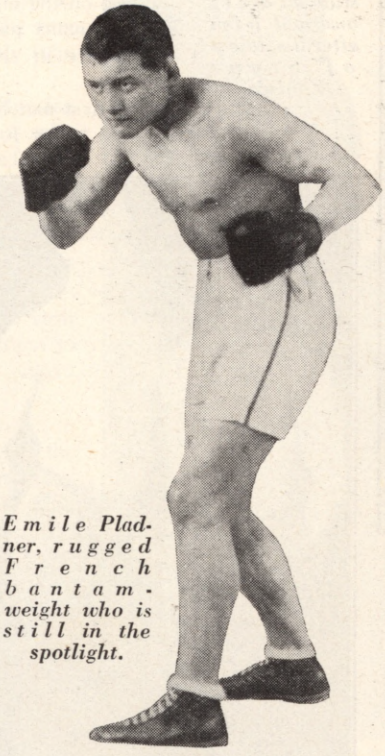
As was the case later with Carnera in his across-the-continent "sucker" tour, Morris is said to have been quite unaware that his handlers were feeding him set-ups during his early career, and quite believed he was a genuine killer. The Flynn affair must have ac-

(Continued on page 44)

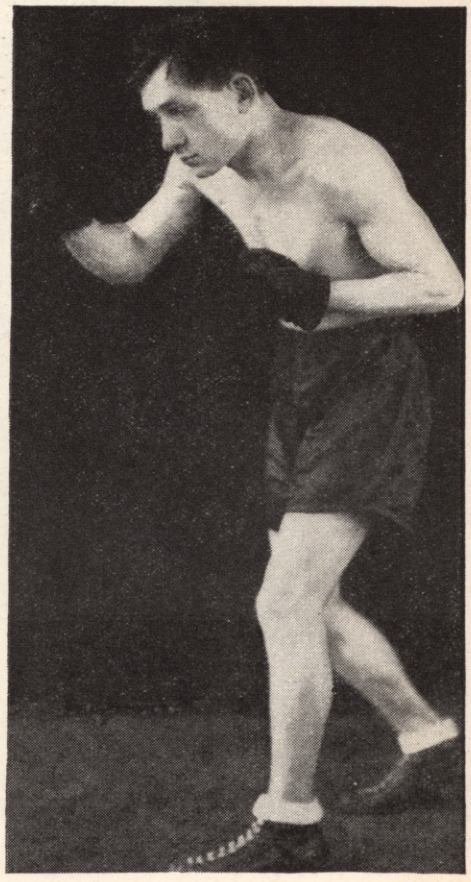
Foreigners Who Rank High



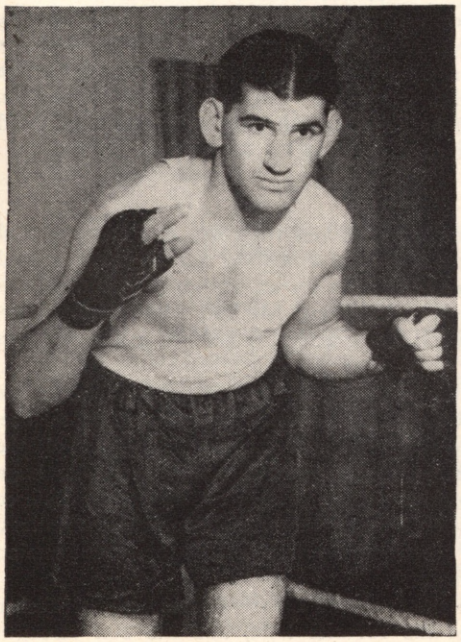
Harry Staal, Holland heavyweight aspirant.



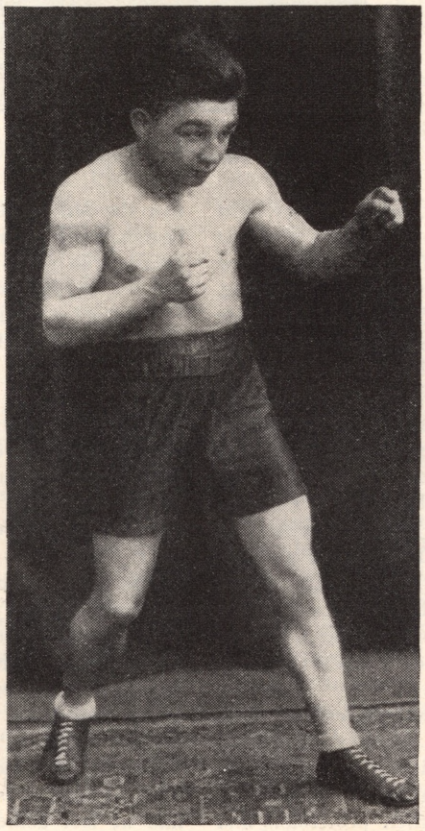
Emile Pladner, rugged French bantam-weight who is still in the spotlight.



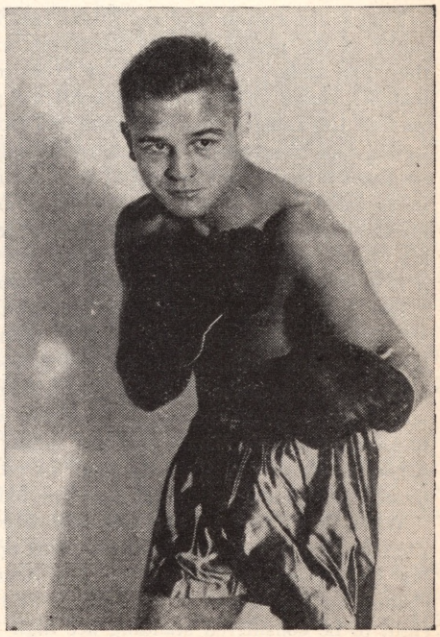
Maurice Huguenin, classy flyweight from France.



Dave Carstens, South African light-heavy, now in England.

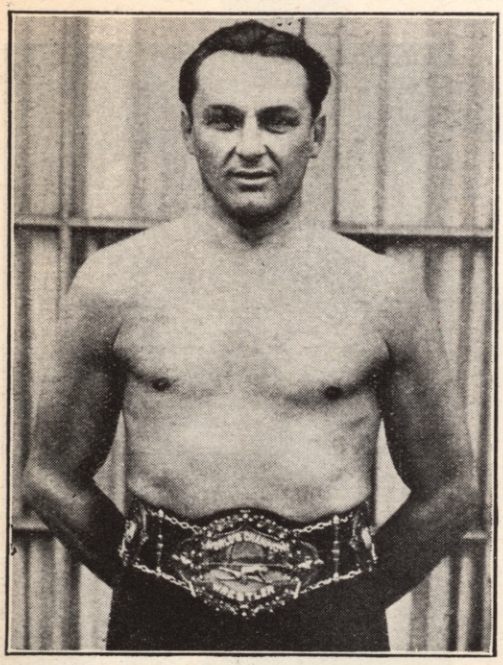


Petit Biquet, Belgian bantamweight champion.



Valentin Anglemann, French flyweight champion.

From MILO to LONDOS



Joe Stecher wearing the diamond studded belt awarded him after his defeat of Stans Zabisco.

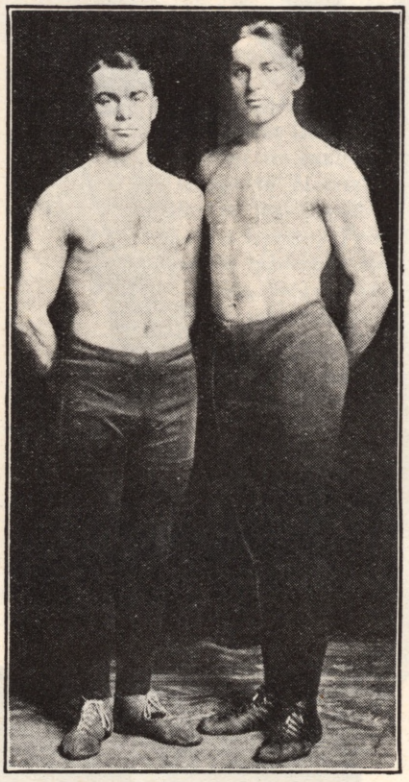
CHAPTER XXVIII

UNLIKE present-day wrestling, in which champion, topnotcher, and mere palooka may take part in an exhibition or a match, as the affair may be billed, almost every night in the week, in the days of the mat sport which we have reviewed to date, such was not the case. In those days, if a champion was billed to clash with an opponent, his title was at stake. There were no exhibitions such as the New York State Commission and other bodies ruling the sport have adopted for this era. When a title holder desired to exhibit himself, he appeared on the stage instead of in the ring.

That is the reason why the titular matches, in the heavyweight ranks of the period recently discussed, were not as frequent as they are today. In this era of frenzied finance, prearranged matches, many champions, and syndicate promotion in wrestling, we find Jim Londos, Jim Browning, Ed Don George, Ed Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg and Henri De Glane billed from four to six times a week, with several of the matches booked one thousand miles apart; and in the case of the wrestler who is the recognized champion in the locality where he is booked to appear, his "title" is at stake every time he wrestles, though in reality it is protected every time he faces an opponent.

But such was not the case in the days when Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Ed Lewis, Stecher, Zbyszko, Munn, Jenkins, Roeber, and others of their calibre, were in their prime. Then, when a championship was at stake, there was no telling in advance who would win because every challenger went out with blood in his eyes to gain the laurels. That's why the titular bouts of the past were far more interesting from the point of view of competition, even though not so spectacular as they are today.

When Joe Stecher regained the heavyweight crown from Zbyszko, he, like his predecessors, was open to meet all comers, but he announced that as the field was limited to high-class challengers, he would tackle only such men as had gained the right to be considered standing ace high in their profession, and that unless an opponent was acceptable to him on such a basis, he would refrain from placing his title in jeopardy. And he strictly adhered to that schedule. During the year 1926, following his victory over Zbyszko, Stecher defended his title only twice, and on the occasion of an announced third defense of his laurels, he refused to go on when his money was not placed on the line on the night of the match. Throughout the year, he competed in many parts of the country in announced exhibitions, but only twice in scheduled championship matches, both of which he won.



Tony Stecher (left), manager of his brother Joe (right).

The first match in which Stecher defended his title was against the big, bulky form of Ivan Poddubny on February 1, 1926, in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, and the mighty Ivan succumbed to the abdominal squeeze in 1 hour, 38 minutes and 48 seconds. The hitherto invincible Russian, who had been rolling up a string of victories in America, had his shoulders pinned with a body scissors and an armlock before a gathering of 10,000 persons who paid close to $25,000 to watch the fun.

* * *

BECAUSE of the reputation of the Russian, who had not tasted defeat in many years, a most colorful crowd was present, and included in the gathering were the sporting élite. Newspapermen from several Eastern cities, three from Nebraska, Missouri and Illinois, and famed wrestlers from near and far, were at the ringside, their appearance giving to the match the importance which it deserved. Like the Carpentier-Dempsey bout of a few years previous, the Stecher-Poddubny contest was an international match of more than ordinary importance. It was a test between the two greatest wrestlers of that time—Europe's undefeated master and America's lord of the mat—and as things turned out, the match was one hundred per cent up to expectations.

It was a most uproarious crowd that saw the Nebraska boy retain his laurels. Though Poddubny was beaten, the bedlam which followed his fall was in a considerable measure in his honor. He put up a magnificent battle, and in the opinion of the experts, it was age that defeated him. Likewise, he conducted himself both during and after the match as a good sportsman, and that was not lost on the crowd.

* * *

WHEN Joe Humphreys entered the ring, as Poddubny and Stecher were on their way down the aisles, Joe motioned to Georges Carpentier to come in for an introduction and he was wildly acclaimed. But the cheering for him was nothing compared to the wild ovation that greeted the matmen a few moments later.

The finish came after two long dramatic minutes in which the masterly Stecher tried just about every hold known to science, slipping from one to the other with dazzling speed, but all the while keeping his rib-crushing scissors clamped on the huge abdomen of his opponent. During these tense moments, Referee Eddie Forbes lay flat on his stomach at the side of the wrestlers, that he might better see when the shoulders of the giant Russian finally touched the mat.

The crowd sensed the end long before it came, since Stecher had at last achieved his favorite hold, and the bull strength which had repeatedly saved his opponent was rapidly ebbing. The policemen stationed to keep the aisles clear were helpless

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest active sports writer)

before a massed formation that leaped forward as soon as the killing was in evidence. The crowd milled around the ring, and when Ivan's shoulders finally touched the mat, a riot followed. Stecher first took an armlock and then a bar-nelson and wristlock, while Poddubny's little manager danced about the ring screaming something in Russian, which apparently Ivan didn't hear or couldn't heed.

Three times did the sweating, red-faced Russian raise himself a few inches from the mat, but in spite of his tremendous power, he was slowly forced back by Stecher, who, though he weighed 202 pounds, appeared tiny alongside the Russian's 248-pound bulk. The terrible scissors, applied as only Stecher in his prime could apply it, made the huge Ivan breathe in gasps, while his face became purple with his efforts to break loose. It was all of no use. Youth and skill would be served and the veteran's time had come to savor the humiliation he had so often passed out to others.

* * *

AT the outset Poddubny appeared to have the advantage. He was wonderfully strong and easily defeated Stecher's best efforts to get at him. Stecher, however, from the start was the aggressor and Ivan apparently held his rival's skill in high regard. He was flustered, while Joe was the picture of calm and methodical persistence.

Stecher wasted no energy in heroics, but set about the task of flopping the Russian in the shortest possible time. Ivan repeatedly sought to get the speedy Joe into his arms so that he could toss him to the mat, but those powerful legs of the Nebraskan frustrated his best efforts.

Time after time, Stecher would get Poddubny on the mat and sit with him in his lap, seeking to get on his favorite hold, but each time Ivan's strength prevented it. Twice Joe attained it, but on both occasions the grapplers were under the ropes and it counted for nothing.

At the end of an hour, the men were on their feet in the center of the ring. Poddubny was breathing hard. Stecher was calm, breathing easily. Both men were dripping with perspiration and Stecher's hair was plastered on his brow like a wig. Poddubny's knees were weakening. His age was beginning to tell.

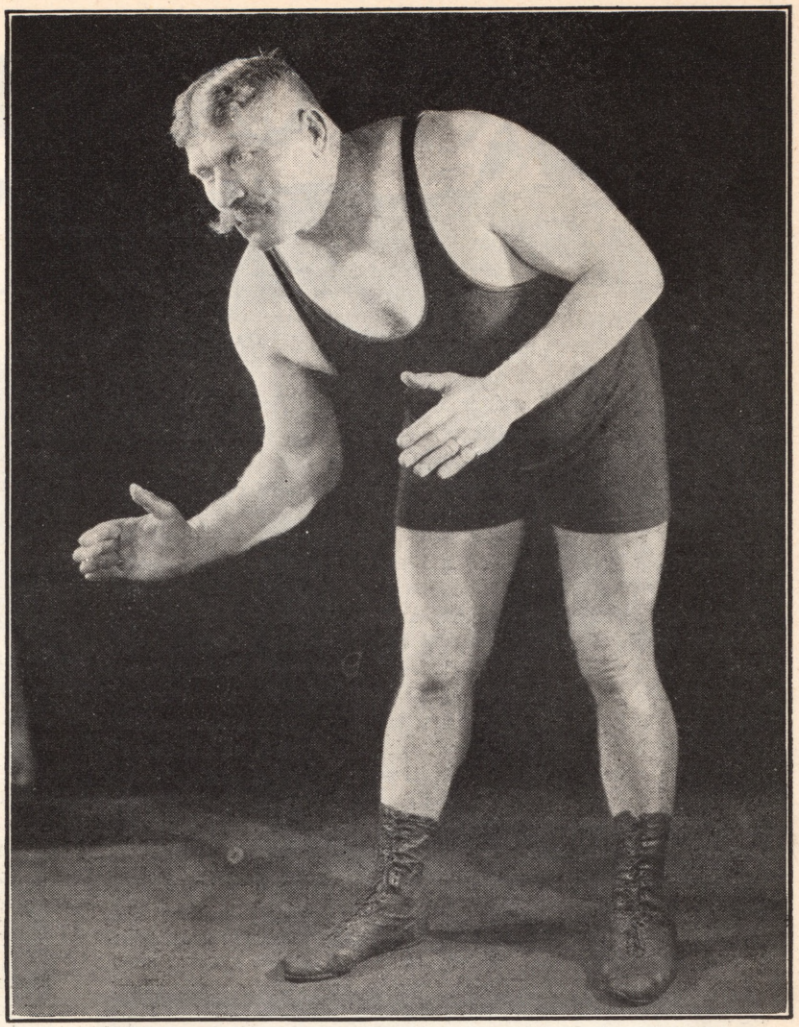
Now Stecher was not having so much trouble getting his legs around him. But, still, he had not secured a really good scissors hold. Poddubny did everything by brute strength. He broke holds by force alone. He tried the old Graeco-Roman wrestling holds on Stecher, only to be tossed out of position by Stecher's ever handily placed legs.

* * *

STECHER was on the floor fourteen times for fourteen minutes and the Russian a total of fifteen times for eighteen minutes.

Joe's greatest difficulty in applying the body scissors was in combatting a peculiar and effective defense against it, for if Joe had Ivan on his hands and knees, the Russian would curl up with his head bent under him. If Joe went behind in his familiar sitting position and tried to wrap the scissors on from there, Poddubny would bring his knees up close to the chin or cleverly block Joe's legs with his own as they attempted to wrap themselves in a scissors.

The victory was most unpopular. A big portion of the crowd was Russian and considerable money was lost on Ivan's chances. The Russians, among whom were many from the Metropolitan Opera House, lost heavily on their hitherto invincible mat star. About four thousand were turned away. The police and firemen were called into action, so dense was the gathering outside the armory.



Ivan Poddubny, famous Russian who was tossed by Stecher in the Scissors King's first defense of his title in 1926.

IT was on April 3, 1926, that Stecher got into a tough spot in Boston when he refused to go through with a match in which he was billed to defend his title against an "Unknown." When Joe got to the Hub, he found that he not only was unable to collect his $12,500 guaranteed him by the promoter, but that he also was being tricked, by being asked to meet Joe Malcewicz instead of the "Unknown" agreed upon. Whereupon Joe and his brother manager, Tony, refused to permit the match to go on and quit in a huff.

Leon Burbank, the referee, riled at Stecher's action, declared the heavyweight title vacant, but his decision was ignored by wrestling fans throughout the country, the majority of whom admitted that Stecher's decision to quit the ring was warranted by the facts. For the benefit of the record, I produce here the statement of Tony Stecher, following the Hub trouble:

"Joe and I came on from California at the request of two Eastern promoters, one of whom offered Joe a championship match in Boston and the other in Philadelphia. As we were guaranteed $12,500 for the Hub match and $10,000 for the bout in Philadelphia, I accepted both on Joe's behalf and we headed eastward. In Boston we were informed that we would meet a wrestler called "The Unknown," but who in reality was Jake Bressler of Des Moines, whom Joe figured to beat quite easily, and in Philadelphia, Joe was to tackle the elder Zbyszko.

"We got to Boston on the day before the match and went to the promoter and asked him for the guarantee, which was to have been paid to us two days before the bout. He pleaded that he couldn't give it to us then but that we should return in the evening. I did so, and again he stalled.

"He asked me to come back in the morning, which I did, and again he failed to make good. Then he requested that I come to his office in the evening at 6:30, but instead, I arrived at 4:30 and I waited all evening without result. I felt that I was being given a run-around, and I told him so. *(Continued on page 43)*

RASSLERS *and Their* MILEAGE

By ED. W. SMITH

FOR an old codger who likes his whiskey neat and isn't in the least concerned whether they shake a Martini or stir it with a spoon, I nevertheless have my pronounced tastes in rassling and rasslers. Before going farther with this preamble, I might state that I'm strictly a non-conformist, a sort of atheist in that line. I go for most anything, just so there's a little character there of some sort.

For instance I've wasted quite a few nights of late, out in Los Angeles, by paying a Federal tax to see a chap they call "Man Mountain" Dean, who I learn from perusal of the press agent's guff is a Georgia hill-billy and has been in the game for a matter of only about four years, but who, upon reading THE RING, I find is a New Yorker with the name of Soldier Leavitt. He fought and he wrestled often fifteen years ago. But these evenings were not wasted, however, for around a rassling show there's always plenty of interest, and characters with whom to visit and chatter and—annoy, perhaps.

Fellows like Toots Mondt, one of the big men of the game, happened to be in Los Angeles while I was there, and with him his great troupe of what someone has laughingly called "his performing hippopotamuses." At any rate, you get the general idea. Joe Mondt, we used to call him when he first came off the range out in some Western state, wore big six-gallon hats of the Tom Mix variety, and spat at a crack at a dozen paces as nimbly as any man I ever knew.

When Toots is around, no evening can possibly be dull or if it is you'd better call in a physician to see about it. He's the most interesting and entertaining chap I've ever known and a power, too, as he should be, in this rassling game. Toots has a groundwork of mat wisdom the like of which doesn't lurk in any other human brain. Toots knows his mat spinach or whatever it is he feeds his troupers.

* * *

TOOTS was a bit guarded in talking about this Frank Dean chap, known, as I have said, as "Man Mountain" because of his poundage of 317, a figure that's always used without variation. It's never 320 or 310, though you'd think certain climatic and other conditions might make a big difference in a hulk of a man like that. I saw Dean beat a couple of chaps by merely falling upon them—nothing else appearing to be in his curriculum. There was no technique, no finesse, no nothing-else—he just seized his prey, dragged him into a horribly impelling embrace, fell with him and that was all for the evening. One of his victims, George Zaharias, seemed destined for a long siege in a hospital when Dean, after throwing the famed "Cry Baby" flat on his face, took a running jump and sat upon the middle of George's spine, with a loud and thunderous crack.

Of course that may be all in good, clean fun, but it isn't rassling, so I put forth a few inquiries about this mammoth man. Seemed to me, back in the recesses of a mind long grown keen in the retention of names and faces, that I had some recollection of a man named Frank Dean—and the Dean I remembered wasn't a Georgia hill-billy either. Seemed to me he came from one of those dark and wondrous canyons that go under the general term of "the East Side of New York."

Toots Mondt was cautious, or didn't care to say, or was indifferent to the whole thing, perhaps, when I asked about the man's mileage. So I got little information from him. But the press agent was more precise and quite voluble. He got an interview printed with Mrs. Man Mountain, in which that estimable lady, who attends all the shows and should know the answers, explained how Frank Stonemountain Dean—that's his full name, no less—was born close by a peak of that name down in Georgia, near Norcross to be exact. He has been in the game but a matter of only four years, which accounts for his almost total lack of the aforesaid technique and finesse, as generally displayed by the Londoses and the Lewises and the Brownings and the Georges and the Shikats when nakedly arrayed for action.

* * *

WHILE marveling all this and laughing inordinately at the antics of Howard Cantonwine, himself no mean shucks as a wrestler, as he attempted to make a dent in that 317-pound frame of the hill-billy, I became a bit overenthusiastic and rather sharply nudged a dark-visaged person seated on my immediate left in the crowded house—yes, this Dean chap sure crowded 'em in, to a capacity of 10,400!

"Seems to me I know you," he said pleasantly, "and it seems to me also that your laughter is a bit unseemly. It can't be that you came in on a complimentary ticket for I never saw a deadhead who could be anywhere near as jubilant as you are. How come?"

It took but a second glance to assure myself that my neighbor, never completely passed out of mind, was Harry Stevens, himself, one of the old guard of this tremendous, irrepressible game of grappling. Harry's business card says it's "Stephens" and that his New York office, for the promulgation of health and consequent happiness, is in the well-remembered Longacre Building at Forty-second and Broadway. Harry, it seems, has a few clients in Hollywood who demand his manipulations to aid their own pulchritude, if you get what I mean, and he attempted to explain it to me amid the din of that uproarious mob in the huge arena.

The Man Mountain at the moment was draped in a disgracefully nonsensical position, with his bearded head firmly caught between the two upper ropes of the ring, his ample buttocks swaying uncertainly and withal ludicrously in mid-air, and his leg-like arms swaying wildly in an attempt to defend himself from the pugilistic attacks of Cantonwine, who meantime, having pinioned his man in this unbreakable position, had leaped outside the ropes and was slamming the hill-billy right merrily with all sorts and sundry of uppercuts and swings.

"Don't laugh," admonished my old friend, "because I came here with Frank this evening and have promised to return to his apartment and patch him up if the occasion calls for it. So it looks as if I had a man's size job on my hands."

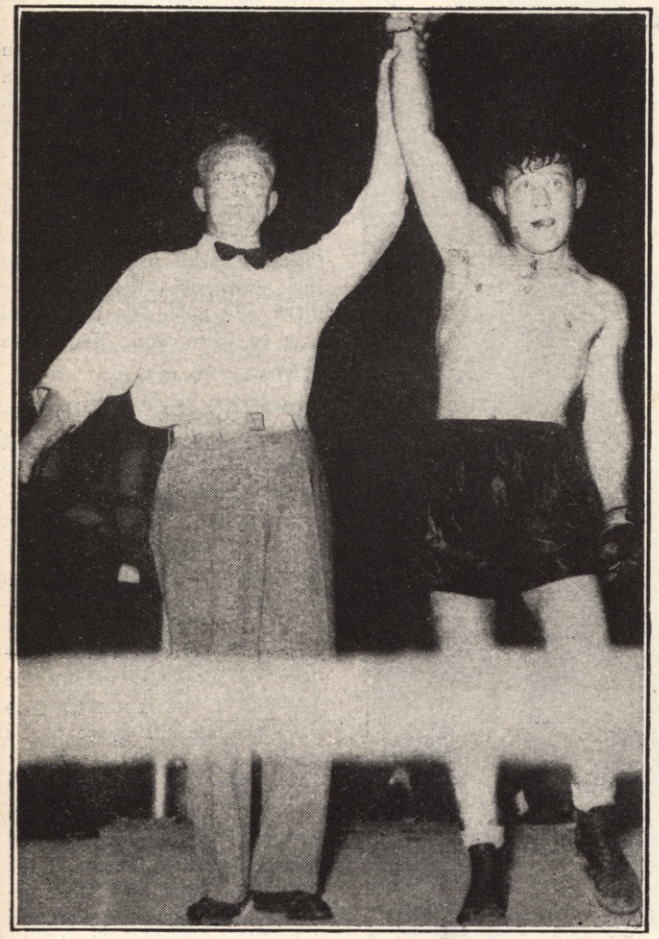
Ah, said I to myself, here's a chance to find out something of the history of this Stonemountain product, around whom such mystery has been weaved—or sumpin. "Have you known Frank a long time?" I threw out as a feeler, eager to know. And his answer was a complete surprise.

"First time I saw him was a lot of years ago," he said. "Remember the time Wladek Zbyszko ran that tournament in Havana, Cuba, and had almost every wrestler of any note at all competing? Sure you do—it was about 1917. I recall that clearly because I finished third, we all had a lot of money and everything was rosy.

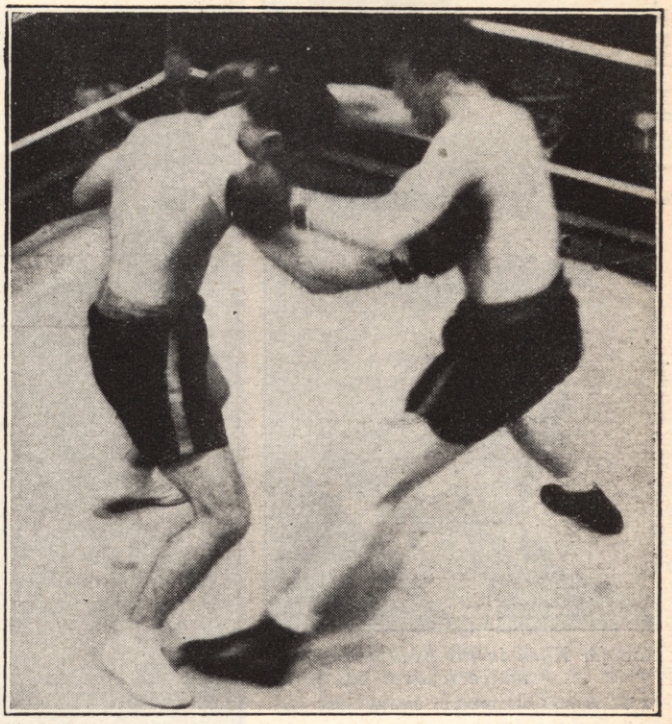
"Frank was in that tournament, quite a young fellow at the time and with no thought of growing a beard or any of that flubdub. And who got him into the idea of raising whiskers, you ask? Who indeed would think of such a thing but Jack Curley, that master mind of showmanship and (*Continued on page* 45)

BATTLES *of the* MONTH

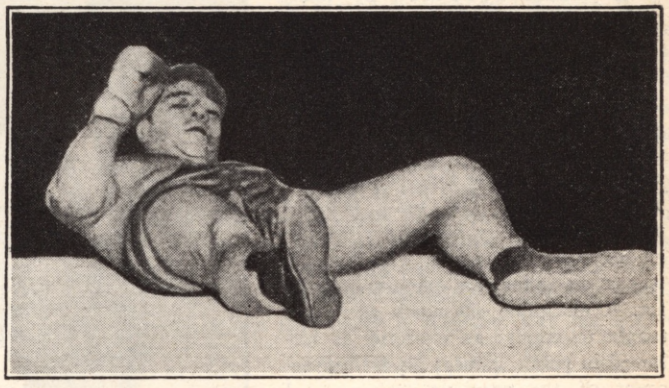
Some Stirring Action Scenes of Leading Bouts Here and Abroad Which Held Public Interest



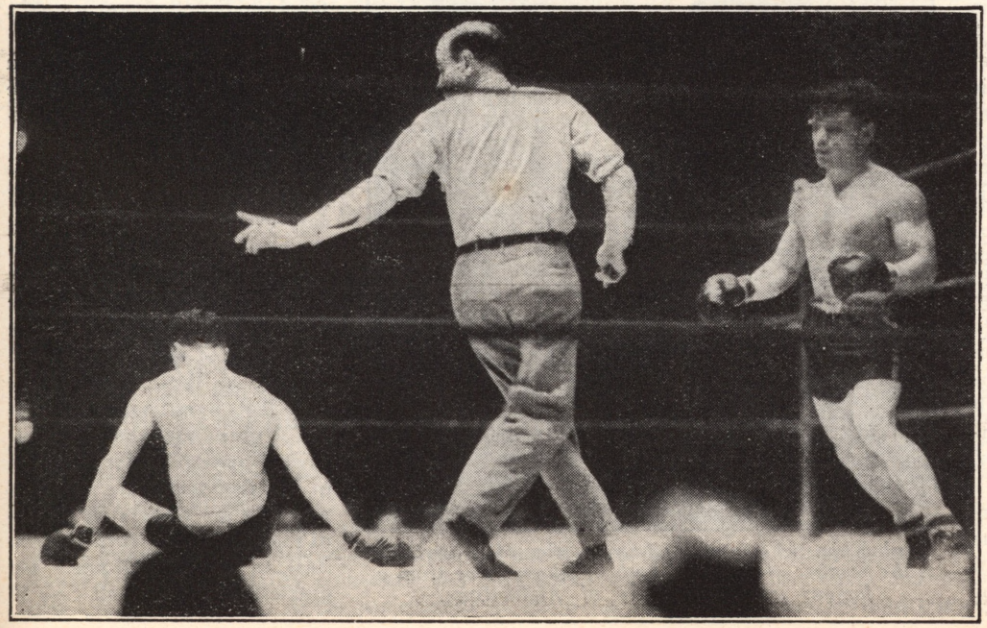
Referee holding up the hand of Paul Pirrone in token of victory over Mickey Walker in their return bout in Philadelphia.



Jack Portney, Baltimore lightweight, (left) and Herb Bishop in their recent fifteen round fight in Australia, which Portney won.



A rather unusual position for Mickey Walker to assume. Here we see Mickey knocked out by Paul Pirrone.



The knockout of Johnny Jadick by Sammy Fuller in the fourth round in Madison Square Garden.

The AFGHAN LOVES

Ghoofar Khan in the headgear of his native land.

By
GHOOFAR KHAN

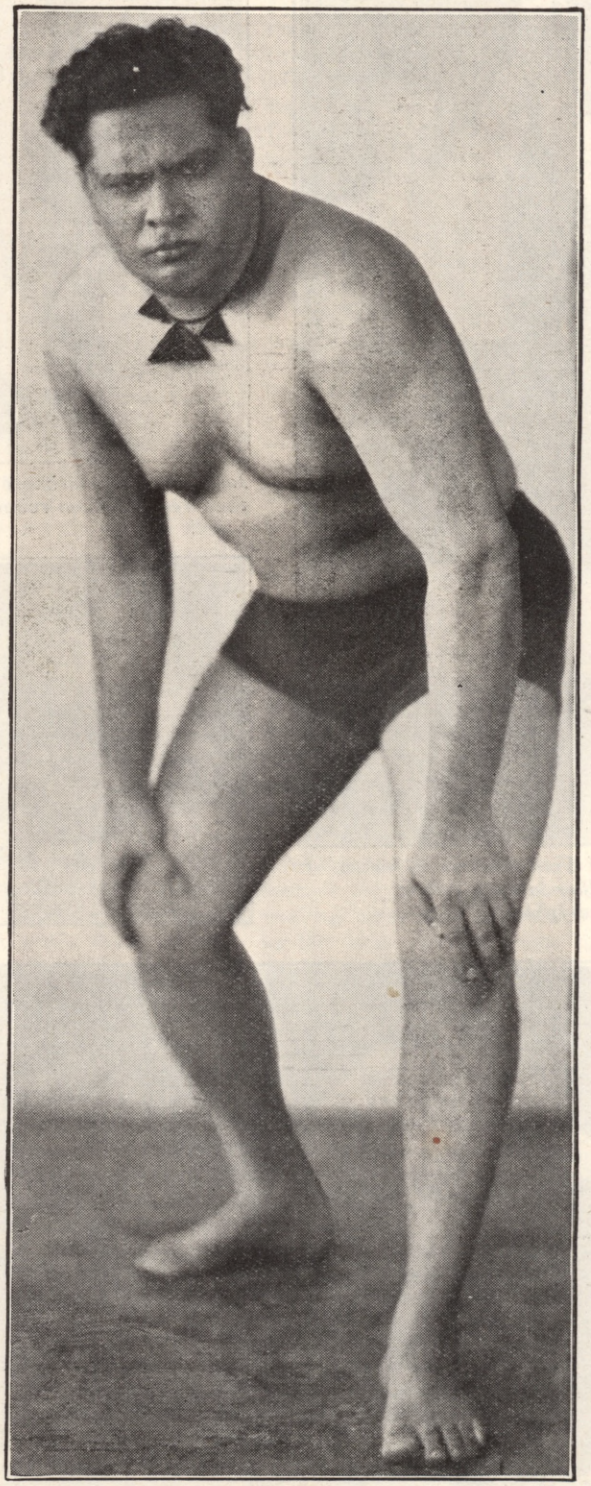
THE origin of wrestling has been assumed by many writers as coeval with the earliest contests of men. It might be argued with equal probability that the foil was antecedent to the sword, and the latter weapon to the dagger, or the single stick to the club with which the first murder on record was committed. The most polished people of antiquity included wrestling among their sports and, with them, it was a discipline, an exercise and an art. A discipline, inasmuch as it was taught to pupils; an exercise, as followed in public games; an art, on account of the previous training and studies it presupposed in those who professed and practiced it.

Plutarch asserts that wrestling was the most ancient of the three gymnic games, the wrestling, boxing and running—and thus Homer views the subject, and generally follows this order in his graphic descriptions of public celebrations.

This, too, is the natural sequence that Philosopher Square, famous in England, would call the eternal fitness of things. First, the man chooses to wrestle and thus defend himself; then he uses his fists; and should fear, inferior skill or deficient strength tell him that he had better avoid the conflict, he resorts to the third course, retreat.

Wrestling, in a noble, manly, forbearing and humane practice of the art, is the indigenous offspring (of English, Celtic, and Gaelic origin) of steady courage and love of gymnastic exercise, and feats of bodily strength and skill. All combative nations, those that appreciate the courage of their men, have followed the sport of wrestling for centuries. Wherever red-blooded men exist, there wrestling will be found among sports of that people. That is why wrestling can be traced for thousands of years to the Orient, where the adventurous, fighting races have followed it as their principal form of public entertainment for centuries.

The average person looks upon the mat sport as simply an exhibition of brute strength, a form of amusement in which acrobatic stunts are pulled off and special entertainment is afforded to the spectators. That is far from the attitude assumed by the people of the Orient, who take such pride in the ability of their wrestlers that they shower them with gold, fête them, and bow to them as if they were kings.



Ayub Khan, who is an Afghan wrestler of ability. He is the brother of Ghoofar, both of whom come from a famous wrestling family of Afghanistan.

* * *

THIS article, which I was asked to write by my good friend Nat Fleischer, a true friend of the ancient and honorable sport of wrestling, is not one pertaining to the history of the mat game, but one dealing with wrestling in Afghanistan, my native country, and in order to bring before my readers the story of wrestling among the Afghans, I find it necessary to trace the ancient sport to its origin.

Wrestling as an art dates back to antiquity. Accounts of it, great and small, are preserved in legend and in history. Even among the most ancient of nations, wrestling was understood and practiced although in its crudest form. In our country the children, from early youth, are taught the sport and are taught to honor, almost worship, our ancient wrestling heroes.

There is no sport the Afghan loves better than wrestling. He has ample reasons for such affection, for among the world's greatest grapplers were men of the Afghan people. To this very day, every budding wrestler in Afghanistan calls himself "Rustum," the name of he who, although dead for more than five thousand years, still remains the sports idol of our nation.

That, in itself, would indicate that wrestling, as far as the Afghans are concerned, has existed among us for upwards of five thousand years, and that will give my readers an inkling of the age of this sport. Rustum Zaal, to give his full name, the greatest wrestler of all time in

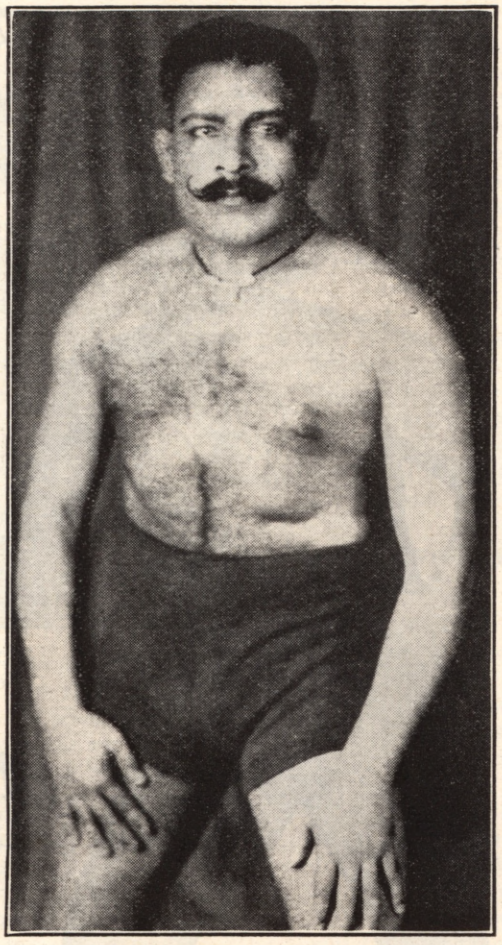
HIS WRESTLING

Afghanistan, hailed from a southwestern province called Seistan. His praises were sung to a marked degree of elegance and beauty by no less a poet than the great Firdausi, more than a thousand years ago. He depended entirely for his text upon the traditions, handed down from generation to generation, of wrestlers in the land of the Afghans.

* * *

THE people of Afghanistan are a martial race. With them, from as far back as history will recount, self-defense was essential. That is why they took up the sport of wrestling—because it afforded a novel way to defend themselves without the aid of weapons, other than what God gave man. The Afghan to this day takes a keen interest in the sport, but unless a wrestler is of the aggressive school and at the same time shows skill, they have no use for him. Mere exhibition of brute force in wrestling is taboo among our people, and that is why when you see an Afghan in the ring, you will invariably find a tricky wrestler, who, even if he loses, will give the spectators an exhibition of both strength and skill, and will always play the game fairly. That is instilled into him from his youth.

Being a mountainous people, and extremely jealous of their independence—which the Afghans have successfully defended for ages—they go in for all kinds of sports, especially those that will help in self-defense. The Afghans are experts in the use of the rifle, but most expert in the art of wrestling, their favorite pastime.



Ghoofar Khan, the wrestler.

Wrestling matches are staged regularly and a good contest will bring out thousands of fans. From the King right down to the humblest peasant, from great court ministers to the pettiest official, from the multimillionaires (of whom we have quite a few) to the ordinary shopkeeper, Afghans of all classes unite to patronize the wrestlers. That's the kind of encouragement our matmen are given.

And what a show it is! Only the Orient with its romantic touch could produce it.

Then again, the Afghan wrestlers usually are the sons of former great matmen, who, in turn, came from a family in which one or more wrestlers were in the spotlight. That of course adds interest to the occasions, because the spectators remember the father, uncle, brother, and so down the line, of those who are performing.

* * *

I DISLIKE to talk about myself or my family, but I have been asked to forget that, and mention both my brother and myself in this story. I am the heavyweight king of the Afghan wrestlers, and my older brother, Ayub Khan, most likely will succeed me.

When I left my native land to make my mark in this land of beautiful things, I was the leading heavyweight grappler in Afghanistan. I have been away for several years, and during that time many good prospects have come to the fore who are making great progress in the Orient and in Europe; for the sport is just as popular now at home as it has been for many years. The reason for such popularity is because the government encourages wrestling. It holds annual tournaments at which the King is the guest of honor and the government awards big cash prizes to the victors.

My brother is a powerfully built wrestler from whom I expect much. With proper development along the American lines of wrestling, I candidly believe that he will reach the top or close to the top.

The Khan family for many years ranked among the greatest of Afghan wrestlers, the successors to the great Rustum Zaal of Seistan. For many generations, every male member of our family and our relations were star matmen.

* * *

THE story of Rustum is a story of hero worship such as seldom has been told in sports annals. He flourished at the court of King Yakout at a time when wrestling was the King's sport and was patronized wholly by the élite.

According to tradition, he was the most powerful man in Afghanistan. Tradition has it that when he walked, his feet would almost be buried in the ground because of his weight and strength. His superhuman strength was thus a source of trouble to him. One day he prayed to God, so the legend goes, to reduce his strength so that he could walk more comfortably and his prayer was answered. He was nine feet tall and scaled 652 pounds, if we are to believe our history, and that made him the pride of the King of the Afghans.

While at the Court of King Yakout, Rustum threw all the wrestlers who came from far-off lands to challenge his supremacy. Some of them came from Persia and Turkestan, whose rulers were rivals of the Afghan king. Bouts in those days of old were really shooting affairs and keenly contested, so much so that many a wrestler lost his life in the contest.

* * *

DURING one of these bouts, a Turkish challenger lost his life, the result being that Rustum brought upon himself the wrath of his royal master and, in consequence, hurriedly left Afghanistan for Persia.

When he fled to Persia, Rustum left behind him his only son named Sohrab, aged four years. His wonderful physique and sterling qualities instantly won for him the favor of the Persian king and he, in no time, installed himself as the champion wrestler.

Years rolled on, and Sohrab grew to manhood and developed himself into a great wrestler. This wrestling scion, who was nearly as great a giant as was his father, defeated all the wrestlers in Afghanistan and became its champion. The filial affection, however, was too strong a force for him to settle down in his triumphant career and he started on a hunt for his lost father, whom he remembered only in name.

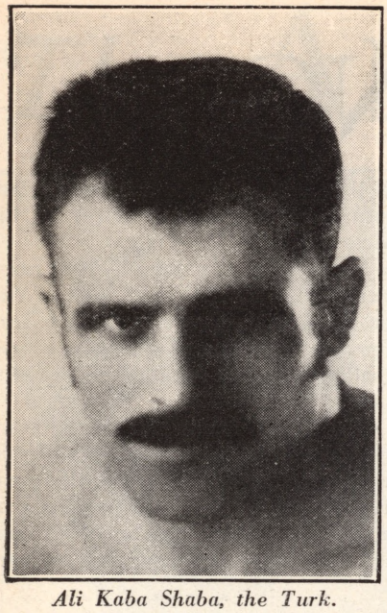
Rustum, in the meantime, had quit the Persian court for Turkestan, hence when Sohrab arrived in Persia, he did not meet his father there as he had hoped. He therefore left for other Central Asian countries in an effort to locate his parent.

After a lapse of a few years, Rustum and Sohrab both met, not as father and son, but as two wrestlers contending for the championship spurs at the court of a Turkish monarch. Neither knew the father and son relationship. They failed to recognize each other, previous friendly conversa- (*Continued on page* 42)

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE

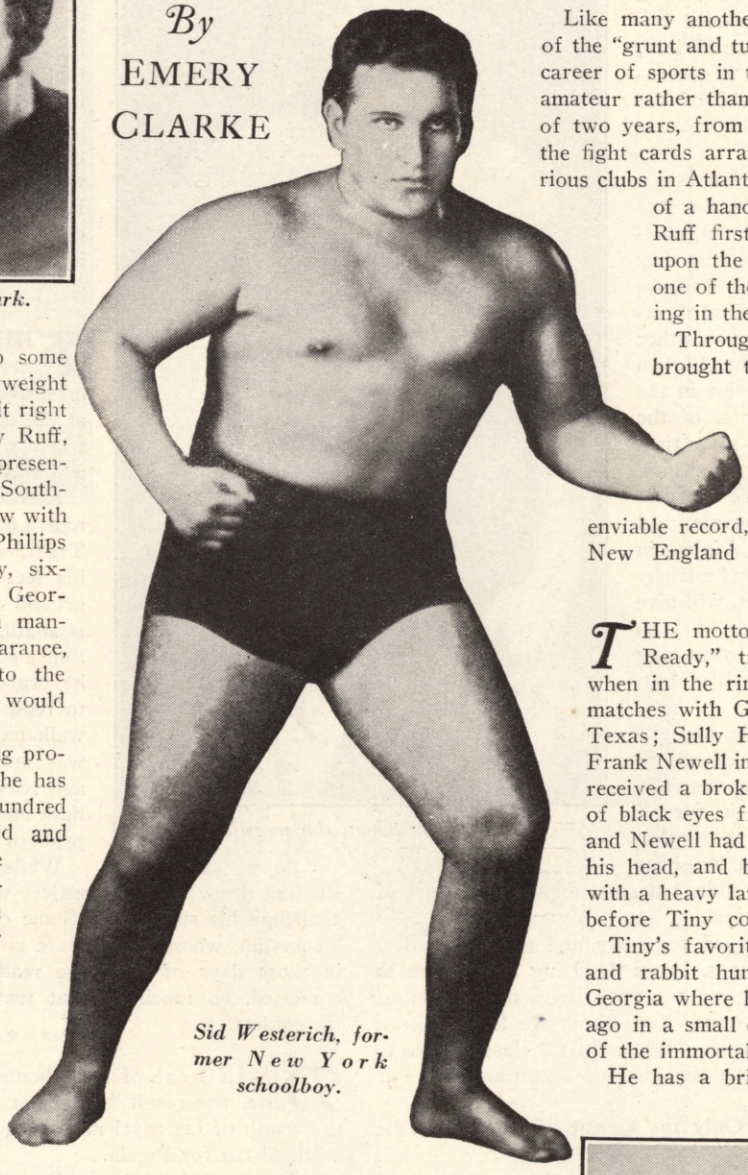


Ali Kaba Shaba, the Turk.

"IF I did not intend to some day wear the heavyweight mat crown, I would quit right now," thus spoke Tiny Ruff, Atlanta's giant 235-pound representative of the mat, in his soft Southern drawl, at a recent interview with our correspondent, Eugene Phillips of Royston, Ga. This husky, six-foot-four-inch grappler of the Georgia hills, whose quiet-spoken manner belies his rough appearance, loves the grappling game to the fullest extent, and he says he would rather wrestle than eat.

Having been in the wrestling profession for only three years, he has been engaged in over two hundred matches, many with seasoned and topnotch campaigners of the mat. Through a goodly number of these encounters with behemoths of the ring, Tiny Ruff has come with flying colors, ever intent on his distant goal, the top rung of the heavyweight ladder.

His mettle has been tested by such stars as Hans Steinke, whom Tiny rates as the strongest and toughest opponent he has ever met; Emile and Joe Dusek, the wrestling brothers of Nebraska; Dick Shikat; Paul Jones, the "Texas Scissors Flash"; Hans Kampfer; "Man Mountain" Dean, 320-pound giant of Norcross, Georgia; Dick Daviscourt; Pat McGill, Irish champion; Sun Jennings, the tough Indian grappler; Roy "Father" Lumpkin; Charley Lehman; Stanislaus Socolis, the University of Pennsylvania star; George Cochrane; Frank Newell; and a host of lesser stars.



Sid Westerich, former New York schoolboy.

* * *

IT was against the veteran Texas matman, Charley Lehman, that Tiny Ruff made his début in Macon, Georgia, in 1931. This match earned for the youthful and unskilled Ruff a defeat in short order at the hands of Lehman, plus a world of experience and the total sum of twelve dollars. Suffering defeat in his first match had no effect on the lad whose towering bulk had earned for him the title of "Tiny," and who immediately set about learning the many advantageous holds of the mat sport. For his efforts in seeking to add a number of handy holds to his vocabulary of "tugs and twists," Tiny was awarded a victory over Lehman in his second match, thereby beginning his winning streak which has been broken but a few times since, and then only by veteran stars of the mat in what may be termed "spectacular matches."

Like many another wrestler of the present era of the "grunt and tug" game, Tiny Ruff began his career of sports in the boxing field, though as an amateur rather than a professional. For a period of two years, from 1929 to 1931, he appeared on the fight cards arranged by promoters of the various clubs in Atlanta. Finding his bulk to be more of a handicap than an asset in boxing, Ruff first entered the wrestling game upon the persuasion of Tiny Roebuck, one of the younger wrestlers campaigning in the East today.

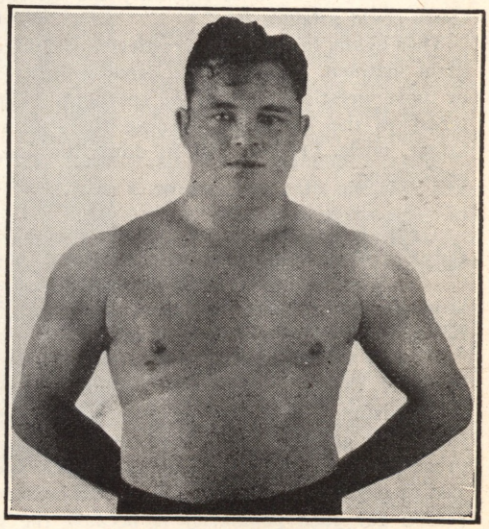
Through Tiny Roebuck, Ruff was brought to the attention of Tony Catlano, the hustling manager of a troupe of wrestlers in New York, to which place Tiny Ruff was transported, and here he piled up an enviable record, and also won matches in the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

* * *

THE motto of Tiny Ruff, "Rough and Ready," truly bespeaks of his actions when in the ring, as can be attested by his matches with George Cochrane in Beaumont, Texas; Sully Harbin in Atlanta and against Frank Newell in Columbus, Georgia. Cochrane received a broken jaw bone, Harbin a couple of black eyes from the flailing fists of Ruff, and Newell had a basket of peanuts hung over his head, and barely escaped being crowned with a heavy lamp, as police halted the match before Tiny could carry out his intentions.

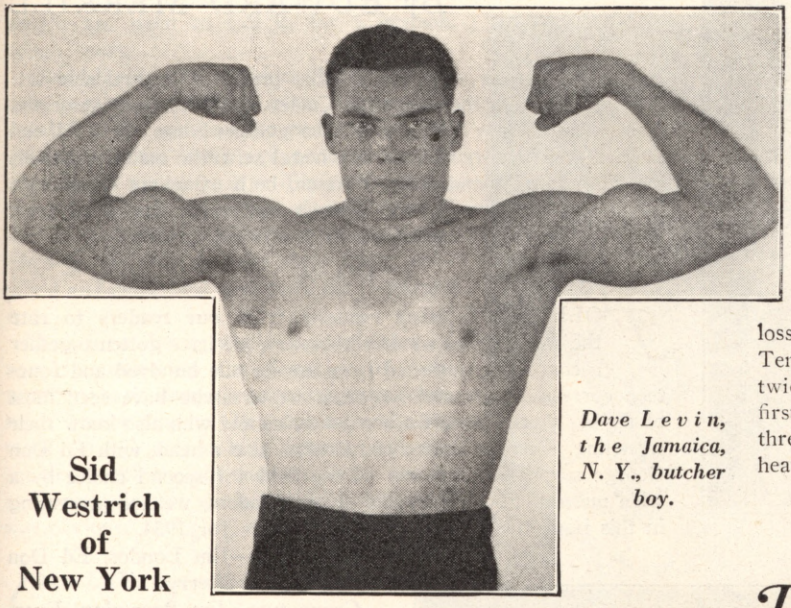
Tiny's favorite pastime is fishing and fox and rabbit hunting in the hills of North Georgia where he was born twenty-five years ago in a small cabin near Royston, the home of the immortal Ty Cobb.

He has a bright and promising future.



Tiny Ruff, Atlanta's 235-pound giant.

ACQUAINTED



Dave Levin, the Jamaica, N. Y., butcher boy.

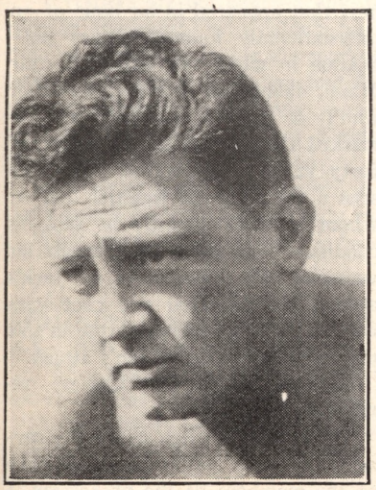
Sid Westrich of New York

SID WESTRICH, the young Jewish wrestler who has been coming along in leaps and bounds, has, after two years of competition among the professionals, finally crashed the select circle. Although Sid is not among the ranking heavyweights, there are many matmen whom he surpasses in wrestling skill. Everything he knows, he has learned from the greatest of modern wrestling teachers, George Bothner, former world's lightweight king and now New York's leading referee.

Sid is twenty-four years old, weighs about 220 when in trim and stands six feet tall. He is a former student of Morris High in New York City, and after graduation took up a clerk's job in his father's produce business. He is an all-round athlete, having played both football and basketball for his school. While learning to wrestle he broke several ribs and his collar bone and had to abandon the sport for several years, but wrestling was his hobby and when his injuries were healed, he started all over again at Bothner's gym. Under George's able supervision, he soon learned the intricacies of the sport and now ranks ace high in the profession.

Ali Kaba Shaba, the Turk

ALI KABA SHABA is a turkish wrestler who has been drawing big houses in Abilene, El Paso and surrounding territory in the southwest. He is a welterweight about twenty-seven years old and has a bright future before him if he keeps going as he has been the past year.



Charles "Curley" Forde, former Alabama football star.

Charles "Curley" Forde of Alabama

RATED one of the most popular of the younger crop of grapplers, Charles "Curley" Forde, handsome Irishman and former Birmingham football flash, created quite a sensation on his recent invasion into the state of Mississippi.

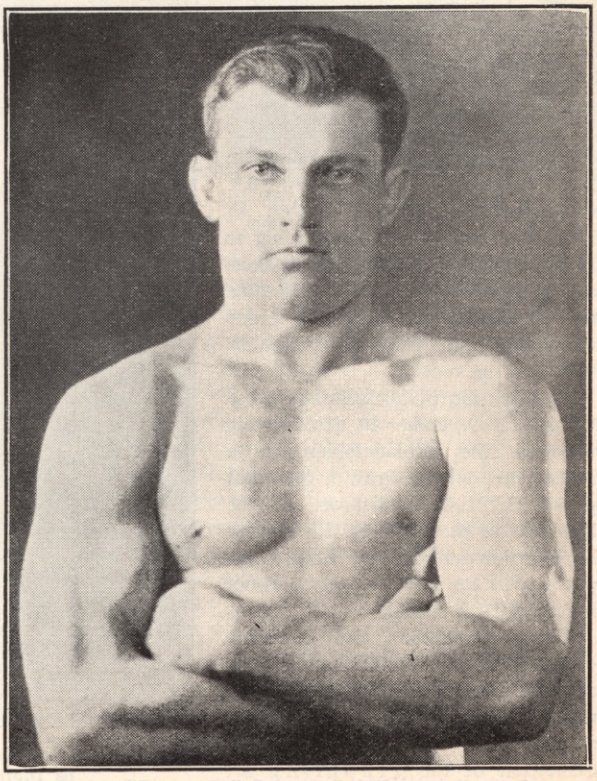
Forde is a strapping young giant standing five feet eleven inches and tipping the beam at 210 pounds, who depends upon strength, skill, and science to bring him victory. He includes none of the roughhouse tactics in his makeup but has proven capable of taking care of himself against opponents who do use them. Also he bears no scars of his three years' campaigning in the South, and his youth combined with his good looks and ability have won him a host of admirers, especially with the fair sex who sit in at his matches. Stirring battles in this section have won him the titles of "The Birmingham Bear," "Blond Bear of the Mat," "The Fighting Irishman," "The Irish Terror," and many more.

For 1934 "Curley" boasts the splendid record of forty victories, four draws, and one defeat. The one loss was handed to him by Jimmie Morris, of Memphis, Tennessee. However, since that time the two have met twice more, with Forde the victor in both, winning the first bout in straight falls and the second on a two out of three falls basis. Big things are predicted for this young heavyweight.

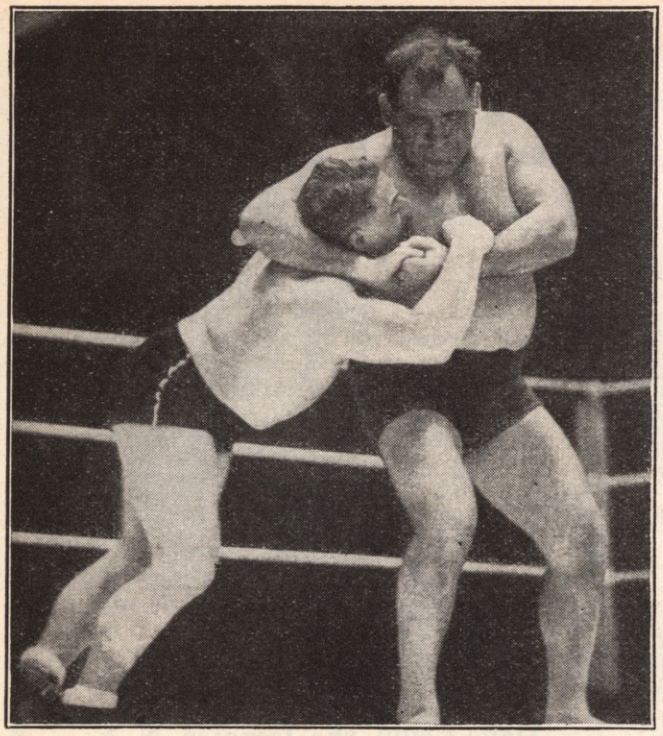
Dave Levin, the Jamaica, N. Y., Butcher Boy

DAVE LEVIN might still be wielding his cleaver behind the counter of the butcher shop in which he worked had it not been for a woman, the wife of a local promoter, who noticed his marvelous physical development, and enthusiastically urged her better half to give the young man a chance in the wrestling game of which Dave said he was very fond. Dave was not a stranger to the wrestling game, in fact it was a hobby for many years with him and he was an amateur of some reputation, but never dreamed that the day would come when he would be mixing it with the stars of the mat.

Dave's star, however, was fast rising. His début was sensational, the fans taking kindly to him in his very first pro bout as a light-heavyweight. Since that time, only two months ago, he has gone on *(Continued on page 49)*



Jackie "Dynamite" Brown, the Western Tornado.



The match between Strangler Lewis and the Frenchman, Rigoulet, in Paris. Lewis has a headlock on the Parisian.

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL

THE year 1934 wound up with one less wrestling champion than had been in the field the previous year—if we are to continue to accept the claim of Don George, the recognized New England titleholder. Of course, George has no standing in the majority of the states, hence to Jim Londos falls the honor of leading the world pachyderms in the heavyweight ranks. George drew with Browning before Gentleman Jim had been downed by Londos in the Milk Fund contest last June, and since then he has been undefeated over a long stretch.

For that reason George will receive first call from Londos for the Milk Fund bout with Jimmy that will open the outdoor season in 1935. On that occasion, according to Hoyle, George will then relieve Londos of the national crown and become the Curley-Bowser-Fabiani-Parks standard-bearer. Until then, Londos will rule the roost.

By disposing of Dick Shikat in the Garden on December 10, after having wrestled the Philadelphian to a seventy-five-minute draw a fortnight previously, Londos disposed of the last shot in the combine. From now on, every match in which Londos appears, will be just another workout for the Greek Adonis.

This much can be said of wrestling—that since the war between Curley and the Londos contingent was settled, nine months ago, the fans have seen better matches and a finer exhibition of the grappling art than had been on view for months prior to the amicable settlement. Through the efforts of Curley and his brainy associate, Toots Mondt, new faces have been gathered into the fold and the field has been reinforced by several scientific matmen, including Carl Pojello and Billy Martsch, both of whom have come back to this country after a most successful European tour. 1935 should see the sport at its best.

* * *

FOLLOWING many requests from our readers to rate the wrestlers as we do the boxers, we have gotten together a concensus, gathered from among one hundred and fourteen correspondents and wrestling writers who have seen most of the big shots among the heavyweights and who also know their wrestling. This list shows Jim Londos at the head, with Ed Don George surpassing the rest of the field for second choice by a wide margin. For the benefit of our readers, we are presenting in this issue the ranking of the wrestlers for 1934.

Group one—Jim Londos, Ed Don George, Jack Sherry.

Group two—Jim Browning, Everette Marshall, Dick Shikat, Joe Malcewicz, Carl Pojello.

Group three—Ray Steele, Hans Steinke, Ed Strangler Lewis, Tom Lurich, Nick Lutz, Rudy Dusek, Ernie Dusek, Hans Kampfer, Gus Sonnenberg.

Group four—Sandor Szabo, Wladek Zbyszko, Sammy Stein, Joe Savoldi, Floyd Marshall, George Zarnhoff, Dick Daviscourt, Jim McMillen, Billy Bartush.

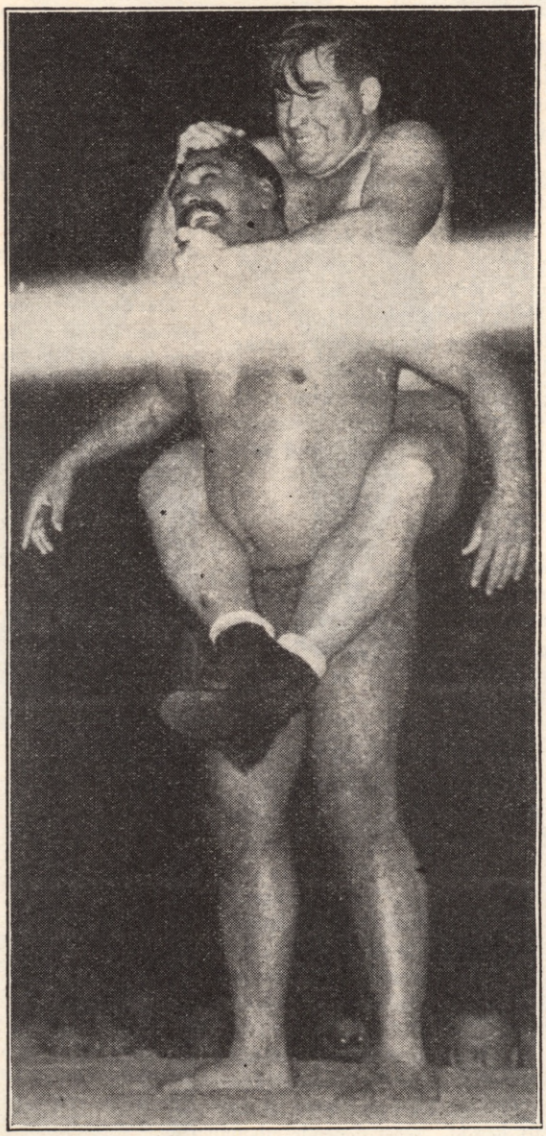
Of course we don't expect our readers to agree with this list and will welcome their choices.

* * *

AT a recent dinner of the Doctors' Club at the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, Benny Leonard and Jack Curley were the guests of honor. The wrestling impresario—following a story on punch-drunkenness that appeared in an issue of an internationally known literary publication in which the writer, Arthur Mann, dubbed all ring men as either wholly or partially punch-drunk—remarked that in his entire career of forty years in sport, he had never seen a punch-drunk wrestler, one of whom it could honestly be said his condition was obtained through his vocation. That statement of Jack's agreed one hundred per cent with what THE RING Editor wrote in this magazine following Mann's attack.

Leonard, following Curley, remarked:

"You hear so often about the ravages the fight game plays on some of the members of the profession. I know boxing, or 'fighting,' as most



Howard Cantonwine giving Jaget Singh a massage in their Los Angeles match.

of the MAT WORLD

people are wont to call it, for a he-man, rough sport.

"But all this talk of punch-drunk fighters does not originate from ring contests. Instead, it is the result of too much money, acquired at a too early age and the natural sequence of spending it in dissipation. I can point to several examples of punch-drunkenness of ex-champions who were never punished in the ring, because their speed, condition and cleverness kept them out of harm's way.

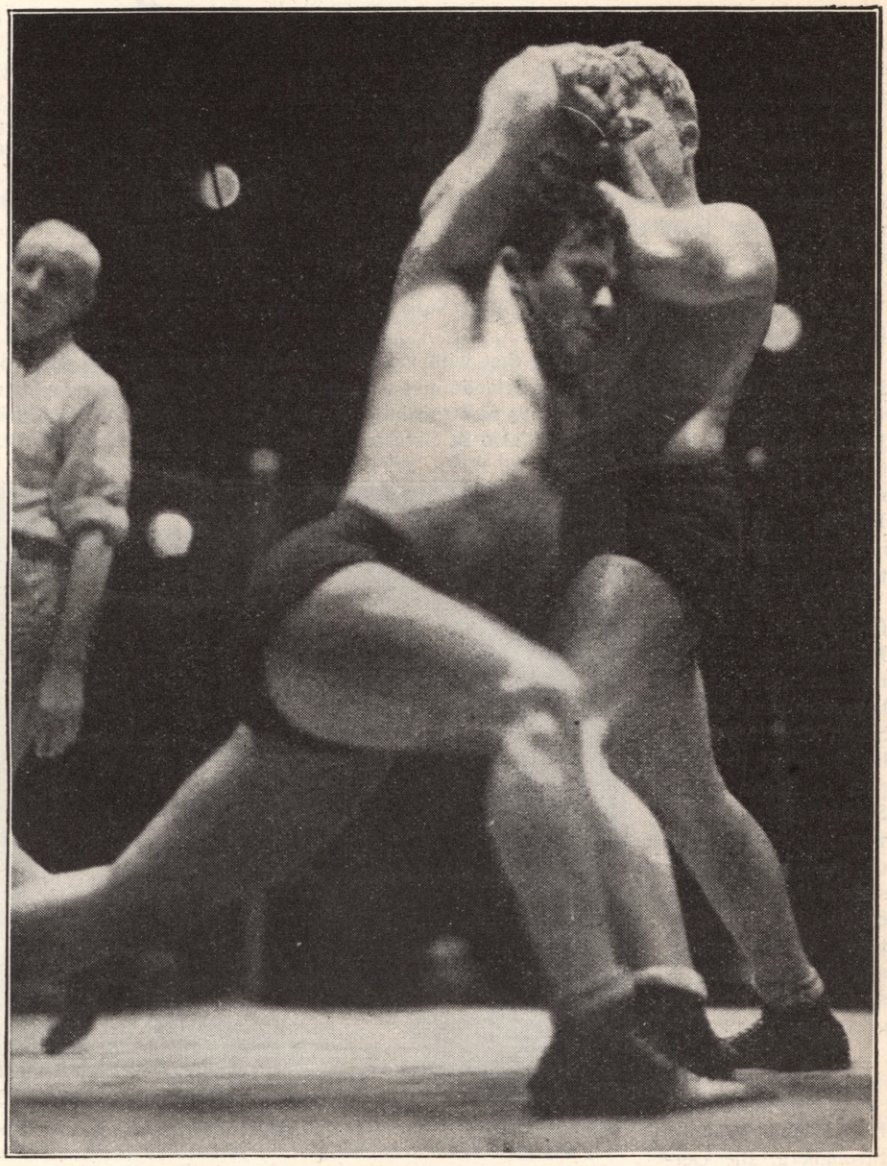
"But these boys, hardly twenty years of age, succumbed to the flatteries of fair-weather, back-slapping parasites, who were more than willing to stick around while the money lasted and, as ring fighting and dissipation—with the old enemies, wine, women and song, did not work together, the result was obvious."

* * *

CURLEY, commenting on Benny's speech, said:

"I fully agreed with Leonard. I will go farther and say that the reason wrestlers are not so easily enticed into the come-easy, go-easy ways, is because wrestlers seldom reach the real money earning class until they are fully matured and have been through the rough roads of Old Man Experience. Once they reach the real money earning class they keep busy, almost nightly, so that even if they were inclined to roust-around a bit, they'd have no time to devote to foolishness.

"I have known all the wrestlers since 1892. I have dabbled in the management of wrestlers and promotion of shows ever since. I can truthfully say that I have never experienced a wrestler asking me for a hand-out. I never saw a wrestler who needed the 'loan' for money with which to eat. Not because the wrestlers earn more money than the boxers, for we all know that is not the case, but because the wrestler has a home, usually is the head of a family, and has passed the age of being frivolous.



Jimmy Londos (left) in a tight grip with Everette Marshall in their recent Garden bout, which Londos won.

"Wrestlers are not punch-drunk, for if there were any of that type in the sport, he wouldn't last two nights. The finest of our young men go in for the sport. It is a tougher game than is boxing, but you will always find that those who make good in the grappling art invariably are strong, sturdy, healthy, fine specimens of manhood. They couldn't progress if they weren't, for the sport is too strenuous.

"A wrestler must keep himself in the best of condition at all times and if he were not mentally right, he couldn't be physically fit. That story in *The Mercury* is based wholly on incorrect data."

* * *

RONDO HATTON, our Florida fistic and mat expert, has this to tell our readers:

The fighters and wrestlers are heading South this winter of 1934 and 1935.

The first frosty breath of winter sent them scurrying to warmer climes, and for the first time in several years, indications are that Florida, the "Land of Sunshine," will climb back into the sports limelight as the center of the glove and mat industry this season.

The general Florida influx now is centered on the Florida West Coast, with Tampa as the Hub City. It is in Tampa that Jim Downing, sports promoter, has established his headquarters for directing the mat and glove industries of the major portion of the Gator state and also for Cuba.

Downing has been promoting wrestling in Florida for nearly a year and has packed the crowds in at Tampa, Miami, St. Petersburg, Orlando, and several other of the more popular winter resorts. He has also been operating in Cuba. His Tampa office is the booking headquarters for more than thirty wrestlers, including such men as Herbie Freeman, the Jewish heavyweight champion; Tiny Roebuck, the Indian; John Grandovitch, of Poland; and a host of others.

* * *

WITH the wrestling game firmly established, Downing has only recently resumed his activities in prize fight promotion. Some of the best known fighters he has recently closed bouts for have been Eddie Flynn, the former Olympic champion; Manuel Quintero, the Spanish Hurricane, and a raft of "more or lesser" lights. With plans for the construction of a new

stadium, seating more than 20,000 persons, rapidly assuming shape, Downing plans to stage a feature fight card for Tampa this winter, and expects to sign some of the title-holders in the various classes for these matches.

In Tampa, Downing has opened a suite of offices in a downtown building for his executive force, and maintains a modern, fully equipped gymnasium on the "main stem" for the use of fighters and wrestlers. The gymnasium is the headquarters for the Florida West Coast area and is fast becoming one of the tourist attractions, as the place is packed daily with increasing crowds to see the fighters and wrestlers work out.

In addition, Downing has made the local citizenry "physically fit" minded, and under Lou Feldman's direction—the latter is manager of the gymnasium and heads Downing's fighters—special physical training courses, reducing and other physical culture classes, are conducted for businessmen, women and children. Feldman predicts that, before the season is over, the Florida West Coast section will be the brightest fight and mat center in the South.

Downing and Feldman point out that with wrestling booming in Tampa, Miami, St. Petersburg, Orlando and the other bright winter spots, and with prize fighting fast regaining some of its lost popularity in these cities, and also in Sarasota, Ocala and other points—there is no doubt but that Florida will be much in the sports limelight this winter.

But in regard to the fighters and wrestlers, Downing and Feldman warn all of the boys who plan to head South that they must be *"good"* if they expect to linger in the Sunshine State. Their warning is predicted on the fact that the state is already crowded with good, and all types, of both sports, and the competition is so keen that only the good can survive.

* * *

FLORIDA SPORT FLASHES—Rudy Strongberg, the German Adonis, has been going strong in the Florida and wrestling circles. His appearance in Tampa, Miami or elsewhere is almost a sure "sell out" night, particularly with the women fans.

* * *

Another grappler who has been going like a house afire in Florida and Cuba is "Honest John" Grandovitch, of Poland, who, incidentally, now holds the mythical Florida heavyweight championship. He is one of the most popular of all the "rasslers."

* * *

Sarasota, the winter home of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey circus, is fast becoming one of the bright fight centers. Lou Feldman and Jim Downing started the fight game there way back during the Florida real estate boom. The game died for a while, but this year has come back strong.

* * *

Among the wrestlers who have been appearing in Florida the past several months are Herbie Freeman, the Jewish heavyweight champion; Tiny Roebuck, the giant Indian; Dick Lever, Bill Middlekauff, Abie Friedman, Bob Savage, Tom Mahoney, Mike Miller, Pete Ramos, Hugh Wynne, Ted Jamison, Al Maynard, Gus Pappas, Tony Marconi, Wayne Morris, Sid Westerich, Louis La Chene, Jose Dominguez, Dick Stoll and a raft of others.

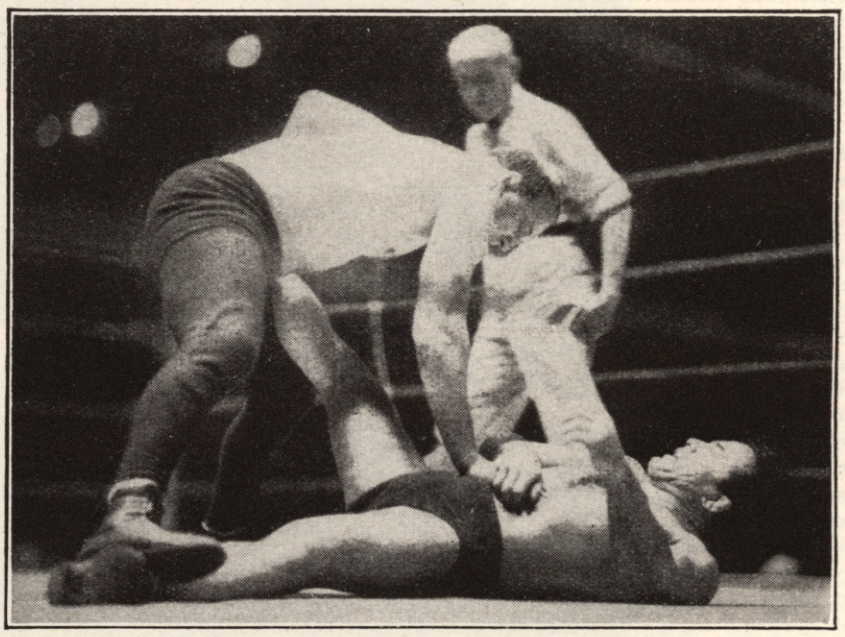
* * *

ABE KASHEY, the Clifton (New Jersey) Syrian who made a hit recently in the Middle West, has been taken in tow by Jack Curley who sees great prospects in this lad. Kashey, also known as King Kong, is recognized as a pretty good wrestler and will soon be appearing among the élite in the East. Abe is a fine drawing card, if the gate receipts of the bouts in which he has taken part as headliner in the West are a criterion. Recently he played before a 10,000 crowd at Minneapolis, with Jack Dempsey, the referee. Jack called the bout a draw and then was instrumental in bringing Abe to the Eastern border.

* * *

AKRON, OHIO, boasts of a good wrestling prospect in Ed Meske, the twenty-one-year-old giant who scales 215 pounds. Ed decided that he had gone as far as he could in his native burg, and came East to try his luck. Since that time he has attained a long string of victories and is very highly thought of by the Eastern wrestling experts.

His only setback was at the hands of Jumping Joe Savoldi, who's flying front kick sent Ed out of the ring and incapacitated the six-footer for further action. Watch this boy.



Some fun! Dick Shikat is trying to get Jim Londos to cry "Uncle," with a terrific leg spread. Londos emerged the victor in 1.23.38, after being outclassed for an hour and a quarter.

* * *

THAT wrestling is a most profitable sport in this country, is evidenced by the contemplated return visit to Greece which the Contos brothers, Ed and John, professional promoters, are planning. The Contos family have been identified with the mat game for many years. John is the Upper New York State impresario, and his brother holds forth in the Baltimore, Maryland district.

* * *

Dr. Henry Fields, who is majoring in surgery at the University of Pennsylvania, has a huge following in Eastern states. The big medico, who finished his medical course at Haverford College, is just as adept in the use of the scalpel as he is in the execution of holds on the mat. The wrestling field has enlisted the services of many medicos in the last few years. The most notable of all physicians and surgeons who made their mark in wrestling was Dr. Roller, another graduate of Pennsylvania. Dr. Roller died only recently.

Dr. Ralph Wilson, another Penn alumnus, quit the mat sport a few months ago to take up his duties in the science of surgery at Wisconsin where he has become an operating specialist. Dr. Fields hopes to get a shot at Londos before he retires to devote all his time to the medical profession.

The Swedes are all "het up" over the progress made by their countryman, Tor Johnson. Like most of the Swedes, Tor is a powerfully built fellow. He is built much on the lines of Jess Willard and is almost as tall. Tor has a tremendous chest development. In fact, he can break out *(Continued on page 49)*

SIX YEARS AGO!

(Continued from page 15)

in New York, and he would then astonish them on the occasion of his opening night.

And how well he did that very thing, is now ring history! He had attended boxing shows in the West and he had seen fighters enter the ring in bath suits and ordinary shoes. He had seen the barber, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—all occupying the working press seats, while those who had to report the evening's activities were hustled to gallery seats. He had watched the ushers and their strong-armed men give the ring-side seat holders the run-around while bum politicians were allotted their choice chair seats. He had seen the aisles crowded with the nondescript of New York, while those who paid their good money to see the fights were kept in the darkness through the antics of these hoodlums.

* * *

WITH one stroke, Tex eliminated those evils and overnight New York fandom came to realize that when they bought a ticket for a Garden fight, they would get the seat for which they paid and the annoyances, to which they hitherto were subjected, would never again be repeated. That was Rickard's first master stroke in heading for the success which he attained.

Rickard had attended many fights staged on a high-class scale in San Francisco where Coffroth was the boss and he decided that what was a success in Frisco, could be repeated in New York, and that is why he inaugurated the Coffroth system at the old Garden. Coffroth had his own ushers. He had his own organization and everything clicked. Tex remembered that when he invaded the Metropolis, and he carried on in the same high-class manner as did Sunny Jim on the Coast. No outsiders could run his organization—politicians, police, or the tough mugs who usually controlled the other clubs. Tex was the boss and, as boss, he succeeded in building up the greatest sports organization the world has ever known.

During his career, Rickard chased the dollar just as far as any man ever did. He left Kansas as a boy; worked in Texas as a cowboy and later as marshal; went to the cold north of Alaska when the gold rush started; dabbled in live stock down in Argentina, and finally hit the trail of sports promoter, in which he made his greatest fortune.

* * *

ON the afternoon of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, Rex Beach, lifelong friend of Rickard, writing for the syndicate of George Mathew Adams, said:

"There are two huge figures in the limelight here, one, an ebony-skinned gladiator who claims the world's heavyweight championship; the other, a big, brawny-armed, hairy-chested Californian, who is attempting a comeback to regain for the white race the title he tossed away when he retired in 1905. But there is one other figure here who, in my opinion, overshadows everyone here.

"While countless reams of paper have been devoted to the actual contestants, no one has thought to describe Tex Rickard in a human way. Nevertheless, he is bigger than either of the other men, and has ever been the object of a certain admiration on my part.

"We met first twelve years ago in a little Yukon mining camp, when the first snows of Arctic winter were sweeping down upon us. He was a quiet, frank-faced, youthful chap with a keen dark eye and a mouth ready to curl in friendly smiles or tighten into ominous lines.

"His speech was quick and his tongue had the twist of a Texan cowboy. His hand was always open to grasp the palm of a friend distressed, or to clench in defense of those he cared for.

"He had made and lost some $50,000 in the Upper Country the year before, but ate his meager ration of 'pork bosom' and brown beans as cheerfully as the rest of us, who were likewise frowned upon by Fortune. When the spring came, we both went to chopping cordwood to pay the fiddler.

"In the course of a few weeks, he hewed out earnings sufficient to take him to Nome and to leave a bank balance of $35, by which token I concede him to be the better axeman than I. He landed on the shores of Behring Sea twelve years ago next Monday with two ounces of dust in his 'kick.' Three months and twenty days later he sailed out with $40,000 in the purser's keeping.

* * *

"FOR the next five summers he averaged close to $100,000 and grub-staked every broken 'sourdough' who came to him for help. Then, aspiring to a metropolitan existence, he journeyed forth to Seattle, where he lost it all.

"When the first news of Goldfield wandered forth across the desert, he traced it back immediately, landing among the scattered shacks of that camp with his belongings in a bandana handkerchief. Before long, there was another Northern saloon with Tex Rickard's name upon the signboard and in the gold days that followed, the sawdust floor of his place was bed and lodging for the homeless hundreds who had gathered at the lure of gold. His was a hotel, a haven and a home for the hard-ridden of fortune.

"Those who wished to gamble and to drink, were free to do so, but those who lacked the means to buy shelter from the deadly 'Poganip,' or winter fog, were welcome to the warmth of Tex's house. They slept on the floor, beneath the crap tables, back of the bar or beside the stove. It mattered not. And all were welcome. Tex denied none the shelter he had once sought for himself when Dame Fortune was against him.

* * *

IN its brief span of life, the Northern Hotel made a round million dollars profit and the money which Tex did not hand out to the needy, the helpless and to his pals, he put away into mines. He had gone East to sell out his properties and had a deal all but consummated for $500,000 when the panic came. When it had gone, Tex was broke again and doing his own assessment work. An unexpected option fell due and saved him from utter ruin, the money coming in during the last few days of grace.

"Time passed, the pendulum swung slowly back and Tex drew a full breath once more. He disposed of $150,000 worth of copper claims. His other interests became of value. Had not Governor Gillett of California heeded the voice of the 'great minority' and banished the Jeffries-Johnson fight to Reno, Tex would have reaped a quarter of a million dollars from the contest.

"I admire him because of his courage. I admire him because of his sportsmanship. He is a he-man with the fighting spirit of the true American.

"He is still the same genial, human soul as when we were packing cordwood on the Yukon, his purse open now, as then, to the needy, his hospitality as generous as when he spread the flaps of his little tent and bade the hungry 'musher' share the contents of his frying pan. A square-shooter. A man with a personality such as few I have known, possess. A sportsman whose word is his bond—that's my description of the man of the hour in today's great fistic affair—Tex Rickard."

And that's the Tex Rickard I knew for 25 years.

* * *

THE luck of Rickard stayed with him throughout his career. Whatever he tackled, seemed to turn into gold. Only one big fistic contest stood out as a failure: the Tunney-Heeney fight. No matter what he tackled, he seemed luckier than a three-eyed man on a windy corner. He would date an outdoor fight for the stormiest month in the year and, invariably, several days before the contest, the clouds would dissolve, the skies would clear, the stinging winds would retreat and a perfect setting would greet the fight fans on the day of battle.

When he turned to Wall Street and bought stock, immediately the stock climbed like the mercury of Miami. He'd back a spavined gander that couldn't ordinarily win on roller skates, and every other "hoss" in the race would drop dead so that Tex could emerge a winner.

Yes, Lady Luck played a big part in the career of Tex and make no mistake about that. Of course, iron nerves and the gambler's brain served their part as aides to the good old Lady, but Luck, nevertheless, did help Tex in his many successes.

* * *

I REMEMBER the night that Paavo Nurmi ran his first race in America. It was in the House that Tex Built and the gate receipts that night

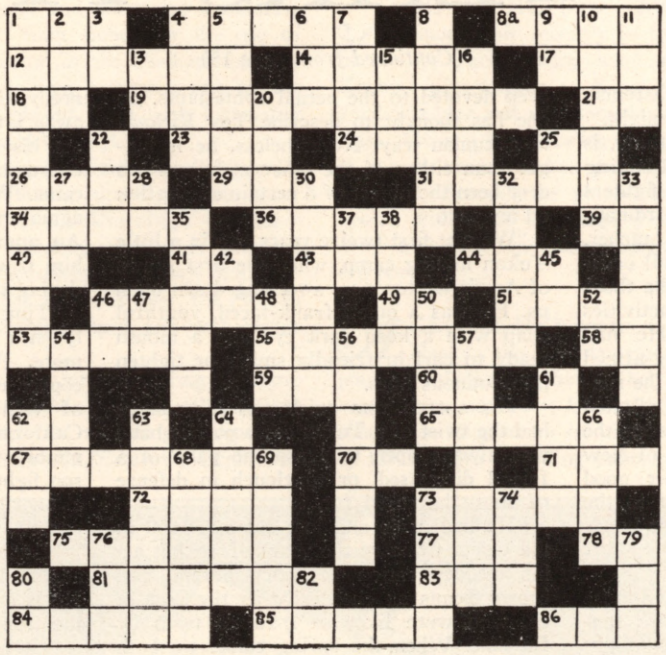
(Continued on page 43)

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. Away.
4. Legendary king.
8a. Totals.
12. City in England.
14. Rosenbloom heads the . . . . heavy class.
17. Pastry.
18. French article.
19. Wrestler known as "Dynamite Gus"
21. Note of the scale.
23. Born.
24. Angry.
25. Spanish article.
26. To pierce.
29. Part of the body.
31. Intensified with red.
34. N. Y. lightweight who is now a dentist.
36. Hebrew heavyweight from Minneapolis.
39. Football position (Abbr.).
40. Short for Hyman.
41. Knockout.
43. Born.
44. A man's name.
46. Wrestler who specialized with a body slam and spread eagle.
49. Mistake.
51. Welterweight champ of Germany.
53. Boxer who is known as the "Boer."
55. Wrestler who used the head scissors with great success.
58. A state (Abbr.).
59. A quadruped.
60. Like that.
62. Against.
65. Fighter who was known as "Mysterious Billy."
67. One of the strongest of heavyweight wrestlers.
70. To work at.
71. Swiss River.
72. Used in fishing.
73. One of the greatest bantams of all time.
75. Vegetable substance.
77. One indefinitely. 78. Yes in Spanish.
81. A metal. 83. Part of the head.
84. Name. 85. One who roves.
86. Entrance price.



VERTICAL

1. One of America's greatest boxing authorities.
2. Decay.
3. Adhering.
4. A heavenly body.
5. Interior.
6. A beverage.
7. Moral depravities.
8. Wrestler who hails from Alaska.
9. Aloft.
10. World's featherweight champion.
11. Body of water.
13. From the sign (Musical term).
15. Great British orders (Abbr.)
16. A perennial plant.
20. Bantamweight champ in 1903.
22. A duet.
25. Man's nickname.
27. Attempt.
28. British Columbia (Abbr.).
30. Boxing division.
32. A great wrestling family.
33. Brought up.
35. Ability.
37. Point of the compass.
38. What they call Chocolate in this country.
42. All right.
45. Advertisement.
46. A state (Abbr.).
47. Pronoun.
48. Hudkins has this nickname.
50. Present lightweight champ.
52. Printer's measure.
54. A man's name.
56. Ex-middleweight champion.
57. An organization.
61. A brilliant performer.
62. Likely.
63. Organs of animals.
64. Present lightweight champ.
66. Dried grass (Plural).
68. A coniferous tree.
69. Not this one.
73. Present heavyweight boxing king.
74. Town in New York.
76. Dynamite.
79. Anger.
80. Within.
82. Behold.

Answers on page 43

Eddie Hanlon

(*Continued from page* 24)

Attell, kept him in the limelight. He even went on to conquer his old enemy, "Young" Corbett, over the twenty-round route. He withstood the hammering of the terrific hitting Herrera for twenty rounds to get a draw.

"Kid" Herman outpointed him in twenty sessions in Los Angeles. Came a couple of twenty-round draws with Abe Attell, and another twenty-round match with Herrera that wound up fifty-fifty.

Though he was about washed up and ready for the discard, Hanlon was induced to fight Dick Hyland. Though the heart was willing, the flesh was unable to stand the gaff. Hanlon tried manfully but fell before the slam-bang Hyland in the thirteenth round.

Two more battles grace Hanlon's record. A twenty-round draw with Johnny Murphy at San Francisco. Then, a twenty-round decision that he dropped to Owen Moran and the curtain was rung down on a remarkable ring career. Remarkable in the fact that he was little more than a grammar school kid when he was mingling with the élite of the feather and lightweight classes.

As Hanlon wasn't clever, of necessity he was compelled to take more than his share of the hard knocks. He wasn't another Joe Grim in the art of absorbing wallops, nor even another Bat Nelson—but when all is said and done, show me a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old kid with the "guts" and ability to stand toe to toe with the best the world has to offer, and I'll show you a million who don't have it.

Deep down in my heart I have always had a warm place for little Eddie Hanlon . . . . and I always will have. I know he wasn't the greatest fighter that ever lived, but from the day he launched on his ring career—a smiling, handsome, cherub-faced kid—till the day he was forced to hang 'em up, battered, beaten features, cauliflowered ears, puffed eyebrows, replacing his schoolboy features, and with ugly, swollen hands, he remained a smiling fighter. He gave the fans what they wanted —though it cost him dearly. Like so many of his fellow fighters, he saved nothing of his ring earnings except his popularity.

Today, Eddie lives in the home town of one of his bitterest ring foes: Denver, the home of "Young" Corbett. Several years ago, before Corbett passed to his last reward, I saw Corbett and Hanlon strolling up Curtis Street in Denver, arm in arm, making their way to a local fight arena.

I happened to get a seat directly behind the once famous pair. After the fight, a battle between two prominent lightweights whose names I won't mention, the referee raised both battlers' arms in token of a draw. I saw Corbett nudge Hanlon and say, "You coulda took 'em both, Eddie, twenty-five years ago." "Yeah," replied Hanlon, "an' what about yerself, Bill."

And as I went home that night, I was not so certain but what both of them were right.

The Afghan Loves His Wrestling

(*Continued from page* 35)

tions between contending wrestlers being strongly deprecated in those years of yore.

The match was announced as a one-fall affair and Sohrab scored the fall against Rustum and as this was Rustum's solitary fall in all his life of glory and triumph, it hurt his pride considerably. He prayed to his conqueror to grant him one more chance, and the request was granted.

Another match was arranged and this time Rustum threw his opponent so severely that he broke his back and injured him internally. As Sohrab lay unconscious and dying, Rustum gloried over his feat.

Sohrab opened his eyes, and in a moment of semiconsciousness, he remarked that he hoped his father, the great Rustum, would some day meet Sohrab's conqueror and revenge the defeat.

With that revelation, Rustum for the first time learned who his adversary really was and became heartbroken. He stooped down over the fallen form of Sohrab and wept; then took the sword from one of the onlookers, and cut himself into pieces.

This is the hero-worship legend.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 31)

"'LOOK here, Tony,' said the promoter, 'I got that money right here in the safe, but there's a lot of wise guys out there and I'm sure you don't want to go packin' that much jack around in your pockets. Besides, it would give the fans a great treat to have me give Joe his money in the ring when the bout is about to begin.'

"'Never mind that,' I replied, 'I can take care of myself. We want that money now or there will be no match.'

"But he was so persistent that I agreed and then asked him who would referee. He told me the name of the man and the official, whom I knew well, was agreeable to me. Then he confided that the 'Unknown' was Jake Bressler of Des Moines, a fellow I knew, and I had no doubt, after learning that much, that we could hop aboard a train for Philly within half an hour after the match would begin.

"In the evening, we got to the hall early, and at nine o'clock we walked out in the arena and to the stage, where the referee who we were told would officiate, met us, and also Bressler, who took a seat opposite Joe. We waited for the promoter to come in with the money but no promoter was in sight. I told Joe to wait and I hunted all over the place, but no promoter was around. Then I became leery and realized we were being duped.

"However, we were still prepared to go through with the match in order not to disappoint the spectators, because Joe was cocksure of victory; but, as if by magic, Bressler suddenly disappeared and so did the referee. I looked down the aisle, and there I saw both sprinting towards the dressing rooms. And while they were doing that, into the ring came a young, athletically built, handsome fellow in civilian clothes.

"I looked up in amazement, as he stood in the center of the ring and doffed his civilian clothes, underneath which was a wrestler's outfit. This fellow undoubtedly had been planted in the front row, all prepared for the 'emergency,' for he had his ring clothes under his street garments—which was rather unusual. I learned that his name was Joe Malcewicz, and that in New York he had appeared under the Jack Curley banner as a Russian Jew.

* * *

"'HOPPING into the ring with him was another man, who walked over to Joe and said:

"'I'm the referee. Come out and let's get started.'

"'Started!' shouted I in anger. 'What do you mean? Who are you?'

"'I'm the referee,' he replied, 'and I want to get this match under way.'

"'There'll be no bout,' I replied, 'because you're not the referee who was appointed to handle the contest and he's not the man Joe is scheduled to meet.'

"'He certainly is,' this newcomer replied, 'he's the Unknown and I'm the official referee.'

"'Huh,' I snickered, 'you're not dealing with two hicks, you're up against two slick Nebraska farmers. We're too smart for you. You'll not job Joe out of his title tonight.' And with that I ordered Joe out of the ring, thereby starting a riot. But it wasn't our fault. The plan apparently was to get the slick referee either to disqualify Joe for some supposed foul or else to see that Malcewicz, through some means within the power of the referee, was declared the winner and new champion. But the scheme didn't work.

* * *

"'I TRIED to find the promoter so that we could get our money, after which I would have permitted Joe to tackle both Bressler and Malcewicz in the same ring, but the promoter outsmarted himself. What made me so mad was that city slickers thought they could put it over on two farmers! With that referee we would have had as much of a chance of retaining the title as a halfwit has in a chess match.

"In so far as Malcewicz is concerned, my brother beat him half a dozen times without getting up a sweat, and I offered a $10,000 side bet that he wouldn't last half an hour against Joe in a match with a capable impartial referee as third man in the ring.

"Job us! Huh, it made me laugh."

Such was the story of Stecher's brother-manager, a story borne out in full by reporters who had covered the affair and knew the insides of the job that was to have shorn Stecher of his crown. So peeved was Stecher at his treatment, that on the following day when he clashed in Philadelphia with Wladek Zbyszko, he went at his job with a vim and held the upper hand throughout. The contest lasted forty-eight minutes, with Joe winning. Then came Stecher's match with Dick Daviscourt in New York the following week, a contest which we will describe in the next installment.

Answers to Puzzle on Page 42

F	R	O	■	M	I	D	A	S	■	S	U	M	S
L	O	N	D	O	N	■	L	I	G	H	T	■	P	I	E
E	T	■	S	O	N	N	E	N	B	E	R	G	■	L	A
I	■	D	■	N	E	E	■	S	O	R	E	■	E	L	■
S	T	U	B	■	R	I	B	■	■	■	R	E	D	D	E	R
C	R	O	S	S	■	L	A	S	K	Y	■	U	■	R	E
H	Y	■	■	K	O	■	N	E	E	■	A	S	A	■	A
E	■	S	H	I	K	A	T	■	E	R	■	E	D	E	R
R	O	D	E	L	■	C	A	D	D	O	C	K	■	M	E
■	T	■	■	L	■	E	M	U	■	S	O	■	S	■	D
A	T	■	Z	■	K	■	■	N	■	S	M	I	T	H	■
P	O	J	E	L	L	O	■	D	O	■	P	■	A	A	R
T	■	■	B	A	I	T	■	E	■	B	A	R	R	Y	■
■	S	T	A	R	C	H	■	E	■	A	N	Y	■	S	I
I	■	N	I	C	K	E	L	■	■	E	Y	E	■	■	R
N	I	T	C	H	■	R	O	V	E	R	■	■	F	E	E

Six Years Ago!

(Continued from page 41)

were $41,120. After Nurmi had won the race, he ran to his dressing room and there at the door stood Tex, check book in hand. He halted Nurmi, congratulated him on his great victory and then told the Flying Finn to name his own figures to turn professional and to appear in this country under the sole management of Rickard. Paavo hesitated when informed of the offer, but several A.A.U. officials who had surrounded Nurmi, gasped in astonishment at the Garden promoter.

"This is an outrage," shouted one of the directors of the game. "He's an amateur and he is here to compete under the jurisdiction of the Amateur Athletic Union and you've got your nerve to make him an offer to turn professional."

Tex looked on in amazement. He seemed to be as much shocked at the official as the A.A.U. directors were at his remarks to Nurmi. Tex went on to explain that he didn't think he was doing anything wrong.

"I just seed what a big house he brought here. If he can bring in $41,000 at an amateur meet, I can guarantee that much to him in a flat sum for a salary and we can both make plenty on the deal. My money is as good as the next man's, and I'm just making him a proposition, that's all. He can have it if he wants to run for me exclusively," replied Tex, as he walked away.

Two months later, after Nurmi had been exploited around the country and was no longer a novelty, he again appeared in the Garden and that night, with the nation's leading athletic stars to back him up on the program, the house was scarcely half filled. The receipts were only $17,000. Tex, standing with me near the main entrance of the Garden after the affair, grinned as he said:

"Just think of it, Nat. Two months ago I offered that fool $40,000 to turn pro and run for me wherever we booked him, and he turned me flat. Tonight you seed all those empty chairs. Luck's with me. Glad he turned me down."

Yes, Rickard had a charmed life. Lady Luck treated him kindly on many occasions.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 19)

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM has decided to keep on the trail of his conqueror, Bob Olin, newly crowned light-heavyweight king, until he obtains a return bout. Says Maxie:

"I beat him in our last bout and I can do so again to the satisfaction of the fans and, this time, also to the satisfaction of the boxing officials who deprived me of a justly won fight. I have mapped out a campaign that will take me to all parts of the country and after I clean up the other contenders, Olin will be forced to accept my challenge. I am entitled to a return bout, and I hope Olin will see it that way."

Though Maxie's style of fighting has been a detriment to the sport, he does rate a return bout. Of course, regardless of how we feel personally towards the decision that took the title away from Rosenbloom, the fact remains that Olin has done a man's job in gaining the highest rung of the ladder in three years of professional fighting and he is entitled to the same consideration given to other champions in the past. Bob has six months to defend his laurels and during that time if he should choose to fight over the weight, that is his privilege. But a real champion never dodges the issue. He defends his title every time he squares off, and I hope Olin will prove that type of title-holder.

Maxie started his come-back campaign by trouncing Al Gainor in New Haven. The former title-holder showed real fighting ability in that contest, the first he has exhibited in many moons.

Ballyhoo in Fisticuffs

(Continued from page 28)

quainted him with his real status as a scrapper, and the only wonder is that he had courage enough to keep on milling after such a disastrous exposé.

* * *

YEARS ago when Harry Gilmore, the veteran ex-lightweight champ, who once fought Jack McAuliffe for the title, was running a school of arms in Chicago, he picked up the biggest Negro he had ever set eyes on. This colored chap was exactly seven feet tall, carried just enough bulk for his height, and was muscled like Hercules.

Gilmore wouldn't let a chance like that go by. He figured that if he could only teach him a little about boxing, there wasn't a man on earth likely to stand a round before him. So he persuaded the colored fellow to put himself in his hands for a while. When he got him in the gym, he found there wasn't a pair of gloves in the place that could be pulled over the new recruit's immense paws. Neither were there boxing shoes big enough to accommodate his feet.

Gilmore had both shoes and gloves made especially for his Gargantuan discovery. The veteran then went about teaching his pupil. The latter seemed to take to the idea all right, and after a few weeks could handle himself well for a novice. The only thing the professor had to look out for was that the colored man didn't land a wallop on him which might have stopped Harry from giving any more boxing lessons on this side of the grave.

All Chicago was talking about Gilmore's new find. His picture appeared in the sport sheets, and it looked as though a real champ was in the making. At last some of Gilmore's friends asked Harry to arrange a private try-out for his man, and he agreed. It was settled to have Joe Choynski box three rounds in the gym before Harry's patrons and a few reporters.

But when everything was ready, Joe was called suddenly out of town, and sent a message saying he couldn't come, just as the bunch gathered for the fun. To smooth down the disappointment, Gilmore asked Harry Walsh if he would box a couple of light rounds with the big fellow. Walsh agreed, with the proviso that Gilmore must see to it that the giant didn't cut loose and kill him.

* * *

AT that time, Walsh was the Canadian welter champ, a game strong young chap who had met many of the tough men of his day. Compared to the Negro he looked like a child, and everyone was grinning when they shook hands and started. Right at the beginning Gilmore's huge novice appeared to forget what Harry had told him about boxing lightly. He let go a right swing that Walsh partly blocked, but the punch staggered Mike against the ropes and must have rocked him to his heels.

Walsh promptly clinched. He was so mad that he forgot all his fear of the Negro. When the big fellow made a lumbering rush at him, Mike sidestepped and drove a left hook to the stomach with all his weight behind it. The punch had steam behind it, and the colored man gasped like a bursting auto tire, and doubled up.

His head came within range and Walsh swung on it for all he was worth. The big fellow crashed to the floor and lay there, rolling up the whites of his eyes. He wasn't out, but refused to arise. Gilmore begged and threatened to shoot him, but to no avail. Finally Harry ducked under the ropes and kicked the giant in the ribs. The brunet rolled himself out of range, crawled erect in sections and made a sincere declaration:

"Missah Gilmore," he said solemnly, "Ah 'clares to gracious dis yeah ain't no fittin' business for a decent cullahed gent. Dat man Walsh, he's a hypocrite. He done hit mah belly and haid somethin' scanlus, an' Ah ain't goin' to stand no moah. Ah hasn't a faih chance. Dem little fightahs am too small for me to locate 'em, an' Ah'm so big dey cain't miss me. Ah'm through Mistah Gilmore, Ah'm through!"

And so he was. He faded into oblivion and was never heard of again. Professor Gilmore had only the enormous gloves and shoes he had had made for his charge left to remind him of his investment in giant stock, and these he placed mournfully among his ring trophies, as relics of what might have been.

* * *

THE later Joe Goddard, the Australian Barrier Champion, who came to this country in the nineties with a record of having bested Peter Jackson, was wont to assert that the most wonderful specimen of manhood he ever saw was a youngster who wandered into Larry Foley's gymnasium in Sydney, where Goddard was training. The lad in question was plainly a rustic, unused to city ways.

He stood six feet eight inches in his socks, and his breadth of shoulder, thickness of body and length of reach were perfectly proportioned to his great height. He announced that his name was Joel Smith, and that he believed he could fight. The veteran Larry, who developed more star fighters than any other man in the antipodes, was deeply impressed with the youth's appearance and questioned him.

It transpired that the newcomer had never donned a boxing glove, but had lived all his life back in the bush. He had engaged in several rough-and-tumble scraps, however, and won them with ease. Foley took the boy under his wing, and in a few days taught him how to hold his hands in position. There wasn't time to polish him much more before putting him on view, as Foley intended.

The veteran had an amateur tourney arranged and entered big Joel in the heavy division. Out of six entries, three refused to go on when they heard Joel was a competitor. None of the other trio lasted a round apiece. The giant youth simply rushed them off their feet, and downed them with tremendous wallops, utterly disdainful of their comeback attempts.

Foley concluded he had found a pugilistic pearl of great price. It would be only a matter of time before this youthful mountain of muscle put 'em all in the shade. Meanwhile, he proposed having Goddard work with him awhile. Joe was training for a battle with Choynski, who was then touring Australia, a bout which, by the way, resulted in a three-round kayo of the American.

* * *

GODDARD was a hard man to train with. His system, whether boxing or fighting, consisted of going in regardless, to take and give, scientific sparring was never his forte. He agreed to take on the youngster as sparring partner, and what followed is best told in the Barrier Champion's own words:

"Hi 'ad never known what it was to back away from any livin' josser in a mix. But—my word—wot a fair treat that kid was, an' no fatal error! We 'ad the big gloves, an' we starts off with old Larry watchin' us. The kid comes at me eat-'em-alive 'O style, an' Hi 'ands 'im a dandy soaker on the jawr. S'elp me, 'e never 'eeds the punch, but whales in, both mawlies goin' like a stallion's hoofs!

"Smack on the boko he gets me, an' h'out comes the claret. Hi buckle into 'im madder than a wet 'en, an' we as h'it up and down h'all over the gym, with Larry laughin' fit to kill 'imself.

"No laughin' matter for me, though. Hi turns the scales at 195 then, in the prime of condition, an' there never was a chap afore who could stop my rushes. Jackson couldn't, big an' clever though he was. But this kid 'andled me like a bloomin' bybey in the clinches, threw me h'off like I was a bag of coal, an' when Hi 'it 'im, Hi might as well 'ave been a fly flappin' 'is cheek.

"'E busts me on the ear, an' Hi feels hit swellin' hup like a bally mushroom. 'E swings on my mouth, an' hout goes two ivories. 'E huppercuts, nails my chin, an' back Hi go agen the wood partition and near stoves a plank in with my 'ead. Hi crumples hup on the floor, an' as Hi get to my feet, Larry steps in and stops hit.

"'That's enough, Joe,' he sez. 'There won't be hanythink left for Choynski to practice on, if this goes any longer.'

"Hi was agreeable. Hi ain't a quitter, but there just warn't no sense in me gettin' arf killed with no money in sight. That kid 'ad messed me up so that Hi 'ad to arsk for a week's postponement of my fight till Hi was in shape once more."

Foley was more convinced than ever that Fate had sent him a real champion, but his hopes of springing a sensation on the world of sport were not to be fulfilled. The day following the bout with Goddard, the boy's father turned up at the academy. He was a wealthy stockman who owned large tracts of land in the interior, and had been hunting several weeks for the lad, who had run away from home. The next morning Joel was escorted back to the bush by his parent, with his pugilistic aspirations nipped in the bud.

* * *

RECORDS of Fistiana reaching back to the bare-knuckle days list Charles Freeman, the "Michigan Giant," as the biggest pugilist who ever battled between the ropes. His height was seven feet three inches, his ordinary weight 333 pounds, which under training condi-

tions touched the 273 mark. Twenty years of age and carrying no superfluous fat on his enormous frame, Freeman came to New York in 1841, and challenged any man in the country; a defiance nobody was inclined to accept.

Ben Caunt, known to the Fancy as "Big Ben," was then champion of England. Caunt visited this country shortly after winning the belt from Nick Ward. On his arrival here the Briton declared he would risk the belt in battle with any American pug. A former backer of John Morrisey at once offered to back Freeman against Caunt. The latter tipped the scales at 230 and was six feet two inches tall, but after one look at the colossus from Michigan's forests, the Englishman refused point-blank to fight him.

"They call me 'Big Ben,' but I'm only a nipper alongside this fellow," quoth Mr. Caunt. "If he wants the championship so bad, he can have it without any fight, for all of me!"

Nevertheless, Caunt, who was something of a showman in his way, saw where there was money to be made by taking Freeman abroad. There were no opponents to be found for the lad at home, so he agreed to Ben's proposition. Billing the youngster as "American," and himself as "English" champion, Ben made a tour of the British Isles with him, which proved a great financial success.

It was a difficult matter to induce any English pug to meet Freeman, but finally Bill Perry stepped into the breach and met the invader. By adopting the tactics employed by Tug Wilson in the latter's memorable engagement with John L. Sullivan, the challenger managed to stay seventy rounds with Freeman, the battle ending when it was too dark for the men to see each other. Perry fell repeatedly without being hit, but the referee refused to give the fight to the visitor, as he should have done, according to the rules.

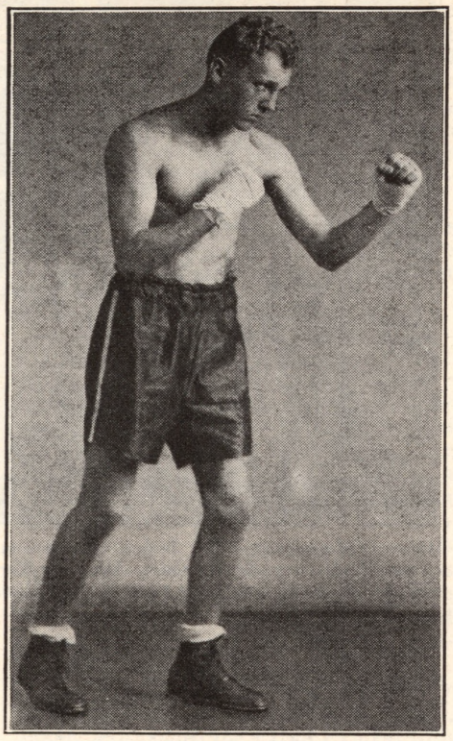
In a second meeting Freeman gave his opponent a terrific beating and Perry was finally disqualified for dropping without having received a blow, in the thirty-seventh round. The Michigan youth did not live long to enjoy his well-won honors and never figured in a public contest after defeating Perry. He fell a victim to consumption, and died in 1845.

What makes Freeman's exploit in whipping Perry all the more extraordinary is that the lad had never before taken part in a genuine ring battle. The fact remains that he was entitled to the belt and all the laurels that went with it, when Caunt refused to meet him. Had he attained his rights, America would not have been compelled to wait until the days of John L. Sullivan to boast of the possession of the world's heavyweight championship.

* * *

IN Warsaw, Poland, at the present time, there lurks an athlete by the name of Leon Gabrowski, who, save for lacking half an inch in height, corresponds in every other particular to the majestic proportions of Freeman. Gabrowski stands seven feet two and a half inches, and is a wrestler of considerable promise.

Leon See, the original manager of Primo Carnera, conceived the notion of turning the immense Pole into a mitt-man, and made overtures to manage him in that capacity.



Al Hostak, a classy young welterweight from Seattle. Biddy Bishop thinks well of Al as a prospect.

But Gabrowski's present pilot demanded $10,000 for his protégé's release, and the deal fell through.

Perhaps some American manager may yet see fit to reach across the seas, pluck Mr. Gabrowski from his present humble environment, and bill him as a menace to champion Max Baer and the contenders for that gentleman's title. Or maybe Jack Curley will decide, metaphorically speaking, to tuck the Polish monster under his protecting wing, with a view toward loosing him at Jim Londos.

From the strictly commercial viewpoint, it seems sad to think of such an Alpine mass of bone and sinew remaining practically under cover for the lack of showmanship ballyhoo, such as makes scrappers and mat-grapplers bloom their brightest in the United States.

Rasslers and Their Mileage

(*Continued from page 32*)

all that goes to make up the spectacular side of the game! Dean was just an ordinary mortal at the time, just a good, tough kid you could toss in with anybody and be sure of a good contest. But he didn't know much wrestling then and apparently hasn't learned a heluva lot since.

"But he has grown a luxurious set of whiskers and despite what they say about the coat not making the man, the whiskers in this case surely have done a lot for my boyhood pal. He has packed this arena tonight and nobody else around here has been able to do that little trick.

"Far as I know, Frank came from the East Side of New York, that district that produced many a great performer in every line, many a brilliant mind—in fact, their names are legion and never to be forgotten. He was then called Soldier Leavitt—and a pretty tough lad. My impression, merely, but who cares? That is what P. T. Barnum said, and wasn't he right? If he's a hillbilly *now*, what's the difference? It's not for you or me to digest the psychology of such a thing. And while on that subject, what in hell brought you here tonight?"

* * *

THAT being unanswerable, except for me to say that consuming curiosity about the fate of that faceful of the finest set of brown whiskers I've seen outside of a sideshow in years and years, was what compelled me to leave my own fireside, and a few shots of whiskey neat, we passed on to other, but less interesting, subjects. My mind was still full of whiskery thoughts.

Incidentally, a merciful referee gave Dean the first fall on a foul and that suggested another line of thought. In all the years of my experience, and they have been plenty, I never knew of occasions wherein a man could commit a foul and be allowed to return to the game the same evening. When father was a boy, a foul wiped you out for that night's fun, unless it was in a baseball game where fouls are almost limitless. But now a man can foul as he pleases and the only penalty, apparently, is the loss of a single fall. For the second and concluding fall, Dean simply fell on the hapless Cantonwine and made a smeary mess of him.

And who am I, on second thought, to say them nay?

At any rate, Dean won and was able to leave the arena under his own tremendous power. His automobile has a Georgia license front and back, so that's carrying out the illusion effectively. Vast backdoor throngs waited to see the bewhiskered one leave the scene of his triumph and, much to Stevens' and my own joy, we found that after dusting himself off, the mountainous one already had his lightning rods sighted toward the vast wrestling heavens, and was awaiting another promotional offer for the following week.

Incidentally again, both Ed Strangler Lewis and Wladek Zbyszko should sue Howard Cantonwine for infringement of his copyrighted style of working in the ring. Howard is Ed Lewis all over again in almost every little mannerism he assumes in the ring, and when he scores a telling point on an opponent and raises himself on his toes and swells a luxuriously ample chest to its fullest, you'd think absolutely that you were looking at Wladek in his palmy days.

But what a wonderful game it is!

A Gift worth while!

Why not make him happy on his birthday with a one year's subscription to the world's greatest boxing and wrestling magazine—

"The Ring"

$2.50 in U. S.— $3.25 in Canada and $4.00 in all other countries.

THE GIFT THAT IS APPRECIATED

Foster-McLarnin, Inc.

(*Continued from page 22*)

chanced to be. Pop was never a shrinking violet of modesty when it came to discussing his boy, and no blame to him. For unlike most of the pestilent managerial brotherhood, he had something worth discussing in the person of his sturdy Celtic battler.

* * *

McLARNIN had his first taste of newspaper fame when he beat Frankie Grandetta, who was a big Oakland favorite, and also demolished Jockey Joe Dillon. The lad was improving with every battle, so much so, indeed, that Pop did not hesitate to match him with Fidel La Barba, who a couple of years later, defeated Frankie Genaro for the world's flyweight championship. La Barba lost, but held Jimmy even in a second essay.

At the close of McLarnin's first professional year, he met and got a fifty-fifty break with that experienced and classy fighter, Memphis Pal Moore, in four rounds. The fans were fussing a lot over Jimmy's boxing skill by this time, but they were soon due to discover that there was more to him than mere cleverness. For in 1925, he electrified the coast experts by knocking out Jackie Fields in two frames.

For the third time he crossed arms with La Barba in a ten-round joust, and this time won by a large margin of points. Six-round victories over Teddy Silva, Young Farrell and Spec Ramies followed. By this time Pop was confident that his boy had "enough on the ball" to travel with the best of them, and made no bones about sending him against the then holder of the world's 112-pound title, the late Pancho Villa.

But there was a string to this battle, for Villa would not risk his title honors against the spectacular kid, and Jimmy had to agree to scale in over 115 pounds. McLarnin came in at 117½ and was declared winner. This was the first real-money break for the firm, for Pop and his protégé found themselves six grand the richer for his exertions. Villa died shortly after from a jaw infection caused by an ulcerated tooth and aggravated by the beating he received.

Jimmy won on a foul from Bud Taylor, and later dropped two decisions to Bud, who afterwards became one of the world's greatest bantam champs. McLarnin never got a chance to even matters up with Taylor, for he was growing fast, and was obliged to campaign in the feather division.

Johnny Farr was awarded a much-disputed point decision over him, which was roundly roasted by the newspapers. Jimmy also lost a verdict to Doc Snell, but it was generally admitted that McLarnin was a pretty sick lad on the latter occasion.

* * *

AT all events, these temporary reverses did not discourage either pilot or fighter. Pop was familiar with the ups-and-downs of the game, such as the best scrappers must sometimes encounter, and so long as Pop was satisfied, Jimmy accepted the situation placidly. His last battle as a featherweight resulted in a ten-round victory over Joe Glick, at Vernon.

Mrs. McLarnin and her brood of thirteen. A happy family, the McLarnin clan. Top row—(left to right) Robert, Minnie, Margaret, Sammy, Mrs. McLarnin, Jimmy and Violet. Bottom row (left to right) William, Harold, Katherine, Ethel, Mildred, Mary and Olive.

Practically, McLarnin had cleaned up everything in sight around the Coast. There was a temporary dearth of fitting opponents, and Pop jumped eagerly at the opportunity of pitting Jimmy against Kid Kaplan in Chicago. The Windy City represented the farthest point Jimmy had strayed from his new California home in three years. His fame had gone ahead of him and the Chi sports gathered in force to witness what promised to be a red-hot mill, for Kaplan of Connecticut was a whirlwind fighter who neither asked nor gave quarter, once the bell called him to action.

They were not disappointed. Jimmy scaled 135½ for the encounter, and in an early session, he experienced the unusual sensation of finding himself twice on the floor under the impact of the Kid's vicious punches. But McLarnin got up fighting mad and went in for revenge. He achieved it in the eighth frame, when he rocked Kaplan silly with triphammer rights on the chin, and stopped him dead in his tracks. The payoff for Jimmy was $4,000, and the next battleground Detroit, where he beat Billy Wallace for twice the amount garnered in Chicago.

McLarnin's New York début occurred in 1928, when he was matched with Sid Terris, then a crack local lightweight whom Benny Leonard believed to be the coming king of the 135-pounders. Eighteen thousand people witnessed that scrap in Madison Square Garden. In exactly one minute and forty-seven seconds after the first bell sounded the baby-faced invader countered a light left hook and whipped over a terrific short right cross to the jaw that flattened Terris for the full count.

It was an amazing performance, and the East concluded that Jimmy was the most convincing puncher of his weight seen in that section of the country since Terry McGovern was knocking 'em dead on all sides. A match with Lightweight Champion Sammy Mandell for the title was a foregone conclusion, and this took place in New York the same year.

Meanwhile, Jimmy had continued to grow, and making 135 pounds was no longer an easy task for him. He did it, but the strain told on him. He was a bit off-color in consequence and unable to maintain the fast pace set by Mandell, with the result that the lightweight champ won a fifteen-round point decision and retained his honors. This was on May 21, 1928. A month later McLarnin hung the kayo on Phil McGraw in less than one round, and in the following August handed Stanislaus Loayza a similar dose in the fourth.

A streak of hard luck cost Jimmy the decision in a bout with Ray Miller, the celebrated left-hook artist at Chicago. Miller's sharp, down-flashing left split his opponent's eyebrow, which bled so freely that the referee called a halt and awarded the verdict to Miller in the eighth frame, despite Jimmy's heated objections, and Ray was duly honored in the record books with a technical knockout to his credit.

Six weeks after the Miller incident, McLarnin got into harness again and whipped Joe Glick in a ten-rounder. In a second meeting, he showed that his kayo wallop was still in working order by outing Glick before they had traveled two rounds. There was a natural demand for a return match with Miller, which was made and staged by Madison Square Garden on March 22, 1929.

Miller possessed a national rep as a deadly left-hook-kayo dispenser, and everyone knew what dynamite lurked in the McLarnin right cross. The Gotham fans were wild to lamp the only man who had stopped McLarnin, and also expected to see a Kilkenny cat sort of scrap that would surely end with one of the contestants in a dying gladiator pose.

What really happened was that McLarnin's right cancelled the efficiency of Miller's left, and Miller's left performed a similar kindly office for Jimmy's devastating right. Neither would take a chance by opening up. The result was a bout singularly lacking in thrills, considering that each man possessed a punch which would floor a heavyweight, if it landed properly. It was too cautious an exhibition to be popular with ring patrons, and though Jimmy won fairly enough, on points, not even his most enthusiastic admirers were disposed to be enthusiastic over his victory.

But he struck his stride again on October 9, when rough, tough Sammy Baker went

out before him in half a round, and on November 4, he took sweet vengeance on Sammy Mandell by trouncing the latter in a non-titular ten-rounder. Not having to scale at 135 for the lightweight champ, made a big difference in McLarnin's strength, a salient fact Mandell failed to take into consideration when he made the match. Still unconvinced of the Celt's superiority, Sammy tried it out again a couple of months later, and was battered worse than the first time, the decision going to Jimmy in ten rounds.

* * *

IN between the Mandell bouts, McLarnin treated New York to another taste of his kayo quality by bumping Ruby Goldstein into oblivion before the bell rang for the conclusion of round two. Goldstein, like Terris, was an East Side product, a flashy, spectacular boxer of remarkable punching power. Again like Terris, he had won the solid approval of Benny Leonard, who was jubilantly certain that Ruby would succeed where Sid failed. Much to the disgust of the veteran ex-lightweight champ, however, Ruby pushed the Terris resemblance to the point of going out like a puffed candle when Jimmy cracked him on the chin.

After defeating the clever colored lad, Young Jack Thompson, at the Garden, McLarnin was challenged by Al Singer and accepted. Singer was then lightweight champion, having scored a lightning first-round kayo over Sammy Mandell, who paid the penalty of making a weight he had outgrown by entering the ring in a weakened condition.

Young Al was another East Side prodigy, or at least, so thought Benny Leonard, the indefatigable discoverer of "hopes" to whip McLarnin, who uncorked a new bottle of enthusiasm of the same brand he had lavished on Terris and Goldstein, and invited the newspaper scribes to share the same. For the most part they did, and Singer was boosted by fervid writeups, until it was probable that his notion that he could lick McLarnin became an iron-cased, petrified belief by the time they faced each other in the ring.

Well, it's an old and sad story, mates, this bouncing of Al Singer off the arena floor, after the fashion of an animated rubber ball, by the busy McLarnin mitts, until, after one final and magnificent bounce in round three, he collapsed like a squashed sphere, and bounced no more. It was a particularly irritating episode, so far as Mr. Leonard was concerned, for no man likes to see his predictions go skew-gee repeatedly, and it was beginning to appear as though a Leonard blessing for a McLarnin opponent was really the equivalent to putting an eighteen-karat curse on the poor wretch. It is rumored that there and then was born Benny's idea of taking up McLarnin's case personally—but that's getting a trifle ahead of our yarn.

* * *

HOWEVER, what Messrs Terris, Goldstein, Singer, et al., tried in vain to do, Billy Petrolle came within an ace of accomplishing on a certain night at the Garden the following November. The hard-bitten Fargo Express got home early in the bout with a jaw-punch. He had Jimmy on the canvas once, and slugged him from rope to rope with the Celt weak, groggy, but always fighting back, while the walls of the Garden vibrated to the excited yells of the spectators. Ask any boxer who has ever tangled with Billy Petrolle what sort of a puncher the Fargo Express is, and you'll learn that a Petrolle wallop leaves a dent whenever and wherever it lands.

How McLarnin stood up under Petrolle's hurricane rights and lefts in that battle mystified every patron who watched that Homeric combat.

* * *

OF course a second meeting was in order, and no ring enthusiast in New York who could scrape up the admission price was likely to miss it. This time there was a far different story to tell. It is a matter of record that the worst beating Gene Tunney ever took was from Harry Greb. But like all great ring generals Tunney knew how to profit by a disastrous experience. In his subsequent meetings with Greb, he turned his knowledge to such good account that Harry was completely outclassed on each occasion.

In like fashion, McLarnin benefited by his misfortune. In the second encounter, Jimmy left-handed the Fargo Express with deadly precision and took a ten-round decision by a large margin of points.

Petrolle demanded a third trial, and the ten-round rubber contest took place at the Yankee Stadium on August 20, 1931. Prior to the fray the newspapers quoted Petrolle as saying that he could whip McLarnin, if the latter would fight fair.

McLarnin answered the attack on his style and his courage in a manner that left no doubt about his feeling in the matter. He won eight of the ten rounds.

At times when it appeared that one good wallop might put his man away, McLarnin deliberately backed up to give Petrolle an opportunity to come to, and then, with studied viciousness he battered the face of the Fargo Express until he had one eye almost closed and the nose and mouth bleeding. There was an element of revenge in his attack; he was out to prove to the world he was neither a coward nor foul fighter. Toe to toe, punch for punch, he slugged away to show that he could hit the harder and possessed as much grit as Billy. Petrolle was beaten, but not disgraced, and like McLarnin in their first affair, received as much applause as the victor.

* * *

ON August 4, 1932, McLarnin lost a ten-round decision to Lou Brouillard, the tough southpaw who has since developed into a light-heavyweight contender. Brouillard's great strength, his puzzling unorthodox methods and McLarnin's absence of a year, save for a few weeks, from active ring service, accounted for Jimmy's failure to come through in his usual brilliant style.

Looking back over McLarnin's record, you may notice how apt he was at turning the tables on men who previously defeated him, as in the instances of Sammy Mandell, Ray Miller and Petrolle. Whether he could have beaten Brouillard in a second essay is a problem never to be solved, as the southpaw outgrew the welter division rapidly, and another match was out of the question.

McLarnin's success in obtaining mastery over Jewish boxers, as evidenced in his quick knockouts of Terris, Goldstein and Singer, led to the growth of a legend that he was an invincible hoodoo so far as the Hebrew knights of the glove were concerned. Benny Leonard, who had staged a comeback as a welter, and beaten several men of fair caliber, believed he could win where the younger ones had failed, and was matched with Jimmy at the Garden.

Before arrangements for the bout had been concluded, Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, commented as follows:

"They are talking about matching Leonard with McLarnin . . . . it would result in a certain victory for McLarnin and the knockout of Leonard . . . . the Leonard of old would make a great match, but not the retired title-holder who has been on the shelf for seven years."

Mr. Fleischer prophesied correctly. The match should never have been made. It drew a big gate, as might be expected, for all the old-timers turned out to see Leonard perform and McLarnin was a sure draw anywhere in New York. Here and there Leonard showed a flash of his former brilliancy, but there was never a doubt as to the outcome, and it was a relief to all present when the referee stopped the unequal contest in the seventh round and proclaimed McLarnin winner.

* * *

AFTER the Leonard affair Sammy Fuller fell a victim to McLarnin in eight frames. It was on May 29, 1933, that the pride of the Celts realized his life's ambition by knocking out Young Corbett III on the Coast in less than a round, and winning the title of world's welterweight champion. There was something of the revenge element which characterized Jimmy's second victory over Petrolle in the Corbett battle.

For Pop, now that his boy was safely in the big money, insisted on Jimmy's being paid what Pop considered he was worth.

* * *

JIMMY rested on his laurels for a year, and on May 28, 1934, lost a close decision to Lightweight Champion Barney Ross, and with it, the title. The long layoff had left McLarnin a trifle rusty, whereas his virile, clever opponent was in the razor-edged shape that comes of constant battling. Yet the fight itself was probably the important factor that enabled McLarnin to reverse the verdict in their second meeting, and regain his cherished title. He was a much improved boxer, as compared with the first affair, when his judgment of distance seemed poor, and, moreover, he had learned a great deal about Barney's tactics; a knowledge which served him well, as it had against other scrappers in the past who had taken the duke over him.

Of course, Ross and McLarnin will try it out for the third time, in the future, and how the fans will flock to see them! But win or lose, the firm of Pop Foster and Jimmy McLarnin will be sitting pretty. For it isn't only hollow fame the welter king has won. Glory is all very well in its way, but a whole lot better with a plethoric bank account in the background, and, thanks be, the financial standing of the deserving pair is gilt-edged and solid as the Rock of Cashel.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Marvin Slavin, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—Was Peter Maher ever heavyweight champion? Did he have Bob Fitzsimmons down when they fought?

A.—No, he was only the Irish heavyweight king. He was beaten twice by Fitz. Never knocked Fitz down. Fitz had him down, but K.O.'ed him in one round in 1896.

James McCullough, Manchester, Eng.

Q.—Did Jackie Kid Berg ever hold a championship in America?

A.—Yes, the junior-welterweight title.

Maye Harkness, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How many pounds does a British stone weigh? I refer to the stories in British newspapers saying that a fighter or wrestler weighed in at so many stones.

A.—A stone is fourteen pounds. If a fighter weighs 13 stones, he scales 182 pounds.

Margaret Simmons, Kansas City, Kansas

Q.—I have tried the exercises you prescribed for developing shapely hips and have, thanks to you, acquired what I wanted. But, in doing your exercises daily, I developed also a very large bust. How can I reduce that and at the same time not lose what I have gained in the hips?

A.—Bending exercises, backwards, forwards, sideways, will help. They will keep the hip development and reduce the bust. Try also quick twisting exercises.

Allie Simons, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Do you agree with Biddy Bishop that John L. Sullivan was the first world heavyweight champion?

A.—No. He was never more than the American heavyweight champion. When Corbett beat him, he won only the American title. Much has been written on this subject, hence I won't go into further details. That topic will be a subject for keen dispute just so long as boxing exists.

Tommy Slawson, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Kindly tell me what has become of the Zulu Kid, former world flyweight champion?

A.—He is living in Brooklyn. He recently took the part of a butler in a movie which featured Dizzy and Daffy Dean.

Harry Feldman, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—What fighter was called the Michigan Assassin?

A.—Stanley Ketchel.

Abie Goldman, New York City.

Q.—Was Georgie Nichols ever a world champion? Where was he born?

A.—No, George was once called the light-heavyweight king by the National Boxing Association but that recognition did not go very far. He was born in Sandusky, Ohio, July 9, 1908.

Frank Harlan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was John L. Sullivan a Bostonian? Where was he born and when?

A.—Yes, he was born at Boston, Mass., October 5, 1858.

Richard Samuels, Cambridge, Mass.

Q.—What is the nationality of Eddie Ran? Is he an Austrian or a Pole? Was Stanley Ketchel a Pole? What other boxers of note in recent years were Poles?

A.—A Polish-born fighter. Ketchel was a Pole. Leo Lomski and Teddy Yarosz.

Marcel Thoreau, Quebec, Canada

Q.—What fighter stopped Benny Leonard? When?

A.—Joe Shugrue in four rounds in 1912; Frankie Fleming in five rounds in 1913, and in 1932 Jimmy McLarnin halted Benny in his comeback in the seventh round.

R. G. Walling, Ceylon, India

Q.—May I answer some of the readers of our publication who have selected an all-time champions' list? I want to submit mine and hope you'll tell me in your "Questions and Answers" page what you think of my choice.

Heavyweights—John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson, James J. Corbett.

Light-heavyweights—Bob Fitzsimmons, Charley Mitchel, Joe Choynski.

Middleweights—Harry Greb, Stanley Ketchel, Georges Carpentier.

Welterweights—Kid McCoy, Joe Walcott, Tommy Ryan.

Lightweights—Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, Billy Edwards.

Featherweights—Young Griffo, Terry McGovern, Young Corbett.

Bantamweights—George Dixon, Abe Attell, Jimmy Barry.

Flyweights—Jimmy Wilde, Jimmy Barry, Pancho Villa.

I am an old-timer, being now in my eighty-sixth year and I saw practically every one of the men mentioned here. I lived in England, Ireland, and at times in the United States, but have spent the last twenty-six years of my life here. More power to your grand publication. It brings me back to the good old days. How I'd hate to miss it. You deserve a world of success for the splendid work you are carrying on in preserving fistic records.

A.—Thanks, first for your boost. I appreciate it. Perhaps if I had more of your type reading our book, I wouldn't be so close to the pauper class. I might then get the proper support of those in the game who are benefited most—who might now and then contribute a dollar advertisement to help a good cause. My task has been wholly a one-man task, without the semblance of advertising aid from those in boxing and wrestling who should be first to support this publication. You brought this off my chest, pal, by your letter.

Now for my answer to your query—your list is good, but I think it can be greatly improved upon. There are names you have omitted which I think belong right on top and others you have listed, who, I think, don't belong. However, I'll let our readers write to me and give me their opinion on the greatest boxers of modern times—three to each class. Let's see their choice.

Mario Colina Barranco, Mexico City

Q.—If a world champion fights a challenger in his own class but in a non-titular fight and he loses, will he lose his title?

A.—Yes, if his opponent scales within the class limit. For example if the men are welterweights and an agreement is made for a non-titular fight at 152 pounds, and the champion comes in at 150 and the challenger at 146, the challenger will win the title if the champion loses the fight. It is up to the champion to protect himself in such a case by his refusal to fight as the challenger has failed to live up to the articles of agreement. But if he takes the chance, that is the champ's funeral.

Q.—I am training a boxer. Please tell me what are the best books I can use.

A.—Get "Training for Boxers," "How to Box" and "How to Second a Boxer."

Q.—How can I obtain a copy of the New York Boxing rules?

A.—Write for one to Bert Stand, New York Athletic Commission, Center Street, New York City.

Johnny Harlan, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—Who were the five heavyweight champions preceding Schmeling?

A.—Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns.

Q.—Who was the boxing commissioner of Connecticut when Schmeling was the champion?

A.—Tommy Donahue.

Q.—When and where was the Carpentier-Dempsey fight staged and what round did the K.O. take place?

A.—At Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, July 2, 1921. Dempsey won by a knockout in the fourth round.

Q.—In what round did Dempsey beat Willard?

A.—Willard failed to come out of his corner in the fourth round, after the bell had sounded. The bout therefore goes into the record as a four-round knockout. You can read all about the reasons for this decision in my book, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana."

Q.—Was Charley Harvey ever a member of the New York Boxing Commission?

A.—Yes, under the Frawley Law, Harvey was the secretary, and if my opinion is worth anything, the whole works for a stretch of four years, and a mighty fine, intelligent official. There were no phony decisions when he was in charge.

Anne Petrone, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Who were the champions furnished by the state of Connecticut?

A.—Jack Delaney, former world's light heavyweight champion; Kid Kaplan, featherweight, and Bat Battalino. Some declare that Lou Brouillard also belonged to Connecticut, because he was born there. Lou, however, has lived most of his life in Worcester, Mass., though born at Danielson, Conn.

Thomas Hussane, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Was Joe Humphreys ever manager of Terry McGovern or only his trainer?

A.—Joe helped train Terry for many years and was his pal at all his training camps. Later he became advisor to Sam Harris, manager of Terry, and when Sam gave up the managerial reins, Humphreys became the last manager of McGovern.

Margaret Kennedy, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Did Gene Tunney get more money than Dempsey for their fight in Chicago or did they work on an even basis?

A.—No, Margaret, Gene was the champion and a very shrewd one, at that. He insisted on the lion's share and got it. He collected $990,445, while Dempsey got $437,500. You will find all of this thoroughly covered in my book, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring!"

Harry Gold, London, England.

Q.—How many persons saw the Berg-Chocolate fight and how much did Berg get for his share?

A.—34,641 paid admissions and 3,719 complimentaries. The net receipts were $152,377.18, of which each received an equal share—$38,094.29.

Louis Lewis, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Did the Lasky-Levinsky bout in Chicago recently outdraw the bout between Hamas and Lasky in the Garden of New York?

A.—The Garden bout drew an attendance of 12,524 for net receipts of $39,761.34. The bout in Chicago drew 13,872 fans for a net of $30,570.75.

A Reader, Knoxville, Tenn.

Q.—I am 17 years old and weigh 136 pounds. If I weighed 200 pounds, would I make a good fighter? Will dumb-bell exercises help me to reach the 200-pound mark?

A.—You will not weigh 200 at maturity. Probably about 160. Dumb-bell exercises won't help. Only an abundance of starchy foods will increase weight rapidly, but that won't do you any good. It will be an abnormal weight gain. As for your boxing, that depends on how good you are now.

H. H. Kramer, Observatory, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Q.—How do you rate the best heavyweights since John L. Sullivan's time? Also the wrestlers since Gotch?

A.—Matter of opinion. Your opinion is as good as any. As for me, I pick Fitzsimmons, Johnson, Sullivan, Jeffries, Corbett, Dempsey.

The wrestlers—Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Lewis, Stanislaus Zbyszko and Joe Stecher.

Q.—Why not give us more news about South Africa?

A.—We would like to, but space is limited and we must carry most of our news from places where we have the greatest number of readers.

R. Homis, Long Island, N. Y.

Q.—Was Mel Coogan a good fighter? How many fights did he have? Who was the better club fighter, he or Hans Mueller? I am twenty-three years old. Is it too late for me to take up boxing?

A.—Mel Coogan was a splendid fighter. He engaged in more than one hundred battles, including stirring mills with Joe Welling, Charley White, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee and Lew Tendler.

He was a better club fighter. You are not too old. Get my books or my special Universal Boxing course.

Jack Morgan

Q.—I wrote to you several weeks ago and you didn't have the courtesy to answer. That's no way to treat your readers. How are cauliflower ears obtained? I am 155 pounds and twenty years old. What should my waist be and biceps? Can cauliflower ears be cured? Will near-sightedness affect one in boxing or wrestling? If you don't send me an immediate answer, I'll never read THE RING again.

A.—First let me tell you that you are not the only person whose queries I am asked to answer. For your information may I here say that I get about two thousand letters a month, many of which I answer by mail, others, in these columns, and others, I toss into the waste basket because I can't decipher the writing. I have figured that I spend about three hours a day doing nothing but answering letters and yours was among the batch sent out from my office but returned with the comment, "Address unknown." Sorry you feel that way about me but for every displeased person, I receive one hundred letters of praise from those who are grateful.

Your waist should be 31 and your biceps 13 to 14. Cauliflower ears are caused in boxing by smashes against the cartilage which when broken, swells the inner lobe. Once broken, there is no cure for cauliflower ears. It remains as a badge of the profession. In wrestling it comes from constant rubbing against the mat.

Near-sightedness will affect you as a boxer but not as a wrestler.

N. L. De Saules, Westbury, L. I.

Q.—What are Jim Browning's measurements?

A.—Height, 6 feet; reach, 74 inches; neck, 18 inches; chest, normal, 46; chest, expanded, 49; waist, 36; biceps, 16½; forearm, 14½; wrist, 10; thigh, 27; calf, 19; ankle, 11½.

Q.—How can you say, as you have, that when a fellow is 5 feet 11 inches and only measures 36 inches around the chest, and has a measurement of 11½ inches in biceps and only 7½ inches around the calf, that he is well built?

A.—You are correct. If I made that statement, I'm wrong, and probably didn't notice the measurement properly. So far as the chest is concerned, there is nothing so wrong with that, although it should be 38 for a lad of 5 feet 11. Ross has a 36½ and McLarnin only 36. But the biceps for a boy of that height should be at least 12 inches and the calf should be at least 12 to 12½. I'm sure there must be an error in the mentioning of a 7½ calf. That would make the boy a freak, fit for the Barnum circus.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 40)

of most of the difficult holds by chest expansion.

* * *

BILL HAWKINS, Iowa correspondent, sends in the following news:

Wrestling is still going good out in this section, and drawing some pretty good crowds. A few of the results for the month are as follows:

Dubuque, Ia.—Bad Boy Brown won over Tom Hadjick in two falls. The big mix-up of the evening took place when irate fans chased Mike London out of the ring. The fans did not like the way he mussed up Fred Kohler. George Dusette and Stanley Buersh went to a draw. Joe Zehenter and Bunny Martin also drew.

Sioux City, Ia.—Pat M'Gill won over Jack Patterson in a match filled with plenty of blood. Jack Vincent overcame Victor Soldat; Mike Brendel slammed Whitey Grovo down and out; Jack Odell and Dutch Heffner drew.

Des Moines, Ia.—Joe Cox threw Joe Dusek in straight falls. Dusek tossed the referee out of the ring repeatedly. Cox also slugged at Dusek and the referee, which, in short, made it a very bad night for referees. Frank Speers pinned Jimmy Coffield; Darna Osterpavich threw Tony Catalino; Johnny Plummer drew with Joe Hubka.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Mike Brendel won two falls from Dutch Hefner; Steve Savage and Jack Vincent went to a draw, Doc Vic Muhl and Al Sparks also drew.

Des Moines, Ia.—Frank Speers threw Darna Osterpavich, two out of three falls. Jimmy Coffield threw Ben Baas; Barney Cosneck threw Harry Kahoe; Mike Naxarian threw Baron Von Buessing.

* * *

OUR Houston, Texas, correspondent, Bettie Hardiman, sends us the following "Dixie Doin's"—The Paul Jones versus Orville Brown match produced many thrills. Orville and Paul had been capering about the ring for two falls, both being little gentlemen and splitting the victories, when Paul suddenly remembered a 10:30 date and did his coy little adagio dance across the ring landing atop Orville in a hook-scissors (Paul's extra special hold) and then gently relaxed to receive the acclaims of "his public" while he flipped Orville nonchalantly hither and yon . . . . But Orville is a man of ideas. While Paul, smug in his victory, waited for the end to come peacefully, Orville ups and yanks Paul's shoulders and pushes them over the goal line for a touchdown! Was Paul's face red when he noticed the ceiling of the Auditorium looking down at him! . . . . Art Shires, cute little baseball star, refereed.

Doc Sarpolis, good-lookin' medico-wrestler, who has had all the Dixie femmes throwing away apples because of the old adage, "An apple a day, keeps the doctor away," has a rival in handsome little Leo Numa, he of the pink and white complexion and curly blonde (oh!) hair, who is readily capturing the soprano fans' hearts. . . . . Billy Edwards' "chiropractic headlock," the hold that tickles the nerves, is causing quite an uproar. Last month a prominent Portland, Ore., physician sent out a circular letter to the National Wrestling Association and all State Athletic Commissions trying to ban the hold in all states. He succeeded in getting it ruled out in Oregon but only for a while, for Billy appealed to the N. W. A. and they reinstated it. The doctor stated that the hold injured the victim's optic nerve.

* * *

AND here are "Dixie Doin's," as reported by Bernice Sandboe from Texas:

Down heah in Dixieland, in the absence of Chief Chewchki or Karl Davis, Pete Schuh and Pat Reilly take turns sitting on the roughhouse champion's throne. The other night, Morris Sigel, Houston's genial little promoter, tossed both the boys in the ring and told 'em to fight it out. However, wrestlers are closely related to actors and Pat Reilly immediately sensed that there was no drama in two people being rough at the same time, so he suddenly turned meek and permitted Pete to toss him about with reckless abandon. It turned the trick, too, for the crowd was simply panting with excitement, loudly cheering for poor lil' Pat and hissing Pete, the sneering, sinister menace.

Of course it was hard for Pat to refrain from his natural mode of wrestling and he often had to stop himself with a fist poised mid-air. Too, he seemed a little dazed and bewildered by the cheering of the crowd, but despite these handicaps he carried on nobly.

It took eighteen minutes to gain the first two falls. Schuh took the first with a series of headlocks and Pat the second with an alligator clutch. In the last fall, Pat was behaving like a little lamb when Pete got his deadly headlocks on again and, before you knew it, the referee was patting Schuh's shoulders. It was then and there Reilly decided there was no percentage in this sissy business and began making up for lost time. The outcome was—the referee staggering out with a badly cut eye and Schuh looking muchly subdued. However, the verdict stood, and Pat was left with only regrets and a firm vow never again to desert the bounds of roughhouse rasslin.'

Lieutenant Johnny Murrel was the unfortunate third man in the ring.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 37)

winning match after match against some of the best boys in the game.

He is a whirlwind in action. From the tap of the gong he has the killer instinct which sends him after his opponents with terrific speed and agility. He has won his matches in record time, showing a brand of flying tackles which leaves his opponents winded and pinned before they know what has happened. There is no telling how far this young man will go.

Dave is only twenty-two years old. He is built like an Apollo and is powerful.

Jackie "Dynamite" Brown, the Western Tornado

IT is not often that a wrestler gets his start on the baseball field, but that is the distinction enjoyed by Jackie "Dynamite" Brown, light-heavyweight from the West. Brown might never have become a wrestler if the semi-pro team on which he played first base had not got a booking to play in Honolulu. Jackie made the team and sailed for the beautiful Pacific playground. There he met Freddie Breede, wrestling coach for a team of amateurs who also happened to be visiting the Islands. It did not take long for Breede to recognize in Brown a natural born matman, nor did it take much longer for Breede to convince Brown that wrestling was his vocation. At first Brown wrestled as an amateur and later deserted the diamond for the mat.

Jackie's success in wrestling was assumed from the start. His brand of milling made a hit with the fans and in a few months he became one of the most popular light-heavyweight grapplers on the Pacific Coast and the Middle West. His reputation preceded him in the East and after some negotiations, he accepted an offer to show in New York and compete with the top-notchers of his division.

Brown is a gifted all-round athlete. Besides being a wrestler, baseball player and weight lifter, he is also an excellent basketball player and a golfer of no mean ability. True he is no Bobby Jones with the sticks but he plays around the seventies and that is no easy achievement.

The westerner has that "color" which is so necessary an asset to any athlete. On the mat he is colorful, tough and "dynamite" as his sobriquet implies, and furnishes action that packs the fans in.

Boxers Grouped

(Continued from page 13)

(Group 4)

Baby Quintana, Panama; Joe Tei Ken, Japan; Henry Moreno, New Orleans, La.; Mickey Miller, Australia; Dick Corbett, England; Johnny King, England; Pete Sanstol, Norway; Lew Farber, New York City; Bobby Leitham, Montreal, Canada.

(Group 5)

Ross Fields, Weirton, W. Va.; Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, La.; Henry Hooks, Indianapolis, Ind.; Decico, France; Petit Biquet, Belgium; Nat Litfin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eugene Huat, France; Young Perez, France; Frankie Martin, Montreal, Canada; Babe Triscaro, Cleveland, Ohio; Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Ala.; Lefty Gwynne, Toronto, Canada; Emile Pladner, France; Tony Marino, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Joe Fryou, New Orleans, La.; Joey Palmo, Cincinnati, Ohio; Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg, Canada; Nipper Hampston, England; Jim Maharg, England; Billy Miller, England; Frankie Costillo, New Orleans, La.; Gordon Green, Memphis, Tenn.; Joe Saille, New Orleans, La.; Lennie Cohen, Chicago, Ill.

Flyweight Division

(Group 1)

1—Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia, Pa.
2—Jackie Brown, England.
3—Benny Lynch, Scotland.

(Group 2)

1—Maurice Huguenin, France.
2—Valentin Anglemann, France.
3—Tommy Pardoe, England.
4—Bobby McGhee, England.

(Group 3)

Joe Mendiola, Philippine Islands; Young Siki, England; Tommy Steele, England; Peter Miller, England; Billy Nash, England; Praxille Gyde, France; Phil Milligan, England; Herbie Hill, England; Ellis Ashurst, England; Maurice Filhol, France; Percy Dexter, England; Bert Kirby, England; Pedrito Ruiz, Spain; Jim Campbell, Scotland; Young Santos, Philippine Islands; Little Abayan, Philippine Islands; Small Montana, Philippine Islands.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE year 1934 found boxing going stronger than at any time since Max Baer carried off the world's heavyweight title by trouncing Carnera. Several interesting events were staged during the final month, in addition to which a new champion was crowned in the person of Bob Olin, who won the light-heavyweight crown. Included in the month's best performances were the reappearance in the ring of Max Baer, Primo Carnera and Barney Ross. In Carnera's first appearance since losing the heavyweight title, he looked far from impressive in whipping Vittorio Campolo. Art Lasky and King Levinsky slugged away to a draw, though the consensus favored Lasky as the actual winner. Joe Louis, latest Negro heavyweight threat, scored an upset when he knocked out Charley Massare in three rounds. Maxie Rosenbloom made his initial appearance as a challenger for his recently lost light-heavyweight crown and whipped Al Gainer. Paul Pirrone continued to confound the critics with his amazing work. This time he knocked out Mickey Walker in eleven rounds. Jock McAvoy, British champion, turned in a good piece of work when he kayoed Kid Tunero in seven rounds. Barney Ross made his first appearance since losing the welter title to McLarnin and won over Bobby Pacho. Baer fought a four-round exhibition.

Patsy Perroni kept up his good work by winning from Johnny Risko. Charley Massare, besides losing to Louis, whipped Hans Birkie and was beaten by Al Ettore. Walter Neusel and Len Harvey battled to a draw in England. Abie Feldman scored over Steve Dudas. Adolph Wiater whipped Artie Sykes and kayoed Larry Udell in six rounds.

Obie Walker won from Otto Von Porat in Europe. Tony Galento scored over Bob Tow. Marty Gallagher defeated Ray Impellitiere. Pierre Charles won over Isadoro Gastonaga. Yustin Sirutis disposed of Larry Johnson in three rounds. Babe Hunt kayoed Ray Pelky in one, Jack Rivers in two, and Chick Raines in three sessions. Al Borros whipped Bob Moody. Fred Feary kayoed Hank Hankinson in four rounds. Buck Everett scored over Lew Poster. Frank Simms disposed of Chet Rayner in three rounds. Tony Cancela trimmed Eddie Simms. Tony Souza whipped Jack Kranz. Dick Madden won over Al Minnehan. Billy Jones kayoed Mario Galusso in seven rounds. Big Boy Brackey drew with Young Hippo.

Al Gainer was beaten by Maxey Rosenbloom and Lou Brouillard in the light-heavyweight division. John Henry Lewis disposed of Yale Okun in the third session. Clyde Chastain kayoed Jack Van Noy in the sixth period. Joe Lipps drew with Carl Knowles. Al Stillman disposed of Frankie Wine in eight rounds. Leo Kelley disposed of Walter Kirkwood in five rounds. Dan Hassett whipped Sammy Slaughter. Adolph Heuser kayoed Louis Vauclard in one round.

Paul Pirrone assumes ranking position in the middleweight class with his eleven-round knockout over Mickey Walker and decisive victory over Lew Halper. Halper kayoed Pedro Nieves in seven rounds while Walker won from Tait Littman. Jock McAvoy strengthened his position with a seven-round kayo over Kid Tunero.

Fred Henneberry whipped Ron Richards in Australia. Frank Battaglia kayoed Karl Ogren in six rounds. Red Affinito whipped Christy Lewis. Johnny Rossi whipped Mickey Bottone and stopped Mookey Goldman in four rounds.

Kid Leonard scored over Tony Zale. Alabama Kid kayoed Leo Duncan in five rounds. Henry Firpo won over Billy Ketchell, Johnny Pilc, and lost to Wally Sears. Ketchell disposed of Vincent Troiano in seven rounds. Marty Sampson whipped Anson Green. Jackie Aldare won from Gus Lesnovich.

Bep Van Klaveren's victory over Cerefino Garcia was the high spot of the welterweight division. Harry Dublinsky defeated Tony Falco and drew with Tracey Cox. Eddie Kid Wolfe triumphed over Willard Brown who scored over Vincent Lopez. Werther Arcelli defeated Franklin Smith and Tommy Romano.

Romano won from Eddie Frisco and Mickey Paul. Andy Callahan defeated Jackie Davis. Davis also lost to Joe Rossi but scored two victories over Ray Napolitano. Morrie Sherman whipped Frankie Hughes. Cocoa Kid won over Elmer Bezenah and Petey Mike.

Jimmy Leto scored over Battling Battalino. Izzy Jannasso won from Steve Haliako and Al Casimini. Casimini whipped Andy Muratella. Harry Devine disposed of Eddie Ran in six rounds. Jimmy Gardner kayoed Manuel Quintero in the sixth session. George Salvatore whipped Ritchie Mack and Eddie Flynn. Flynn disposed of Ace King in five rounds. George Gibbs kayoed Bucky Jones in the fifth round. Curtis Mullins won from Tiger Burns. Babe Marino whipped Gaston Le Cadre. Matty Mario defeated Johnny Lucas.

Barney Ross, head of the lightweight crew, whipped Bobby Pacho in an overweight match. Sammy Fuller regained lost prestige in scoring a four-round knockout over Johnny Jadick. Eddie Cool whipped Teddy Loder. Tod Morgan and Jack Portney drew in Australia. Jimmy Stewart kayoed Norman Dale in six rounds and whipped Ralph Lenny. Lenny scored over Buddy Rogers. Benny Bass won over Frankie Wallace. Harry Serody won from Gege Gravante. Al Dunbar was beaten by Johnny Bonito and Charley Bedami. Bedami also whipped Pete Mascia.

Kid Moro won over Joe Ghnouly on the Coast. Leonard Del Genio scored over Roger Bernard. Seaman Watson whipped Harry Brooks. Laurie Stevens defeated Aldo Spaldi in South Africa. Cecil Payne drew with Jimmy McLeod, and whipped Iron Linn and Elmer "Buzz" Brown. Johnny Morro finished Silvestro Matacena in five rounds. George Levy whipped Ernie Ratner and kayoed Johnny Toomey in five rounds.

Fred Miller, king of the featherweights, defeated Cuthbert Taylor, kayoed Johnny Cuthbert in two rounds and won on a foul from Jose Girones in five rounds. Mike Belloise scored over Roger Bernard. Petey Hayes whipped Joe Doherty, while Doherty scored over Jerry Mazza and Mazza bested Johnny Bang. Henry Armstrong disposed of Joe Conde in seven rounds. Merv Blandon defeated Claude Varner in Australia. Johnny Pena disposed of Teddy Silva in three rounds. Maurice Holtzer whipped Francois Machtens. Young Rightmeier defeated Tommy Paul. Pete De Grasse was beaten by Moon Mullins and Eddie Burl but whipped Frankie Covelli. Johnny De Foe whipped Dick Welsh twice and Conrad Conde but was beaten by Abe Wasserman who also whipped Julie Katz. Ginger Foran won over Varias Milling who whipped Al Martens. Benny Sharkey scored over Billy Gannon. Allie Todisco whipped Carl Guggino.

Al Brown, head of the bantams, won from Francois Machtens in an overweight bout. Young Tommy defeated Speedy Dado. Pablo Dano won over Tony Marino. Star Frisco whipped Young Dumaguilas. Baby Quintana scored over Joe Tei Ken. Henry Moreno defeated Dewey Cannon. Johnny King kayoed Phineas John in five rounds. Henry Hooks finished Midget Azteca in the fifth period.

Midget Wolgast, leader of the flyweights, drew with Pablo Dano. Benny Lynch, promising Scotchman, whipped Pedrito Ruiz and kayoed Peter Miller in eight rounds. Maurice Huguenin scored over Valentin Anglemann for the French championship. Bobby McGee whipped Spike Sullivan and kayoed Mickey McGuire in ten rounds. Small Montana won over Augie Curtis.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Rollo Hinton, Australia.
Bantamweight—Victor Vallee, New York City.
Featherweight—Johnny McCrory, Scotland.
Lightweight—Babe Daniels, Minneapolis, Minn.
Welterweight—Andy Jesserun, New York City.
Middleweight—Jack Beech, England.
Light-heavyweight—Tony Celli, Leominster, Mass.
Heavyweight—Norman Barnett, Newark, N. J.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending December 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Steve Hamas	Maxey Rosenbloom	Teddy Yarosz	Kid Azteca
2—Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Paul Pirrone	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Art Lasky	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Harry Dublinsky
4—Max Schmeling	John Henry Lewis	Oscar Rankins	Cerefino Garcia
5—King Levinsky	Lou Brouillard	Carmelo Candel	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Jock McAvoy	Bobby Pacho
7—Jack Peterson	Al Gainer	Vince Dundee	Tony Falco
8—Natie Brown	Johnny Miler	Fred Henneberry	Willard Brown
9—Joe Louis	Fred Lenhart	Freddy Steele	Werther Arcelli
10—Lee Ramage	Al McCoy	Lew Halper	Andy Callahan
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	World's Champion Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Young Tommy	Jackie Brown
3—Young Peter Jackson	Petey Hayes	Pablo Dano	Benny Lynch
4—Sammy Fuller	Nel Tarleton	Louis Salica	Maurice Huguenin
5—Tiger Humery	Petey Sarron	Speedy Dado	Valentin Anglemann
6—Cleto Locatelli	Henry Armstrong	Star Frisco	Joe Mendiola
7—Lew Ambers	Merv Blandon	Baby Quintana	Bobby McGhee
8—Eddie Cool	Johnny Pena	Little Pancho	Young Siki
9—Lew Massey	Jackie Wilson	Henry Moreno	Tommy Pardoe
10—Tracey Cox	Maurice Holtzer	Joe Tei Ken	Phil Milligan

This will interest you!

A complete chart, showing all the champions in every division during the last 40 years of boxing.

Names, where born, nationality, resume of number of bouts fought, how many won, how many lost, how many draws, where and when title was won and lost, how, by whom, and the grand percentage.

Here's something that every fighter, every writer, every dyed-in-the-wool fight fan should have. Compiled by George Hussey, who recently died.

Only a limited number of these charts available. Send 50 cents in postage stamps, cash or money order to Mrs. Mary Hussey, 427 N. Juanita Avenue, Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

Act quickly. You'll cherish your copy.

Seeking Strength?

If you are interested in Body Building and Muscle Building you should obtain

"Super Physique"

Body-Building Bar-Bell Course

By SIEGMUND KLEIN

(One of America's Foremost Weight-Lifting Champions)

Paper-Covered booklets—Price $1.00

THE RING BOOK SHOP

Madison Square Garden Arcade, 825 8th Avenue NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
JANUARY 20th

SIZE OF BOOK 5½x7¼ Inches, 288 Pages.

Another smashing KNOCKOUT to follow the biggest selling boxing record ever published. The response fully justified the prediction that it would take a commanding lead in the field as the best, most comprehensive boxing record book ever published.

All records are COMPLETE, more than 300 in all. You do not have to refer to old, outdated copies to find out the date a fight took place or a championship changed hands. The POST BOXING RECORD gives you all the necessary information and goes back to 1881. You get all the information you have a right to expect in the outstanding reference book on boxing. You get it all in the POST BOXING RECORD!

Contributors to the 1935 Edition of the Post Boxing Record

LAWRENCE PERRY
General Sports Editor
Consolidated News Features

GRANTLAND RICE
North American Newspaper Alliance

LEMUEL F. PARTON
Author "Who's News To-Day"

JOE WILLIAMS
Sports Editor, N. Y. World-Telegram

WILBUR WOOD
Sports Editor, N. Y. Sun

DAN PARKER
Sports Editor, N. Y. Daily Mirror

DAMON RUNYON
King Features, Inc.

RICHARD S. BELLENGER
Australian Boxing Authority

ED FRAYNE
Sports Editor, N. Y. American

BILL CORUM
Sports Columnist
N. Y. Evening Journal

FRANK "BUCK" O'NEIL
Sports Staff, Washington Herald

GLEN PERRY
Yachting Editor, N. Y. Sun

GEORGE A. BARTON
Sports Editor, Minneapolis Tribune

ED W. COCHRANE
Sports Editor, Kansas City Journal-Post

FRED MOSEBACH
Dean of Texas Sports Writers

NELSON A. FISHER
Sports Editor, San Diego Sun

BIDDY BISHOP
Prominent Northwest Sportsman

HYPE IGOE
Sports Staff, N. Y. American

CHARLIE E. BAKER
Sports Editor, Jacksonville Journal

FRANK G. MENKE
New York Press

PAT STARKEY
Boxing Editor, Baltimore News

Send 35c, coin or stamps, and get your copy soon after it comes off the press. Act now before it slips your mind! If you want to keep up with boxing keep POST-ED with the BIGGEST, MOST COMPREHENSIVE and AUTHORITATIVE boxing record published. Send 35c, coin or stamps NOW.

POST
SPORTS RECORDS CORPORATION

280 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

PAUL PIRRONE, hard hitting middleweight from Cleveland, earned the plaudits of the month for turning in a remarkable performance in Philadelphia when he knocked out Mickey Walker in eleven rounds at Convention Hall. Pirrone's comeback is stranger than any fiction story could relate and right now he is riding at the helm of the middleweight division. It is rather difficult to get to the bottom of his comeback and the only thing we can attribute it to is pluck, perseverance and an abundance of courage.

The last two appearances of Pirrone in New York were when he was kayoed by Ben Jeby, and brought back in a six round preliminary against Tony Dominquez, losing the decision. He looked so bad that night that Manager Eddie Mead began looking out for a job for Pirrone. He seemed completely finished.

Pirrone's mind, however, ran along different channels. He did not believe that he was through and pleaded with Mead for another chance. Mead liked the boy personally and did not wish to see him continue but proved soft-hearted against the persistent pleading of Pirrone. He finally agreed to give him one more chance and that took place in Philadelphia when he was pitted against Ken Overlin for $250. Overlin was a rugged, two-fisted fighter and Pirrone and Overlin engaged in a slugfest that stole the show that Benny Bass and Cleto Locatelli featured. It was an exciting battle and Pirrone came through a winner. That victory instilled Paul with new-born confidence and from that period on he became a rejuvenated fighter. He developed a reckless courage that brought out his terrific punching powers and which, in consequence, enabled him to turn in knockout victories over Young Terry, Jimmy Smith, Bucky Lawless, and Jackie Purvis.

He was matched with Mickey Walker for the feature bout at the Philadelphia Arena and the bout went ten rounds with Pirrone the winner. Pirrone scored a knockdown for nine seconds in one of the rounds and the scrap was so hectic that a return match was demanded by the spectators. Their next meeting took place at the Convention Hall and they drew around $14,000, a wonderful figure for these times. This time Paul showed his mastery in certain fashion and appeared the winner from the start. He finally finished Walker with a short right-hand uppercut, which brought the career of a great fighter to a finish. Walker, who had deserted the middleweight division for competition against the light-heavies and heavyweights, finally met his fate at the hands of a youngster in the middleweight class.

It was a tragic ending for Walker yet it paved the way for the continuance of Pirrone's career and there is no predicting just where it will finish. Pirrone is sitting on top of the world at this moment and potential matches include bouts with Teddy Yarosz, Marcel Thil and Jock McAvoy, British champion. One week after the Walker meeting, Pirrone gave his home folks in Cleveland the opportunity of seeing him in action and again he stole the show with Lew Halper as his opponent. Despite the fact that Barney Ross, Bobby Pacho, Johnny Risko, Patsy Perroni, were booked on the same program, it was Pirrone that captivated the fancy of the customers. It is gratifying to extol his praises because he is a swell, unassuming kid and entitled to everything coming his way.

Ed Bangs' *Cleveland News* Christmas show again furnished one of the finest programs of the passing year and judging by the manner in which the capacity crowd of 12,000 flocked in to see the action, it was something far above from the usual. The gate reached the sum of $29,900 which left a balance of over $10,000 profit to be turned over to the poor kiddies of Cleveland for Christmas. Barney Ross scored over Bobby Pacho in the feature bout of twelve rounds; Patsy Perroni whipped Johnny Risko in ten rounds while Pirrone whipped Lew Halper in the concluding ten-round number. Carmen Barth and George Baratko, two former amateur champions, engaged in a four-round duel with Barth winning the decision. Buddy Baer turned in another one of his one-round kayoes, this time against Mickey McGoorty. It was his ninth consecutive knockout triumph and Max Baer was on hand to furnish additional help if necessary, but in this instance it was not necessary.

Sammy Fuller evened matters for the bad verdict he suffered in the Young Peter Jackson tussle, by scoring a four-round knockout. It was Jadock's first appearance in the Garden and it was rather unfortunate for Jadock that he caught Fuller in such bad humor. Sammy dropped him three times in the concluding session when the referee called a halt.

Fuller can punch and, providing he continues to show activity, will eventually reach the headline division again. Abe Feldman whipped Steve Dudas in a stirring ten-round battle on the same card. Baby Quintana, crack Panama bantam, made his local debut in whipping Joe Tei Ken in the liveliest bout of the night. Werther Arcelli, of Boston, looked good in winning from Tommy Romano and Christy Lewis, young brother of John Henry, and while losing to Red Affinito, succeeded in dropping Red in the first round. Lewis looks good for a youngster and was overmatched against Affinito. It was a disastrous crowd, with the receipts hitting the $4,900 mark.

Harry Dublinsky threw too many punches and set too fast a pace for Tony Falco and carried off the decision in ten rounds in another Garden program. It was a slashing bout with Harry putting up one of his fine performances. Lou Brouillard made his initial bow under the John Buckley banner, by whipping Al Gainer in another ten. Gainer enjoyed every possible advantage over Brouillard except courage, and that was the deciding factor in the battle. Gainer cut loose with everything in his repertoire during the first two rounds, when Brouillard landed a heavy body blow in the third round, all desire to continue in his combativeness ceased and Gainer fought defensively until the finish.

John Henry Lewis stopped Yale Okun in three rounds when Okun suffered a severely cut lip. Okun subbed for Patsy Perroni. Eddie Cool had to stage a fast finish to win the decision over Teddy Loder, New York youngster, who was making his first fight on the big time circuit and did exceedingly well. Cyril Josephs scored over Al Gillette in the four-round opener. The show drew about $8,200.

Buddy Baer shapes up like a corking heavyweight prospect and, considering his limited experience, shows form like a veteran . . . . Harold Barnes, one of the most capable judges on the New York staff, was set down indefinitely for publicly criticizing the Commission and their methods of scoring points . . . . Danny Ridge, who refereed the Fuller-Jackson bout, also fell under the ban . . . . Mike Valentine staged a show at the New York Coliseum and suffered the misfortune of having five substitutions out of seven matches. All the blame was beyond his control, yet he broke even on the show and expects to show more activity at the Coliseum after the new year gets under way . . . . Johnny Bonito whipped Al Dunbar, who subbed for Jimmy Fantini . . . . Johnny Morro stopped Silvestro Matacena who took Lew Feldman's place . . . . Abe Wasserman got the verdict over Julie Katz which was very close and could have gone to either man . . . . Joe Zodda whipped Johnny Clark, while Louis Camps, former Golden Glover, disposed of Joe Ganci in one round.

Mike Belloise had a narrow escape at the hands of Roger Bernard at the St. Nicholas Palace . . . . Roger fought one of his good fights and gave Mike plenty of trouble all the way . . . . Jackie Davis scored over Ray Napolitano in the semifinal, while Joe Doherty whipped Jerry Mazza in another eighter. Tommy Romano won from Mickey Paul and Johnny De Foe shaded Dick Welsh in the concluding number on the program . . . . Charley Massare whipped Hans Birkie at the Laurel Gardens, Newark, after a tough scrap . . . . Pirrone was originally scheduled to tackle Massare but was taken ill at the last minute, which necessitated his calling off that match and the one with Lewis at the Garden four days later . . . . Izzy Jannasso, Brooklyn youngster, seems to be ready for the big time circuit. He had no trouble in whipping Steve Haliako at the Ridgewood Grove and Jannasso has shown steady improvement. Charley Bedami whipped Al Dunbar in the semifinal on the same card.

Roger Bernard was brought back to the St. Nick's against Leonard Del Genio, after the great showing he made against Belloise. Del Genio proved to be too strong and rugged for Bernard, and outweighed him by several pounds, but Roger fought back stubbornly and made things mighty uncomfortable for Leonard until the superior strength of Del Genio began to tell . . . . Izzy Jannasso scored over Al Casimini in a bristling bout which showed Jannasso to good advantage . . . . Joe Rossi was too fast for Jackie Davis and won the decision, though Davis forced the fighting and tried hard all the way . . . . Johnny De Foe repeated his victory over Dick Welsh after six lively rounds . . . . Irving Eldridge disposed of Freddy Raymond in the second round, while Al Cocozza whipped Sid Cohen in the opening four . . . . It was a fine fighting card.

The Lasky-Levinsky was the opening show furnished by the combined efforts of Nate Lewis and Jim Mullen at the Chicago Stadium. It was a great start for this pair of sterling veteran promoters and their future efforts will continue on the high plane that they started. It is almost certain that they will remain at the Stadium after the difficulty with the trustees has been eradicated. Then watch the sudden splurge of activity in the Middle West, because the firm of Mullen and Lewis are past masters in the art of promotion . . . . They are making efforts to stage the Ross and Canzoneri match under their auspices and Ross's managers are the only hitch . . . . The Lasky-Levinsky match drew about $24,000, net figures, which is something to shoot at in these times . . . . Carnera and Campolo going the full distance is hardly something that one can picture, after seeing Carnera stow Campolo away in a few rounds at the Garden a few years back.

Petey Hayes proved too strong and rugged for Joe Doherty in the feature go at the St. Nick's. Doherty has been coming along at a fast clip but Hayes was something too difficult for him and, after surviving a knockdown, Doherty was fortunate to survive the full distance. Johnny De Foe received a lucky award over Conrad Conde on the same show, after a thrilling encounter . . . . Abe Wasserman scored an upset in winning from Johnny De Foe a week later at the same club . . . . De Foe subbed for Mike Belloise . . . . Wasserman fought an aggressive fight and kept forcing the fight all the way . . . . Al Casimini easily whipped Andy Muratella in the semifinal, scoring several knockdowns . . . . Irving Eldridge whipped Joe Giglio; Mark Hough scored over Joe Rodriquez; Lew Monte finished. Silvestro Matacena in one round and Baby Salvy Saban whipped Long Sing Que in the opening fray . . . . Ross Widen, who conducts the Lexington A. C. of Cleveland, has turned out Frankie Kara, bantam, and Joe Malinky, heavyweight, who won the Golden Glove tournament, has high hopes for his two protégés.

That idleness doesn't pay was in evidence in the Garden show when Tony Shucco was defeated by John Henry Lewis. The victory of Sammy Fuller over Eddie Cool added to the Boston boy's prestige. Sammy seems to be heading towards the top at a rapid rate. On the same card Leonard Del Genio got a hairline verdict over Lew Feldman. The judges disagreed and Referee Haley called it in Del Genio's favor because he (Patsy) accused Lew of holding. Feldman scored a knockdown in the second round.

The victory of Joe Louis in Chicago by a knockout in eight rounds over Lee Ramage automatically jumped Louis into the front ranks of the heavyweights. On the same card, Teddy Yarosz defeated Kid Leonard, while in Kansas City, Buddy Baer knocked out Big Bob Cook for his tenth consecutive victory and brother Max, the champion, decisioned Les Kennedy in four.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Unfortunately the British boxing notes by John S. Sharpe arrived too late for publication in this issue. We regret that we had to go to press before the notes reached us.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

ONLY one boxing promoter in Northern California made any money during 1934. That was Ora J. Forman, who stages weekly shows at the Oakland Auditorium on Wednesday nights. Forman recently told the writer he cleared over $5,000 during the past year, which is a good profit, considering he had very little talent in and around Oakland and used very few big names during the entire year.

Before entering the promotional field in Oakland, Forman staged weekly cards in San Jose, about forty-five miles south of Oakland, and made a chunk of money during his eight years of promotion there. The Oakland man owns a big bowling alley in San Jose and for the past twenty years has been one of the five best ten pin men on the West Coast.

Tony Palazolo has added "Babe" Marino, rugged San Francisco Italian middleweight, to his stable. The 150-pounder is young and willing and under the crafty Palazolo's wing should go places in the fistic world. Marino gave Young Corbett a hard fight about a year ago and the gate was around the $16,000 mark. Incidentally, Palazolo co-promoted that show along with his partner, Guiseppe Sylvestri, another stalwart Son of Mussolini.

Wilyum Miller, my choice as the outstanding fight publicity man in the country (and there are a lot of good ones, including Francis Albertanti, Dean Snyder, Joe Foley and others), has a steady chair in Billy Van's "knockout" office in Los Angeles where a daily pinochle game has been in progress for a long while. Dick Donald, Jimmy Murray and Mr. Van round out the quartet—and when Palazolo is in Los Angeles he occupies Van's seat and the boys spend more time arguing than they do playing. And whom do you guess always wins the arguments? Bill Miller. That's right.

Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion—and a good one—is one man you'll never hear moaning "What's the matter with the boxing game?"

"I'll tell you," says Ritchie, who is now a traveling inspector for the California boxing board and also sells automobiles on the side, "there's nothing wrong with the fighters. We haven't any instructors. In California, and I guess it is true in other sections of the country, we have a lot of barbers, pants pressers, plumbers and what-nots trying to instruct a young fighter how to deliver a blow in the gymnasiums and these same would-be teachers can't even tie on a boxing glove properly."

Mark Kelly, fiery sports editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, and one of the ablest boxing critics in the nation, recently stated in his widely read column, "What-Nots," that he thinks young Buddy Baer is fifty years away from the heavyweight title.

Al Lang, a smart judge of fighters, who is in no way connected with the Baer entourage, believes Buddy is going places but says it will be at least fifteen months yet before Maxie's younger brother will be meeting the first flight heavies.

It has been printed out here that Man Mountain Dead (Soldier Leavitt) was in the Tank division of the A.E.F. during the World War. Most of the grapplers have gone in the "tank" for the big "palooka" during his Coast engagements.

Fred Feary, Stockton heavyweight and former amateur star, has looked like a new fighter since Dolph Thomas added the 220-pounder to his stable. In one of the most sensational knock 'em down and drag 'em out fights ever witnessed in Northern California, Feary knocked out "Hank" Hankinson in four rounds after Suey Welch's big Swede had his foe down twice for nine counts.

Young Teddy Silva, pride and joy of the Leo Leavitt stable of Oakland, was "fed to the lions" in Oakland during late November when he was pitted against the veteran Johnny Pena, who flattened the promising Oaklander in three rounds of a scheduled ten-round go. It was a heart-breaker for Leavitt, who really believed his charge could take the measure of the South American boy.

"Gorilla" Jones, former N.B.A. middleweight champion, who underwent an eye operation late last year, is back in training and Suey Welch has a pocket full of offers for the colored boy to perform in San Francisco, Oakland and Seattle, but the Akron, Ohio, skipper does not plan to start the colored 155-pounder until some time during March.

Tim McGrath, who was associated with Tom Sharkey when the latter was a ranking heavyweight and later managed a string of fighters on the West Coast, including the hard-hitting Texan, Jack Willis, is a boxing inspector in California. The genial Irishman seldom fails to make the rounds of the gymnasiums daily in San Francisco and has a lot of amusing yarns in his system.

Young Corbett underwent a throat operation early in December and was inactive the latter part of the year, but his manager, Larry White, says the former welterweight champion will box in San Francisco during February.

Jerry Pelton, former New Yorker, who has made Los Angeles his headquarters for several years, has a great looking amateur prospect named Toby Vigil, Mexican featherweight. Pelton will turn his charge "pro" during April or May, he informs this department, and the little bald-headed Italian tells me the kid looks better right now than Andy Vivodi did in 1925 when he was the terror of the amateurs around New York. Pelton developed Divodi.

THIS AND THAT—King Tut has returned from a grappling tour of Australia and the former welterweight fighter will ply his trade on the Coast among the middleweight wrestlers . . . . Millard Rauh, former Cincinnati, Ohio, wrestling promoter, is assisting E. A. Fedderson, Oakland mat promoter, and also handles the publicity for the matmen . . . . Promoter Tom Gallery of the Los Angeles Olympic has some good bouts in view for this spring and also plans to stage an outdoor show or two the coming summer . . . . Los Angeles did not have *one* outdoor fight during the past year . . . . San Francisco had one, the Walker-Corbett go . . . . Jack Dempsey's Barbara Hotel in Los Angeles blows a chunk of dough every month . . . . Jimmy Fitten, Mexico City boxing promoter, was a fair four-rounder in California about twelve years ago; he boxed as a featherweight and was raised in Oakland, Calif . . . . Hymie Caplin is expected to return to California shortly with a stable of boxers; the New Yorker made a host of friends during his stay in Los Angeles.

Jimmy Johnston sent carfare for John Henry Lewis and Young Peter Jackson, two very good Negro fighters . . . . I think Leroy Haynes, Negro heavyweight, is a better fighter than either of the two but the giant Negro can't seem to get to first base . . . . I think Haynes would make the biggest hit of any colored fighter to "crash" Gotham since "Kid" Chocolate invaded the Big Town . . . . Dan Parker's column in the *New York Mirror* is widely read among the fight mob on the West Coast . . . . The best looking prospect San Francisco has produced in recent years is a Spanish lightweight named Ted Cano, former Golden Gloves winner. The veteran Dolph Thomas of Frisco is managing the boy.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who have no contracts with other managers, and are self-supporting, can get plenty of action in Southern California with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake, Los Angeles.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

THE passing of the last bell for Bob Senate of Miles City was a severe blow to the sport game. Bob Senate was one of the best sportsmen that ever come to Montana. In his day he was one of the best lightweights in the business, Bob was born and reared in England, but came to this country many years ago, and had lived in Miles City for the past thirty years. He at one time managed the great Stanley Ketchel.

Young Briley, featherweight and Golden Glove champion from St. Louis Mo., is making his home at Ingomar. The writer has refereed several fights where Briley was one of the principals, and can say that he is one of the sweetest fighters in the state.

Forsyth—It's been a long time since Forsyth has had a good fighter but news comes from there that Pee Wee Kail, featherweight, is a real boy and would like to take a sock at the Briley boy of Ingomar. Kail started as a wrestler but the wrestling game being slow, he took to fighting and has shown lots of ability.

Butte—Mel Epstine, successful promotor at Butte, has returned from the West Coast and started the boxing game here. His first show proved a real treat for the fans in the match between Jimmy Kerwin, Miles City, and Ray Cotes, of Butte, in which Cotes took the short end. Jimmy proved himself a good boy when he took Cotes, as Cotes had beaten some good boys on the West Coast.

Billings—A rematch between Jimmy Kreiner, Billings, and Dick Demeray, Bismarck, N. D., is in the making.

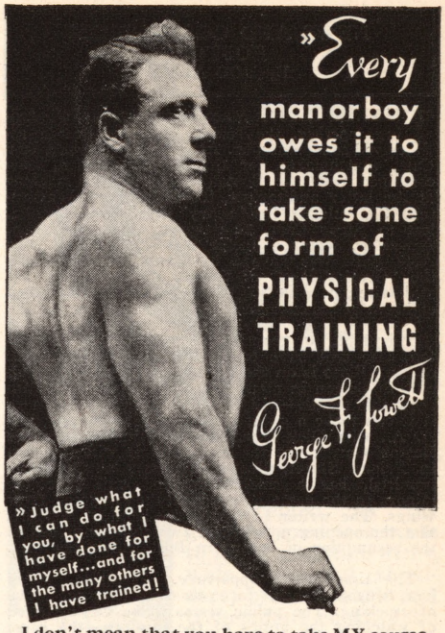
Readers and clubs get your fight dope to me by the tenth of each month. My address is 119 North 28th Street, Billings.

At Billings—Dick Demeray, Bismarck, N. D., won by a technical K.O. over Jimmy Kreiner, Billings, in five rounds.

At Bozeman—Hershey Wilson, Denver, was badly beaten by Hubert Dennis. On the same card Joe Jaremillo, Denver, took a close award over Glen Flanigan, Bozeman.

Great Falls—Jim Kelly has resigned as boxing commissioner to start a boxing club at the Falls.

Billings—The American Legion Post No. 4 have renewed their boxing license for 1935, and have H. M. "Spot" Roth for matchmaker.



I don't mean that you have to take MY course, although it is the quickest and surest way I know to build steel-like sinews and power-packed muscles. You can go to your school gymnasium, or the "Y", but you certainly owe it to yourself to do something, and do it quickly!

■ Now is the time to decide whether you are going through life like a real *man*, with a he-man's body that pulsates with energy, health and vibrant muscular power . . . or whether you are going to be a puny weakling that can't make the grade!

■ I can show you how . . . but *you*, and only *you*, can make the decision to start right now!

■ I am so sure of what my course will do that I make this unconditional agreement with you.

"If YOU Do Not Add...
3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST
2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS
it costs you nothing!"—GEORGE F. JOWETT

No other physical instructor has ever dared make such an astounding offer!

Send for "MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM"

A Special Course Only 25c.

It will be a revelation to you. You can't make a mistake. The reputation of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you my secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like them.

I will not limit you to the arm, if you want a big, broad chest, try "Moulding a Mighty Chest." If you want muscular legs, try "Moulding Mighty Legs." Try any one of my test courses listed below at 25c. Or, try all six of them for only $1.00.

RUSH THE COUPON TODAY!

Mail your order now and I will include a *FREE COPY* of *"NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON."* It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the Jowett Way. Reach Out. . . Grasp This Special Offer!

"Nerves of Steel Muscles Like Iron" SENT FREE!

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. 57Pc, 422 Poplar St.
Scranton, Pa.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below for which I am enclosing $_____

☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c
☐ Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c
☐ Moulding Mighty Legs, 25c
☐ Strong Man Stunts Made Easy 25c
☐ All 6 Books for $1.00.

Name_____Age_____

Address_____

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

THANKS to several hearts courageous, all pulling together, the boxing game in Boston received some stimulus. After weeks of work, Ray Cass, matchmaker for the Boston Garden, now combined with the Boston Arena, staged a show at the latter auditorium. Terry "Tiger" Warrenton, the colored light-heavy from Nova Scotia, lost to Steve Carr, Bridgeport; Andy Callahan, Lawrence, whipped Jackie Davis, Cleveland, and Abie Bain was kayoed by Fanis Tzanatopolous, the "Greek Tiger" of Salem, the latter the big middleweight who in twenty starts has kayoed eighteen of his customers.

The fight, for months, for small clubs in Boston, also will have borne fruit before this issue of THE RING is on the newsstands. The first small club in Boston in many years is to stage its initial show this month—will follow with weekly tourneys if it can make a go of it. The club is the Sharkey A. A., with Dick Dunn, one-time manager of the Boston Garden, at its head, and it will function in Friend Street, Boston. It seats about seven-hundred, has a small ring and will give the minors in the game a spot wherein to spread their wings. The writer is one of the band of hopefuls that the opening up of these two clubs will lead to the resumption of boxing in Boston in a big way.

The time seems opportune. Wrestling, which has flourished here for years, is showing signs of cracking. The public seems to be getting tired of watching the antics of the matmen—the same old faces over and over again. Ed Don George, world's champion in this neck of the woods, is about played out as a drawing card, and the same goes for Jim Browning and a number of the other leaders of the Curley, Bowser, Fabanini troupe. The wrestling folks have either got to bring new men here and change the general tactics, or wrestling, boxing's greatest competitor, will fade back to where it once was, a minor attraction.

In so far as Paul Bowser, Boston's premier mat impresario, is concerned, he fully realizes the present state of the wrestling situation—the demand for new leaders and faces. He has decided to adopt heroic measures. With the receipt of a cable from England that Daniel O'Mahoney, the young Irish heavyweight grappler, had toppled Ed "Strangler" Lewis in a London match, Bowser at once cabled back an offer of $100,000 for the services of O'Mahoney. The terms call for the Irishman to make six appearances in Boston on dates to be set by Bowser, who on his part agrees to place the money in a Boston bank prior to O'Mahoney's making the crossing, the same to be subject to the wrestler's demand on his fulfilling the contract. While few in Boston know very much about O'Mahoney, it seems that in addition to being a wrestler of marked ability, he is twenty-one years old, is an all-round athlete and recently was honorably discharged from the Irish Free State army in which he had seen several years of service. If O'Mahoney is all that the wrestling men think he is, he may prove another Gus Sonnenberg as regards the revival of the mat game.

One of the bright spots, in recent weeks, on what remains of the Massachusetts' boxing map has been the Lynn Arena, that city where Bill Brennan, a former fistic manager, now a promoter, has been staging some very excellent shows. Brennan has specialized in staging fighting fights. His last offering brought together Mickey Bishop of Stoughton, who had previously gone to a draw with Fanis Tzanatopolous, and Buster Price of Lynn, both husky middleweights. They were working at top speed and both doing damage when a left and right to Bishop's chin sent him to the floor. He started to get up at four, but was waved down from his corner, that he might get a few seconds' extra rest. But Bishop got mixed up over the referee's count, did not get back to his feet until the arbiter's arm was descending on the ten, and he was ruled out, the award going to Price via a kayo. There was a howl, but the ruling of Jack Watson, a very capable referee, stood.

Barney Fox, manager of Dick Madden, the Irish heavy, and others, had an interesting experience at Keene, N. H. Madden was in the ring against Al Minnehan of Brockton, a very good-looking heavy, in the ten rounds' feature. The going was hot. Between two of the rounds Manager Fox, while attempting to give his charge a drink of brandy, had the bottle snatched from his hand by a Granite State Commission official. Naturally, there was a commotion. For a while the official contended that giving stimulants to a boxer in a corner was against the code but, finally discovering that he was in error, gave back the bottle and the contest was resumed. The result was a draw.

Frankie Britt of Fall River, a 145-pounder and a very good performer, now holds the N. E. middleweight title. Recently he encountered Harry Devine of Worcester, weighing 143 pounds, collector some time back of the N. E. welter and middle titles from Werther Arcelli, who in turn had won them from Andy Callahan of Lawrence. The Britt-Devine fight, staged by the Casino A. C. in Fall River, an affair of ten rounds was fought over the welter poundage. So, though the award went against Devine, he merely lost his middleweight title, his 147 pounds' laurels remaining intact. A welter holding a middleweight title, though unable to collect the crown in his own division, is a bit complicated but that's the way the situation stands.

Jack Dempsey, recently up in Maine—where with his two shadows, Max Waxman and Vince Dundee, he hunted the festive deer under the guidance of Charley Miller—refereed a battle royal between wrestlers in Portland. As usual on such occasions, Dempsey accommodated by spilling one of the wrestlers with a slap to the chin. These kayos, registered by the ex-champion, have become a regular feature in connection with his duties as arbiter on wrestling mats. Jack, a good showman, gives his public just what it demands.

Salem, Mass., edged back on to the fight map for a while the latter part of November when, in a feature bout there, Werther Arcelli of Boston won a ten rounds' decision over Frankie Smith of Norwalk, Conn. Smith having previously whipped Paris Apice, Arcelli's stablemate, the more recent encounter sort of settled the score.

A bid is being made here to land the prospective Olin-Brouillard fight for the New York end of the title held by the former. It is possible that if the Boston Garden can induce the State Athletic Commission to recognize such a contest as for the championship, it may stage the match. It is believed that it would go over fully as well as in New York, also that the principals would have more in their pockets after the pay-off.

Charley Miller, the Moosehead Lake, Me., guide, who has been credited in the press with attracting more attention to Maine than any other unofficial individual in that state, is trying to get together a bout between Al McCoy, the Waterville-Dorchester middleweight, and Maxie Rosenbloom, the same to be staged in Bangor, Me. McCoy is agreeable, but the guarantee demanded by the Rosenbloom forces shapes as a bit too stiff for Bangor, so Miller's efforts are likely to come to naught.

With the scheduled appearance of Tony Shucco, the Boston light-heavy, against John Henry Lewis in the New York Garden during the present month, the former will be fighting his last bout under the joint management of Al Clemente and Jack O'Brien of Boston. Because of various differences that could not seem to be adjusted, following a conference in Boston, Clemente and O'Brien agreed to sell Shucco's contract to a Hub manager, supposed to be Dan Carroll. According to the Bostonians, a deal which has included Charley Johnston as their representative in New York, also is about to terminate. Seemingly the whole shift is mutually satisfactory.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BOXING came back in a big way here when two novice heavyweights, Big Boy Brackey, Buffalo, and Young Hippo, Scranton, clashed in a six-round main event for the Queensberry Athletic club . . . . It was a knock-down, drag-out fight, full of thrills, and a huge gate of $5,500 was attracted to the melee which had aroused more interest than any glove contest has in several years. It proved conclusively that boxing will be back on its feet as soon as some fair cards are uncovered. Neither Brackey nor Hippo know a thing about boxing but those boys can certainly clout and both went down for counts and were on the verge of a knockout several times.

Tommy Paul has gone back to California where he has spent the best part of a year. Little fellows have a better opportunity to click on the West Coast. Hereabouts they're out of luck for the time being. Small fighters can't draw a dollar here.

The Courier-Express Golden Gloves amateur tournament was a pronounced success and uncovered some likely looking fighters, who may turn pro at a later date.

None of the present crop of fighters around here show any boxing class. They are maulers with little or no defense. There was a time when we had plenty of clever, smart boxers around this town. The only way to develop new faces is weekly shows and this is something Buffalo hasn't had since the writer promoted weekly for the Crescent club.

NOTICE—Good boxers of all weights, who have creditable records and are not under contract to managers should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

AROUND THE TOWN—Rumors are afloat that Red Conway, Niagara Falls amateur heavyweight may turn pro . . . . Red beat Big Boy Brackey in the amateurs and believes he can do it again . . . . But Red will have a lot more trouble than he did last time . . . . Buffalo may have a new referee soon . . . . And a new sports club is on the way . . . . A few fighters who could and would fight would soon arouse interest in boxing hereabouts . . . . The 5,500 who paid to see Big Boy Brackey and Young Hippo were all red hot boxing fans and the boys are eager to get some action . . . . Hippo and Brackey were a couple of clowns in so far as boxing is concerned but both can punch and they hit the floor like a ton of brick when they go down . . . . Brackey was on the canvas several times and Hippo was down twice . . . . A rematch of these youthful giants seems certain . . . . Both men need schooling as they haven't the slightest idea of boxing . . . . A left-hand would cut either of them into ribbons . . . . Buffalo has furnished some wonderful left-hand artists . . . . Frank Erne, Jimmy Duffy and Jimmy Slattery . . . . Jack Britton once told me Jimmy Duffy's left hand was the best he ever saw . . . . And Jack knew what he was talking about . . . . Those Duffy-Britton fights were thrillers . . . .

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

THE following are the ratings for this locality according to their showing for the year 1934.

Heavyweights—James J. Braddock, Steve Dudas, Phil Johnson.
Light-heavyweights—Charlie "Trader" Horn, Gus Lesnovich, Jene Mickens.
Middleweights—Paulie Sykes, Dom Rizzo, Nickey Williams.
Welterweights—Bucky Jones, Ralph Lenny, Mickey Salem.
Lightweights—Joey Ferrando, Allie Rowan, Buckey Keyes.
Featherweights—Jeff Ferrone, Tommy Mankin, Allie Todisco.
Bantamweights—Dom Pasculli, Joey Tagg, Johnny Scibelli.
Flyweights—None.

The best looking prospects of the current year are: Allie Rowan, Jersey City, lightweight; Emil Calcagni, Cresskill, welterweight; Billy Cheslock, Rutherford, lightweight, and Steve Dudas, heavyweight, of Edgewater.

Tony Galenti outpointed Young Bob Tow of Washington, D. C., in the feature bout of ten rounds at Laurel Garden in Newark. In the scheduled ten-round semifinal Lou Halper knocked out Pietro Nieves of Porto Rico, in the seventh round.

Cocoa Kid beat Petey Mike in the ten-round feature go at the Passaic Arena. Mickey Salem kayoed Lew Reese in the fourth round of the scheduled eight-round semifinal; Irish Mickey Hughes beat young Stanley Ketchel (5); Young Johnny Buff won over Ernie Tackett (5); Sonny Staudt finished Johnny Chanda (1); Baby Dempsey lost to Bobby Larkin (4).

Charlie Gordon outpointed Mickey Makar in the eight-round main event at the Teterboro Drome. Willie Lewis knocked out Pete Sowa (5); Emil Calcagni kayoed Tommy Fagan (2); Billy Cheslock put the crusher on Frankie Salvatore (2); Charlie Moutz put John Albanese out of the picture (2); Ernie Tedesco finished Sammy Miller (3); Vincent Funk drew with Pete Kroll (4).

Johnny Rossi received the referees decision over Mickey Bottone in the star bout of ten rounds at the Laurel Garden in Newark. Yustus Sirutus knocked out Larry Johnson in the third of a scheduled ten "semi"; Billy Ketchell stopped Vincenzo Troiano of Italy in the seventh of another scheduled ten-rounder; Walter De Palma fought to a four-round draw with Jackie Connors, while William Henry Cheetham finished Frankie Warner in three.

Allie Rowan added another victim to his long list of wins when he beat Frankie Marchese in eight rounds, which featured a crackerjack card at the Teterboro Airdrome. Emil Calcagni showed great improvement in knocking out Henry Cheetham in the fourth of the semifinal five-rounder. Billy Cheslock knocked out Ferd Paddock in the second of a scheduled five-round special go; Lope Berman beat Harry Scott in four; John Albanese won over Vincent Funk in four, while Charlie Moutz put Johnny Reckage out of the picture in two rounds of a scheduled four.

The current year showed a great improvement in the boxing game and looks more promising for the coming year with several fight clubs blooming everywhere.

The writer met Willie Weiss at the Airdrome fights and says that he's on the lookout for a good spot to operate boxing once more. Willie is at present operating a beer Tavern in Jersey City.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Glorious New Year—until next month, *adios!*

Kindly send your news to the writer before the first of each month at 514 26th Street, Union City, N. J.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FRANKIE WOLFRAM, Joe Basco's Canadian bantamweight, Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio, middleweight star, and Tiger Walker, Danny Davis' Negro flash, carried the brunt of the fistic activities in individuality in this sector during the current month, while Herman Katz, Cincinnati, continues to lead the parade along the promotorial line.

Alabama Kid continues to slug his way to the top and there seems to be no stopping the former Dover, Ohio, Negro star. The Kid pounced upon Leo Duncan, famed Dayton kayo artist in the latter's home town and at the conclusion of five rounds of the scheduled ten, Duncan was unable to continue the pace.

Long John, Columbus Negro light-heavy, kayoed Big Bob Hill, of Lebanon, in two rounds of the semifinal. In the supporting frays, Luis Morgan beat Bobby Burton; Eddie O'Brien beat Kid Smart, Kid Kilrain outpointed Buster Brown and Young George drew with Kid Charles. All of the prelims went their slated distance of four rounds.

Newport, Ky.—Ray Kietz, Ft. Thomas, Ky., won a ten-round newspaper decision from Jimmy Shannon, of Indianapolis, in the feature match of Mickey Kilcher's American Legion program.

George C. Williams, Hamilton county campaign manager of the Governor-elect Martin L. Davey of Kent, spent Thanksgiving Day with the next Governor of Ohio. Williams formerly was a boxing promoter and manager throughout the Middle West and seems to have emulated Jim Farley in Ohio political circles. In a recent statement to the writer, G. C. said, "after Governor Davey, in my heart comes THE RING, the greatest sport magazine in the universe."

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Henry Klena, Toledo, Ohio, who writes that he is the owner of the 1934 state of Pennsylvania light-heavy title and the 1933 and 1934 Golden Gloves title of the Quaker State, is anxious to make connections hereabouts . . . . his address can be secured through the writer . . . . Skeet Weems, out of K. C. who made a big hit here last year as a bantamweight, is anxious to get back in the local running . . . . I advise you to get in touch with Bob Bonner, 1326 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Skeets, Henry, and all you other boys who want reliable connections here . . . . Madisonville is expected to start a club operating around the first of the year . . . . sort of a farm to produce new talent . . . . Reading is also being considered by the Capitol Enterprises, latest of southern Ohio promotions . . . . Joe Mueller, Camp Washington light-heavy, has won eight straight bouts since turning pro . . . . Johnny Loy, Hendersonville, N. C., is touting his undefeated southern lightweight ace, Norment Quarles, for a title meeting with Barney Ross . . . . Quarles would make a good fight with Tiger Walker or Roger Bernard right here in Cinci . . . . how about it, Mr. Katz? . . . . Jimmy Dell and his boxing club, the Columbia Gym in Louisville, is doing great biz . . . . with such stars coming to the fore in the Falls City as Wishy Jones, 135 pounds; Bud Farley and Jackie Glabb, 160-pounders; Jimmy Buckler, a lightweight; and Nick Davis, the heavyweight. Dell is packing them in with great scraps . . . . Dell's outstanding match of the year was the Freddie Miller-Paul Dazzo imbroglio on the Derby Eve card . . . . rumor has it that Harry Hartman, popular W. F. B. E. sports announcer will secure a position in the same line with the new American Broadcasting Company . . . . and so long until next month, with another relay to all managers in this section to get the ratings of their boys to the writer, as each one rated as champion of the state, and two challengers, will be recognized by the various state promoters.

The writer can be reached at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Oho.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN the only boxing show held in Trenton in the past month Geo. Levy, Trenton lightweight, won over Ernie Ratner of Newark in a slow ten-round bout. Levy tried to make a fight of it, but Ratner was in there to stay the limit. Stanley Pyontek, Trenton middle, was held to a draw by Joe Mesco of Newark in the six-round semifinal. Meyer Goss, colored lightweight, won over Young Andy in a six-round bout. Goss proved too smart and clever for Andy. Sid Berkowitz won over Mickey Bellino in a four-round bout.

From all reports, the present promoters are going to step out. Negotiations are now under way for new promoters to take over the Arena. Dick Curley and Cliff Smith seem to have first preference.

Ray Maguire of Trenton won over Jimmy Ledo in a six-round bout at the Cambria in Philadelphia.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

LOU MONTE, of New York, won an eight-round decision over Midget St. Hilaire, of Boston, Mass., in a fast go at the Valley Arena. Johnny Bangs, Holyoke, won over Dominic Nico, N. Y.; Ray Trueheart, Easthampton, won a technical K.O. over Chris De Rosa, Brooklyn, N. Y., in five rounds. Sal Canaca, Holyoke, won a technical K.O. over Al Coll, East Jaffrey, N. H. Johnny Vargas, Thompsonville, Conn., won over Francis Cater, Worcester.

Lou Monte, N. Y., won a five-round technical K.O. over Mike Pazienza, Providence, R. I., in a scheduled eight-rounder. Tom Jones, Brooklyn, won over Charlie Longo, Boston, in another eight-rounder; Joey Greco won over Honey Mellody, of Boston. Roland Lecuyer, Holyoke, won again over Tom Grady, Springfield, in six rounds; Jerry Maloni, Springfield, won over Red Williamson, Springfield, four rounds.

Jerry Mazza, Brooklyn, N. Y., won over Johnny Bangs, Holyoke, eight rounds. Joe Boggi, of New York, lost to Lou Fox, N. Y., in eight rounds. Frankie LoBianco, New York, outboxed Ray Trueheart, but Trueheart's aggressiveness won him the vote. Murray Brandt, New York, gave Romeo Ducharme, Easthampton, Mass., a boxing lesson in six rounds; Carlo Daponde, Springfield, whipped Dave Duval, a promising boy.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

MARTY GALLAGHER, Washington's favorite heavyweight, surprised with an easy win over Ray Impellitiere before a large house at the Auditorium in Washington over the ten-round route. Marty carried the fight to the Imp at all times and looked his best in many a day. Bob Lowery beat Mickey Landis in a close eight-round semifinal which was full of action. Joe Green bested Sammy Seaman in six rounds while Gus Mirman won over Deacon Owens in the five-round opener.

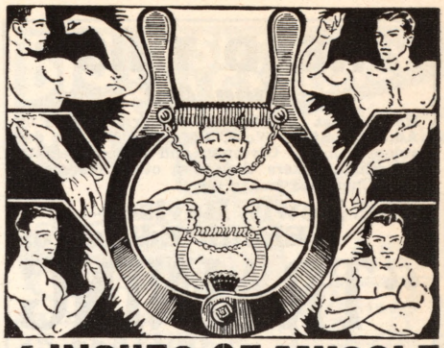
Phil Furr retained the welterweight championship of the District in taking a ten-round duke over Bobby Wilson at the Riding and Hunt Club.

Franke Covelli and Pete DeGrasse put on another of their whirlwind ten-rounders in Washington, with DeGrasse again the winner. Pete put on a strong finish that decided the duke. Eddie Burl handed Young Nicco a terrific pasting in the six-round semifinal. Jimmy Reed had an easy time with Frankie Morro in six.

Frankie Hughes lost to Morrie Sherman in a slow ten-rounder in Washington. Both boys tried hard but very little action was produced. Norman Quarles won handily over Calvin Calp in the eight-round semifinal. Tommy Bashara and Sid Silas boxed a six-round draw in the best bout of the evening.

PICKUPS—Kid Sullivan now working as a referee in Washington is the same Kid that boxed Nelson, Attell, Tommy Murphy, Matty Baldwin and many others twenty-five years ago . . . . Sullivan is in great shape and enjoys plenty popularity in his home town . . . . Frankie Mann, matchmaker for Joe Turner in Washington, was a promising middleweight twenty-five years ago but bad hands caused an end to his career . . . . Goldie Ahearn who promotes the most successful club in Washington was the A. E. F. featherweight champion during the War . . . . Heinie Miller, secretary to the Washington Boxing Commission, was at one time the bantam and featherweight champion of the U. S. Navy . . . . He has also been a successful manager and for years was Washington's most successful promoter . . . . Red Barry, Washington heavyweight, will hit his twenty-first birthday next May . . . . Barry has just returned from the West Coast where he was very successful . . . . Phil Furr a local welterweight is Washington's best drawing card since Bobby Wilson hit the high seas for Australia.

Phil Zwick is also on his way down under and Al Lippe has accompanied the pair of boxers . . . . Natie Brown, local heavyweight, rates in the first ten world rankings, but in Washington Red Barry is his master . . . . Brown refuses to box Red who, incidentally, gave Natie his last trimming in Baltimore . . . . Marty Gallagher is back in the good graces with an impressive win over Ray Impellitiere in Washington . . . . Bob Tow, another Washington heavyweight, fought a good but losing fight to Toney Galento in Jersey . . . . Joe Rivers from California and Buck Everett out of Chicago are now making Washington their headquarters . . . . Eddie Ross continues to do well in Baltimore, sticking exclusively to local boys . . . . The writer is in line for any good boys who are looking for work in Washington, where the game continues to flourish, and can be reached at the Mohawk Gym in Washington, D. C.



4 INCHES OF MUSCLE
PUT ON YOUR ARMS
The German Iron Shoe Muscle Builder . . .

is accepted as the greatest exerciser made to build giantlike arms, wide, powerful shoulders, brawny back and tremendous chest. John Filepone added 5 inches to his arms, E. Peters 1 inch on each bicep the first week!

You Can Have Strength and a Physique the Equal of the Strongest Professional Athlete

You can become the center of attraction wherever you go. The question for you to decide is that you are going to have muscles that not only look good but are good. You have to get the steel sinews. The Iron Shoe will give you them in a superstate that cannot be equalled by any other apparatus or system. Some pupils report having put four inches on their biceps and increased their shoulder spread six inches.

NEW MODEL NOW READY

Special new features, including the "Chain Strength Resistor" based on the famous European Block System . . . and the "Strength Register," which registers your day-by-day improvement.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

The Iron Man's Famous 60-day illustrated Picture course of exercise instruction, and the Strength Resistor is included FREE! The greatest body building offer ever presented. Follow the choice of champions and get that grip of steel. Ring in now on our special offer for the lowest priced and biggest result getting exerciser under the sun. Send for free illustrated information. No obligation.

WIN A GOLD MEDAL AWARD!

SEND FOR Special FREE OFFER!

American Athletic Appliance Company,
4324 Paul St., Dept. 202
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Without obligation and without cost, send particulars about your Iron Shoe Strength Builder and Special Gold Medal and FREE Prize Offer!

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

READ THIS
Then Act

Here's what the greatest teacher of boxers in America, Spike Webb, the man who has developed more Olympic and Intercollegiate Champion boxers than any other instructor or trainer, has to say about

The Newly Revised Eighth Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box,"

And the Newly Revised Edition of

"HOW TO SECOND"

AND

"HOW TO MANAGE A BOXER"

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

When two or more of these books are ordered, add 10 cents extra for postage.

Here's a good recommendation:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Annapolis, Maryland

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

January 16, 1933

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
New York City.

Dear Mr Fleischer,

I have just received 18 copies of your excellent books.

How to Box
Training for Boxers
How to second a Boxer

I feel certain these books are a valuable contribution to boxing as a sport. You are to be congratulated on their preparation. The foreword by that old dean of boxers Mr James J. Corbett, is like the mark of Sterling on silver. I believe every young man interested in boxing should have a copy.

Very sincerely yours,
Spike Webb
Spike Webb

Every fighter, amateur or professional, and every trainer, manager and teacher should possess a copy of these three books. More than that—he should digest the contents until he has become thoroughly familiar with every chapter.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys. He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.

What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.

Get on the band wagon now.

Send for these three books.

Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of

"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey.

"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.

"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

SANTA CLAUS, that bearded ol' warrior who annually gets plaudits from millions of admirers who just about riddle their cash resources to pay tribute to his prowess, nearly dealt Promoter Armand Vincent and his world's bantamweight championship tournament here a knockout wallop, but Vincent and his enterprise are still in the ring and in stronger condition than ever. However, Santa Claus's approach evidently cast a shadow that blanketed both cards into the "cancelled" category—notching up the third setback to the enterprising promoter's plans, which, when carried out, will reveal the world's real bantam kingpin. The blame is being placed at the portals of the Madison Square Garden and its aggressive matchmaker, James Joy Johnston, though in your correspondent's opinion it can only be blamed on the breaks of the game.

Quintana was rematched by the Garden with Jo Tei Ken, the sturdy Korean he had eliminated in the opening elimination bouts in Montreal, in an eight-rounder that featured the card. It was a tough battle with Quintana repeating on his strong finish, but it was a costly victory since he suffered head cuts from butts that forced him to withdraw from his scheduled battle with Salica in Montreal a week later. This necessitated cancellation of the card and then came another blow a few days later when the wires hummed the news from New York that Sixto Escobar, the knockout-punching ace attraction, would be unable to fight for at least two months as a result of sustaining a broken ankle when crashed by an automobile. So Vincent halted all tournament plans temporarily pending investigations.

Alderman Frank Hogan, President of the Montreal Athletic Commission, and Dr. Gaston Demers, another Commissioner and former chairman, "railed" to New York, visited the fighters and confabbed with the New York and N. B. A. solons. Everything was cleared up, with both American commissions promising to support the Montreal tourney and recognize the winner as champion, so the tourney is all set to resume late in January. Escobar will be ready for action in February at any rate so Promoter Vincent is cheered up and figuring that perhaps Santa Claus was doing the right thing by him after all, since other promotorial interests have been instructed not to interfere with his plans.

Otherwise, the boxing game is pretty slow throughout Canada, Toronto having a few shows at irregular intervals that fail to draw really worthwhile gates, Quebec City and Drummondville staging infrequent events, also Winnepeg and Vancouver. Ottawa is reported idle until spring, when Promoter Harry Goldberg plans to present some attractive cards, mostly featuring Eddie Carroll, the Capital's promising lightweight who is campaigning in Chicago, Cleveland and other western rings on big cards.

Action in the Maritimes is fairly good, particularly in Nova Scotia, where such boys as Tiger Warrington, Negro socking sensation, Bobby Orr, Joggins Mines' new Maritime welter champ, Bobby Allen, their lightweight king, and a few others hold forth. Warrington, who hails from Liverpool, N. S., is an idol with Halifax fans who take to his dynamic fashion of knocking out heavyweights and light-heavies a la Dempsey. Going to press, we get the surprising news that Steve Carr, rangy Meriden, Conn., light-heavy, scored over the "Tiger" in a ten-rounder in Boston, his experience baffling the hard punching Maritime star.

STRAY SHOTS—Joe Marciente, colorful Italian featherweight favorite, is back home in Brooklyn visiting wife, mother and relatives . . . . plus hosts of friends . . . . at time of going to press his stay was indefinite . . . . likely to campaign in the States during the winter . . . . Myer Alper and his brother, Max, also in New York visiting relatives and having a holiday . . . . Alper, an outstanding amateur, opening eyes with his gym workouts . . . . a rare prospect . . . . Joe Marsh, Canada's lightweight representatives at the Empire Games, to be guided in pro rings by Sam Gibbs . . . . his debut was scheduled for one of Vincent's cards but delayed for a while now . . . .

Maxie Berger, Empire flyweight finalist, may be pro by the time this is off press . . . . announces he will start in New York but refuses to divulge managerial connections . . . . Maxie not shaping up as impressively as last year . . . . added poundage apparently not helping him and many think he needs another season's campaigning in amateur ranks before turning pro . . . . Jimmie McKimmie showing signs of operating in Quebec City soon . . . . a smart ring impresario is our Jimmy . . . . boys around the "Main" discussing Kid Riley's challenge to Kid O'Blay in winner-take-all battle in private . . . . both are known to be "very fast with their hands" . . . . and now we will wish all readers the Greetings of the Season with the added hope that the New Year will bring Prosperity . . . . with boxing paving the way . . . . cheerio till next year.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

THE Maple Leaf A. C. held their monthly amateur tournament. Sammy Tomlinson and Irving Pease, B. E. representatives for Canada, won their bouts but the card was below normal.

The great pro cards placed before the Toronto fans last month should augur well for the comeback of the pro game here. They were good to the last blow and the Victoria A. C. is to be congratulated for its efforts.

Ben Stockley, the old maestro of the amateur game in Ontario, put on a fine card at the Maple Leaf Gardens. Action throughout was the order of the bouts.

IN THE POST BAG—Address all letters to the writer, 58 Charles Street, West Toronto. *"Irish" Chuck Connors,* Larksville, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.: Your name will be placed on the promoters' list here. I do not promote. *James Voccolla,* Bridgeport, Conn.: Have done all I can to interest promoters in your boys; we shall have to await developments. *Leo Bradley,* Bridgeport, Conn.: I am not promoting. Your boy's name filed for further reference by promoters. Letters answered when able to aid the writers in any way. *Sam Porcelli,* Rochester, N. Y.: Will try to arrange bouts for boys in this section.

Jack Tebo K.O.'ed Steve Trojack, the Western Canadian heavyweight and thereby became the champ at Lestock, Alta., in the second round. This Tebo has K.O.'ed every heavy in the West since being a pro.

Any news for this section must reach the writer by the eleventh of the month at 58 Charles Street, West Toronto, Canada. Any boy wishing a mentor, that has no manager, can write to me, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for an answer. *Adios* until next month with Greetings to All for 1935.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

ROCHESTER will open its first pro boxing with Ruby Cohen as the matchmaker. Ruby says that he will run twice a month until conditions warrant him running weekly.

Joe Brown, former cab owner and boxer, will open a high class gym in the downtown section. Joe is well liked and all the pro and amateur boxers will train at his gym.

Rochester has only two good looking prospects: Al Traino, lightweight, and Irish Jim Flood, middleweight. Traino is a pro and going good, and Flood is still an amateur.

Al Traino, Rochester's lightweight hope, is going great guns. Traino, under the management of the writer, is fighting in great style. Traino in the last month has defeated Connie Morris (six rounds), Frankie Egan, and stopped Joe Nealon of Scranton, Pa., in the first round and Artie Burt of New York in five rounds.

Irish Jim Flood, Rochester's Niagara District A. A. U. champ, and state champ, is packing the amateur shows all over the state. At Auburn, N. Y., Flood defeated Ralph De John of Syracuse in five rounds and stopped Al Yan of Batavia in three rounds. Flood drew close to 3,000 people in Endicott, N. Y., where he defeated Tommy Waples in five rounds, easy. Flood also drew close to 3,000 people at Jamestown, N. Y., at their amateur shows.

At the first Elks' boxing show Joe Di Carlo defeated Tony Polizzo and Stanley Ketchel defeated Bobby Smith in five rounds, both boys won easily. William Roberts defeated Tony Revilla in three rounds and Cliff Brone stopped Ed Bradshaw in three rounds.

Second Elks' show—Eddie Thomas stopped Moshie Smith in three rounds; Patsy Guerra defeated Nello Nucelli, five rounds; Frank Lioi defeated John Barratores to win the 147-pound class, and Frank McConnell defeated Carl Picone to win the 126-pound class.

Third Elks' show—Stanley Ketchel gave Tony Polizzo a licking for five rounds, but the referee gave the decision to Polizzo.

The Elks Club is the training spot for the amateurs and the pros right now. The following amateurs are training at the Elks Club. Stanley Ketchel, Jack Hagermann, Jim Flood, George Sprague, Nick August, Eddie Thomas, Moshie Smith, Don Piano, and others.

The writer will answer all letters, but please send stamped envelope.

THE RING is on sale on the fifteenth of each month at Levine's and Rickles' Newsstand at Clinton and Main Streets.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, KANS.—Amateur boxing results: Unk Gillian knocked out Everett Ogle in two. Kenny Anderson knocked out Claude Mitchell in two. Vaughn Stotts knocked out Earl Chancey in three. Lewis Laverty beat Rock Vaughn. Billy Dryden beat Johnny Davis. Bud Castle beat Joe Cramer. Kid Yale beat Gypsy Kid. Charles Bedham beat Carl Walker. Bobby Jones beat Bat Green.

Corona, Kans.—Buddy Kerley and Madero Chili Villareal fought ten rounds to a draw. Frankie Smirl knocked out Billy Markham in three. Olin Loy and Frisco Linda fought six rounds to a draw. Bill Neal knocked out K. O. Stevens in one round.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Babe Hunt knocked out Chick Raines in the third of a scheduled ten-round main event. Luther Ashford knocked out forrest "Cannonball" Cannon in three. Jimmy Carter and Athel White drew in six. Frisco Linda beat Olin Loy. Lloyd Smalley beat Tiger Column in four rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Babe Hunt knocked out Ray Pelky in the first round of a ten-round feature bout.

Corona, Kans.—Babe Hunt knocked out Jack Rivers in the second of a ten-round main go. Frankie Smirl knocked out Hank Alverz in four. Chief Parris beat George Price in six. Bennie Pierce failed to show up to fight Lefty Masters.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breese won an unpopular decision over Neil (Pug) Grubbs in ten rounds. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Frankie Hodges in two. Frankie Lee knocked out Johnny Uzeal in three. Jack Curley beat Bud Swanson in four. Tony Bradley knocked out Joe Viola in two rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Johnny Hull and Athel White fought eight fast rounds to a draw. Billy Markham knocked out Eddie Lewis in three. Ike Bayouth knocked out Nig Kyle in five. Harold Neiswinder knocked out Bert Morris in three. Len Marky knocked out Dud Britton in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Neil (Pug) Grubbs knocked out Jimmy Salvatore in the fifth of a ten-round feature bout. George Williams beat Goldie O'Hara in eight. Frisco Linda knocked out Jerry Jenkins in four. Joe Wells beat Royal Coffman in four. Harry Campbell beat Rickey Bass in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Ike Bayouth beat Billy Markham in eight hard-fought rounds. Chief Firestone beat Harold Potts in sixth. Ralph Uptegraft knocked out Tot Wilson in three. Johnny Pancho and Harold Neiswinder fought a six-round draw. Odie Caldwell shaded Jack Cobb in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Pat Kissinder beat Willie Davies in eight rounds. Cap Harding beat Frankie Lee in eight. Tommy Jones beat Dick Meiers in eight. Jimmy Garrison beat Bus Ward in four. Pete Alcanter knocked out Joey Sanchez in one round.

Tulsa, Okla.—Johnny Hull shaded Floyd Harrington in an eight-round main event at the American Legion hut. Harold Neiswinder and Harold Potts drew in six. Ike Bayouth knocked out Jack Cobb in three. Charley Street knocked out Nig Kyle in four. Windy Tom Smith knocked out Canvasback Kelley in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Athel White knocked out Huck Blaelock in the fourth of a scheduled six-round main go. Harold Neiswinder beat Nig Kyle in six. Bill Molder knocked out Bus Smith in four. Carlos Brown knocked out Clarence in five rounds.

Red Andrews is matchmaker for the American Legion, and Red is giving the fans some very entertaining boxing programs and drawing fair crowds with a gradual increase at the gate on every show. Jack Friel of 707 Main Street is managing Claude Shadrick, one of the most promising middleweights to crop out in this section lately. Any promoter wishing the services of a middleweight that can fight, get in touch with Friel.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

ROCHESTER, Minn.—Babe Daniels, Duluth lightweight, scored a win over Ronny Malcolm. Bruno Lahti won over Bob Crowley.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Earl Sather won the decision over Frank Androff; Vern Trickle shaded Ario Soldati; Pat Arnold beat Lee Savoldi; Jimmy Collins beat Bud Glover; Barney McLaughlin won from Don Foster; Mike Chipka won the decision over Cliff Dalen. Ernest Kilcoin won from Johnny Berksy; Battling Ginsberg beat Popeye Nolan.

Rochester, Minn.—Babe Daniels won over Ralph Leslie; Bruno Lahti decisioned Speed Lindberg; Everett Glosser lost by a T.K.O. to Arnold Benike.

Nyples, Minn.—Emil Staude stopped Johnny Talbot; John Hanschen won from Barney Bird; Joey Anderson scored a T.K.O. over Red Grant. Larry Mueller won over Johnny Dobbins in a great bout; Billy Shaw defeated Pete White; Art Montevertie won from Don McLoud; Frank Doyt stopped Doty Munich; Tom McKeon beat Elmer Jacobson in a close fight. Jack McDowell refereed. The bouts were all amateurs.

Winona, Minn.—Everett Grosser knocked out Arnoi Benike; Steve Cook knocked out Nick Roth; Frenchie Claude knocked out Joe Kashe; Bush Schoonover beat Jack Berksy.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Babe Daniels slashed out a win over Red Shinski; Stanley Dorgan stopped Kid Miller; Bruno Lahti won by a T.K.O. over Joe Domstad; Ted Reither pounded Fred Holman into defeat.

Caddy Casey, after eight months out of the ring, will come back under the management of Billy Whalen . . . . This Casey is a good looking prospect.

Minneapolis, Minn.—In a furious battle Henry Schaft, welterweight comer, punched his way to a win over Ace of Spades, lanky St. Paul Negro. Lee Savoldi won a hair-line decision over Ario Soldati, in a great battle; Gene Connolly and Harry Segal went to a draw. Russ Schultz won over Cliff Dalen; Jimmy Collins won over Stan Christy; Johnny Simpson drew with Earl Mason; Verne Trickle drew with Charley Lightheart; Johnny Gould drew with Bud Glover. Battling Ginsberg won over Popeye Nolan; Labe Safro. Jack McDowell and Johnny Sokol refereed and judged the card which was arranged by George A. Barton.

Tommy O'Loughlin, popular Minneapolis fight manager, may do some matchmaking with Jack Hurley for the American Legion of Minneapolis . . . . Both O'Loughlin and Hurley have considerable experience in the fight game, and would do big things here . . . . Frankie Knauer has hung up his gloves . . . . Frankie has decided to become an air pilot . . . . Joey Thomas, former boxer, is Nick Kahler's right-hand man in the promotion of amateur boxing . . . . Bruno Lahti of Duluth is a good looking prospect and should do big things in 1935 . . . . Jack Gibbons is going good around Chicago.

Johnny Salvator took a trip to Chicago . . . . Sorry, but as this is the month of ratings we have cut down considerably on the fight news for the month . . . . There are plenty of good looking prospects in Minnesota this season, so many in fact that it would take up too much space to name them all. Here are a few to keep your eyes on—Babe Daniels, Bruno Lahti, Earl Sather, Verne Trickle, Pat Arnold, Jimmy Collins, Frank Androff, Mike Chipka, Bud Glover, Barney McLaughlin, Ernest Kilcoin, Battling Ginsberg, Henry Schaft, Harry Segal, Caddy Casey, Ario Soldati, Ace of Spades, Lee Savoldi, Stan Christy, and just a pile of others . . . . Jack Hurley and his stable of leather pushers are going good . . . . Promoters and managers, also readers, and you fighters, send your dope to me, and mail same to 746 South Smith Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.; your pictures also, if you want same in the RING.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

RESULTS of the boxing matches for the month are as follows: Mickey Slater scored over Speedy Johnson; Speedy Clayton shaded Lloyd Weaver; Tommy Sacco stopped Jimmy Hays; Ben Brown stopped Bud Jackson; Kid Rarrick won over Frankie Smith. Kid Miller won by a kayo over Dewey Heinsma; Mickey Slater and Ernie North drew; Tommy Wallish and Willie Johnson staged a good fight with Johnson having an edge, if any; Tommy Sacco and Billy Clancey drew; Frank Smith won over Tuffy Orlikoff. The cards were all staged at the local Y.M.C.A.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Harold Matthews knocked out Hymie Speigal in eight rounds; Henry Aguirre knocked out Chief Hinman in six rounds; Tuffy Rohrig stopped Billy Blake in the first round.

Shenandoah, Ia.—Johnny Hayes and Bobby Stone boxed eight rounds to a deadlock; Kid Leonard and Soapy Martin went to a draw.

Just twenty years ago, November 17, 1914, in a selected spot in the woods, over the river in Nebraska, near Crystal Lake, Tommy Smith of Omaha and Johnny Arensdorf of Sioux City, heavyweights, battled in a fifteen-rounder before a crowd of five hundred Sioux City sportsmen . . . . How many of you old-timers around Sioux City recall this one?

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Owing to the ratings this month and the lack of space, we were forced to cut our notes considerably, so if your news has been left out, forgive us . . . . Sailor Burke, popular local fight manager, has his stable all steamed up for the season . . . . Burke has started Ray Mann on the come-back trip, and the local middleweight is doing real well . . . . Other boys that Burke has are some of the best prospects in this section, included in his list is Speedy Clayton, lightweight; Kid Jobe, welterweight, Eddie Reynolds, featherweight, Artie Stokes, welterweight and Tut Jackson, lightweight . . . . Abe Frankle, Des Moines wrestling promoter, is back from a trip to Canada . . . . Sioux City fans are expecting big things of Young Rightmier, local featherweight . . . .

Dick Demeray of Tappen, No. Dak., was knocked out by Joe Jaramillo, hard punching Denver welter, in seven rounds at Deadwood, So. Dak. . . . Frank Powers, former Des Moines promoter, is located at Norfolk, Va. . . . Jack Lofthouse, manager at Peoria, Ill., has a fine stable of boys that are holding their own with some of the best in that section . . . . Lofthouse can be reached at 1208 North Madison Street, Peoria, Ill. . . . Roy C. Baustian, boxing promoter at Onawa, Ia., has been doing real good there with his shows . . . . Jr. R. Basco, manager of Frankie Wolfram, Canadian featherweight, is doing big things with the kid . . . . From press clippings, Wolfram is licking everything his weight . . . . Boxers and Managers, my new promoters' list is now ready—List No. 4. Get yours while they last . . . . The price is only one dime, which just covers the cost of getting same out and into your hands . . . . The writer's phone number is 8-6224. Don't forget to mail your notes to 2206 North Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia. Will see you next month.

North Dakota has the following good boys: Clayton Ness and Juddy Ruddy, lightweights; George Feist, featherweight; Johnny Sikies and Al Watson, middleweights; Ace Fettig light-heavyweight, and Bill Strom, heavyweight. Sherald Kenard and Dick Demeray, welterweights.

South Dakota—Jackie Beckett, bantamweight; Blackie Burshiem, lightweight; Al Broun, middleweight; Larry Udell, light-heavyweight.

Nebraska—Bantamweight, Harold Matthews; featherweights, Sammy Mussco and Freddie Penn; lightweights, Baby Tiger Flowers, Tommy Corbett and Cappy Wooten; welterweights, Jimmy Wooten, Sonny Sofio; middleweights, Bat Nelson, Duane Maddox, and Don Baxer. Light-heavyweights and heavyweights, none worth mentioning.

The three outstanding fighters in Iowa are: Young Rightmier, featherweight, Davey Day, lightweight, and Johnny Miler, light-heavyweight.

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE

Jack Dempsey

Message to YOU
from Nat Fleischer

IT is not the essential purpose of this course to develop you into a professional boxer. However, it is my mission to teach you the rudiments of self-defense, minus all the hooey and trimmings which have complicated so many other similar attempts in correspondence courses.

A MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

The rudiments of self-defense and the outstanding rules of training and laws of health CAN BE TAUGHT BY MAIL and WILL BE TAUGHT BY MAIL TO YOU and I'LL PROVE IT.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

Charley Massare, rated among the world's 10 best heavyweights, learned all his boxing from my books. If he could do it, why can't you?

Nine Lessons — *that's all!!!*

Two Weeks for Each Lesson —

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

You who have used my books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," know that Nat Fleischer is not among those who promise one thing and give you a substitute. He's on the level with you.

There is nothing "phony" about any of my offers. You get 100 per cent value for every dollar you spend with me.

Nat Fleischer knows his subject and he knows how to teach it to you.

Those who have studied his books KNOW THAT HE KNOWS HIS WORK.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact. **But that is not all.**

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

Here's ANOTHER Feature —

I know that times are not what they were. Money is scarce and it is difficult for you to get any outfits. So I'm making this offer:

Free — No Red Tape — No Bunk Promises

With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fitted to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

But that is not all —

Here's Another Point Worth Considering

Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport. **Therefore, I am making this extra offer. Your pal also will receive Free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.**

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

Since I started this home boxing course, almost a thousand readers of THE RING have become my pupils. To date, of the 472 who have completed the course and then followed it with four weeks of intensive gymnasium workout, 327 have become amateur boxers.

Many have written to me and told me that after the great success they have attained in amateur contests, they have decided to join some club and enter the Golden Gloves tournaments which are staged annually in all parts of the country.

Seven of my pupils have had as many as 22 amateur fights in the first four months of boxing and their percentage of knockouts is the unusually high mark of 81 percent and their percentage of victories is 87. That's a record worth while. What do you think?

The percentage of victories and knockouts is readily explained.

Nat Fleischer knows his boxing. He knows how to impart his knowledge to others. He knows how to tell his students, in the simplest understandable language what to do and what not to do. He knows how to explain to them all the important punches and how to land them.

Nat Fleischer doesn't give you a lot of bunk talk just to get your money. He gets results because he is an able teacher, a recognized authority on physical education and one of the world's leading figures in the field of Fistiana. That's a sufficient reason for the success of his pupils. Isn't it?

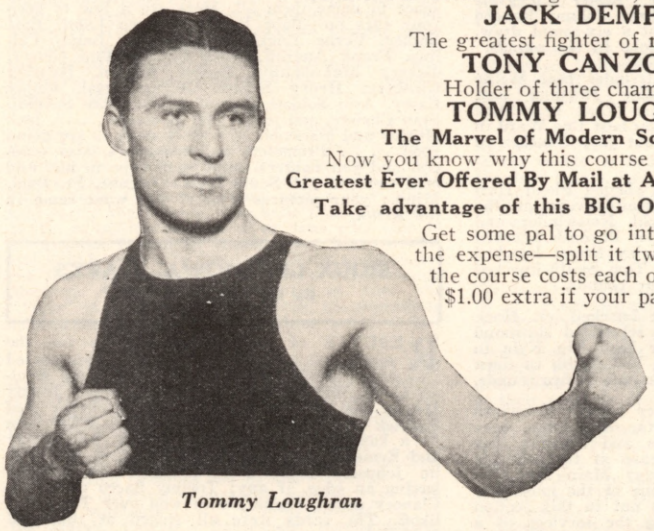
You can't go wrong by subscribing to his course. Do it now.

Study his booklets carefully, join an amateur club, enter the Golden Gloves and show 'em what a Universal Boxing Course pupil can do.

Even if you don't want to join a club and box in public, there's plenty of fun in knowing how to box. That's why you should get my course.

In the Universal Boxing course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.
TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.
TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.



Tommy Loughran

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the **Greatest Ever Offered By Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.**

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get.

Study Together and Train TOGETHER.

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Remember—Jack Dempsey, Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri — **Three of the Greatest Ring Champions of Modern Times** have collaborated with the Author, Nat Fleischer, to give you the benefits of **Their Experience, Their Knowledge and Their Science and Skill,** in

THE BEST BOXING COURSE YET DEVISED

At the Lowest Price Ever Asked for a Legitimate, Bona-Fide, Honest-to-Goodness Course That IS A COURSE. No Hokum—No Bunk—No Unfulfilled Promises.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 or $6.00) to Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York.

Name.....
(Print)

Street.....

City.....**State**.....

Size of Trunks.....**(Free)** **Pal's Size of Trunks**.....**(Free)**

Size of Shirt.....**(Free)** **Pal's Size of Shirt**.....**(Free)**

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

STAR FRISCO, sensational bantamweight, whipped Young Dumaguilas in his initial showing here. The bout was advertised as for the bantamweight championship of the Orient, although Jose Villanueva holds the title.

The Jose Rizal Tennis Stadium was packed to the rafters when 10,000 fans jammed their way through the huge stadium. The Eastern Boxing Club, under the management of the Santo Tomas Cortez brothers, conducted the fights.

Meanwhile, Mariano R. Sangle, a rival promoter, staged another record breaking gate at the Osmena Boxing Park, which is situated in the heart of Manila. B. de Guzman, pounded out a clean-cut decision over Primo Vidal in ten rounds in the main attraction of the evening.

The Philippines are in the thick of a boxing war today with the Eastern Boxing Club and the Osmena Boxing Park. Many are of the opinion that the population of Manila cannot support two boxing clubs, running at the same time.

So far the Eastern Boxing Club is dealing the Osmena Boxing Park with deadly blows, but those who are in the know predict that the tables will be reversed with the arrival of Johnny Samson, and his stable of fighters. Samson has signified his willingness to ally with the Osmena people.

Francisco Limjengco, popular sportsman, is also behind the guns of the Osmena Boxing Park, and it is believed that with Limjengco, Samson, Sangle, and Navoa fighting side by side, the Eastern Boxing Club will have a hard time forcing the quartet out of the fight picture.

Manuel Eloriaga was severely criticized for halting the Baby Johnson vs. Joe Eagle tussle, held at the Osmena, and awarding it to the latter. Johnson, after suffering a cut over both eyes, which, however, were not bleeding, was declared the loser by a T.K.O. by Eloriaga on the ground that he feared Johnson would suffer incalculable damage should the bout continue. Johnson, however, was still strong and raring to go, so that the third man's verdict raised a storm of protests from the big crowd.

Cris Pineda was crowned junior featherweight champion, by virtue of his victory over Cunning Nene in the second title bout of the Eastern Boxing Club gala opening. Joe Grande is the recognized titleholder of this weight in many quarters in the Islands.

Young Frisco, welterweight champion, stopped Fighting Bolido, in the second of a ten. Bolido was no match for the champ.

Jose Villanueva, popular bantamweight titlist, underwent a nose operation, at the San Juan de Dios Hospital. The surgeons who operated on him stated that the excess tissue on his nasal septum was the chief cause for his lack of stamina and with it out of the way it is hoped that Villanueva will improve.

Al Cante kayoed Jack Ryan and Joe Phan, middleweights, in respective bouts. Cante is a recent arrival from the States where he made a fair record.

B. de Guzman scored over Ventura Marquez, of Mexico, in ten bracing cantos at the Rizal Square Garden, San Juan, Rizal. Limjengco promoted the show.

Young Santos, Cavite flyweight champion, lifted the crown from Little Abayan's brow in his third try for the title. Their first two battles ended in draws.

By the time this report is printed Little Pancho will have arrived in Manila. Pancho will fight under the colors of the Eastern Boxing Club. This is another point in favor of the E.B.C. troupe, as Promoter Sangle, of the Osmena Boxing Park, has been trying to secure his services for the past two months without success.

OTHER IMPORTANT FIGHTS—Speed Cabanela smeared Little Moro to the canvas in the sixth of a ten; Tony Darcy won on a foul over Max Aguila, four; Young Teddy one-twoed his way to a win over Max Aguilar, ten; Fighting Cornejo decisioned Noli Eagle in six; Dommy Reyes drew with Joe Peralta, later losing to the latter in another ten-rounder; Little Dado whipped Small Doro in six; and Young Hernando held Kid Surigao to an even go in four.

FLASHES ALONG THE BOXING FRONT—Suspicions flew thick and fast between the E.B.C. and the O.B.P. while both were ballyhooing their programs. A day before the opening of the E.B.C., Young Max Schmeling, who was to have fought Young Frisco in the third main event, was suddenly taken ill of dysentery, forcing the management to make a last minute hunt for a substitute. In the space of a week the O.B.P. had to wreck its card thrice when Fighting Abordo, Rush Binoy, and Ventura Marquez reported to the office that they would not be able to fight for reasons of their own. Abordo came on Monday morning; Binoy on the next day; Marquez phoned six hours before bell time.

We have heard that Pablo Dano, the Human Dynamo, is going great guns in the Pacific Coast, what with walloping fistic figures like Johnny Pena and Midget Wolgast . . . . Promoters here told Pablo a year ago that he was through as a fighter, so that there would be no use for him to ask for matches . . . . Now who's getting the best laugh? . . . . If you wish to humor Apeng Cuyugan, just drop a few lines praising his fighters.

The correspondent wishes to remind fighters and managers that should they desire to obtain information from him regarding the game here they should send in a self-addressed envelope plus the necessary amount to cover the postal rates. Morever, they should include a copy of their records and pictures of themselves, all of which will be forwarded to the different promoters in the Islands. His address: 39 Lozada, San Juan, Rizal, Philippines.

IN SOUTH AFRICA
By E. D. CRAIG

LAURIE STEVENS, boxing idol of South Africa, struck a real snag in Aldo Spoldi, an Italian lightweight importation, at the Wanderers open-air stadium, Johannesburg.

Stevens was awarded a points decision over ten rounds, in several of which he was hardly aware of what was going on, and the crowded stadium received the biggest boxing thrill for years, in the second round. Spoldi arrived with the reputation of being a K.O. specialist and he lived up to it in this contest.

Most of those present viewed the bout, however, as but another stepping stone for the whirlwind S. A. lightweight, whose non-stop methods had brought him victory over every professional opponent, and two wins over Wesley Ramey.

In his second bout with Ramey, Stevens appeared to have remedied an old fault, that of leaving himself open, to a man with a good right.

His failing was again apparent and almost proved disastrous against Spoldi. The Italian connected in round two and down went Stevens, seemingly out for the count. At eight he struggled up but was quickly down again for six. Once more he got up, but was sent down a third time. When almost certain to be counted out, the South African was saved by the gong. Weak in the third session, it seemed he must go, but Spoldi began to punch less accurately, perhaps through overkeenness and Stevens, game as a pebble, in the fourth staged a magnificent recovery.

Although shaky in several rounds and shivered by other heavy punchers from a tiring Spoldi several times thereafter, he instinctively battled his way to victory. It is doubtful, however, whether he knew his hand had been raised at the end of the ten rounds.

Some of Spoldi's punches were great, while his sportsmanship was of the kind we all too seldom see. The fans were not slow to appreciate it.

Stevens should have learned his lesson, of the danger that is probable when he leaves his chin uncovered, against a hard hitter. If he has not, Spoldi's punch may well prove even more disastrous in their return bout, which seems almost certain to eventuate.

In the major preliminary, Young George Anderson, contender for Willie Smith's featherweight title, beat Cecil Haynes, a clever Durban feather on points over eight rounds. The decision met with a mixed reception.

On the Monday following these bouts, Wesley Ramey met Jack Flynn, Irish lightweight champion, over twelve rounds in Capetown. Ramey won the majority and proved clearly superior to his only ordinary opponent. Those with whom the decision rested were apparently not satisfied that Ramey had done enough, for the fight was given to Flynn. To say the least of it, the decision was an amazing one, Ramey absolutely being robbed of victory.

Eddie Blink, who fought and lost to Stevens some time back, also appeared to beat Dave Burger narrowly over eight rounds, but Burger was declared the winner.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

SMILING KID, heavyweight champion of Jamaica, defended his title against Battling Johnny. The Kid retained his title after a slow bout.

Young Chocolate, flyweight champion of Jamaica, scored a K.O. over Juan Morales, flyweight champion of Cuba, in the second round of their ten-round contest.

Buzz Barton, a promising boy, put up his best fight by beating Charley Perez, the Santo Domingoan champion.

QUIT TOBACCO

No man or woman can escape the harmful effects of tobacco. Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Join the thousands of inveterate tobacco users that have found it easy to quit with the aid of the Keeley Treatment.

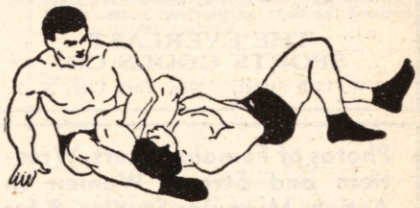
KEELEY Treatment For *Tobacco Habit* Successful For Over 50 Years

Quickly banishes all craving for tobacco. Write today for Free Book telling how to quickly Free yourself from the tobacco habit and our Money Back Guarantee.

KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. H-709 Dwight, Ill.
Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet sent on request. Correspondence strictly confidential.

Another Great Sports Book!

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"



Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds, in addition to 70 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"
By Jack Curley
Internationally Famous Promoter,
and
Nat Fleischer
Editor and Publisher of THE RING

A book that not only tells you how to do your preliminary training, your gymnasium workout, how to develop the muscles most used in wrestling, how and what and when to eat, and how to wrestle, but explains in detail:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present day and old time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in cash or money order plus 10 cents extra for postage to:

THE RING BOOK SHOP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE,
8th Avenue and 49th Street
New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," the world's greatest book on the mat sport.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED
Don't forget to add 10 cents for postage.

The Knockout of the Year

The Most authentic, up-to-the-minute boxing record book of the year.

Managers — Promoters

If you want to keep close tab on the boys upon whom you must depend for your success, you cannot do without

The 1935 Everlast Annual Record Book

Fourteen years of continuous service to Promoters, managers, fighters and the fight fans.

That in itself is an achievement worth while. It speaks volumes for the accuracy of our records.

Prepare now for 1935

Send us 35 cents NOW

and we will mail your 1935 **Everlast Record Book** to you to any part of the world. Take no substitute. Get your Money's worth by buying the record book that has stood the test for fourteen years.

THE EVERLAST SPORTS GOODS CO.

29 W. 14th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Photos of Female Boxers, Wrestlers and Strong Women in Action. Muscular Studies. 8 for $1.00.

C. STARR

116 East 11th St., New York City

BE TALL Your Height Increased in 14 days or money back! The amazing Stebbing System soon brings **3-5 Inches Increase, new "pep" and energy.** A valuable Health Course and "Success and Popularity" Course included FREE with System, sent complete for $2.00. Send 3c stamps for convincing Free Book with testimonials and Guarantee in plain sealed envelope. **WRITE NOW TO:**

STEBBING SYSTEM

Dept. R4 FOREST HILLS NEW YORK

Special — Special — Special

Only **$3.98**

Many of our readers have informed us that they would like to obtain

NAT FLEISCHER'S Universal Boxing Course

but couldn't afford to spend $5.00 for it. They have asked whether it is possible to obtain the course without the trunks and shirts which are offered in the advertisement on page 58.

Here is our special offer

To you who want to get Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course **without the trunks and shirts,** we will send for a limited time only,

THE ENTIRE NINE BOOKLETS

which comprise the course for

$3.98

Fill out this blank and send with money order to **THE RING BOOK SHOP, 825 Eighth Avenue, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.**

Please send me Nine Booklets comprising Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course used by many colleges and Secondary Schools, **without trunks or shirts, for $3.98.** If you want an extra complete set of books for your pal to study with you—Add 52c to the above and send a money order for $4.50 for 2 complete boxing courses **without any shirts or trunks. Learn How to Box.**

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

Sectional Ratings

IN an effort to develop local interest in the boys who are battling their way to national recognition, THE RING has asked its correspondents in the leading boxing centers to submit a special rating in which only local talent is considered. Here is the annual sectional ranking of boxers:

NEW ENGLAND
By "Doc" Almy

Choice of fighters who did the most for boxing in 1934: Barney Ross, Freddy Miller, Art Lasky.

Leaders in New England divisions:

Heavyweights—Tony Shucco, Edward "Unknown" Winston, Dick Madden.

Light-heavyweights—Tony Shucco, Al Gainor, Al McCoy.

Middleweights—Lou Brouillard, Frankie Britt, Johnny Rossi.

Welterweights—Frankie Britt, Andy Callahan, Harry Devine.

Lightweights—Honey Mellody, Louis Barrisano, Tony Bent.

HOLYOKE, MASS.
By George "Kid" Ross

Heavyweights—Roy "Ace" Clark, Prince Tooma, Jimmy Burke.

Light-heavyweights—Young "Ace" Clark, Eddie Gates, Eddie Michaels.

Middleweights—Dave Shade, Ray Trueheart, Romeo Ducharme.

Welterweights—Sal Canaca, Ray Rowe, Lou Boschetti.

Lightweights—Roland Lecuyer, Carlo Daponde, Tom Grady.

Bantamweights—Johnny Scibelli, Ruby Bradley, George Ferris.

CALIFORNIA
By Gene Vinassa

Now here's my choice for the three leaders in each division on the Coast:

Flyweights—Little Pancho, Small Montana and Tony Marino.

Bantamweights—Speedy Dado, Pablo Dano, Frankie Castillo.

Featherweights—Baby Arizmendi, Henry Armstrong, Johnny Pena.

Lightweights—Peter Jackson, Frankie Klick, Davey Abad, Henry Woods.

Welterweights—Cerefino Garcia, Sammy O'Dell, "Kid" Capley.

Middleweights—Young Corbett, Freddie Steele, Babe Marino.

Light-heavyweights—John Henry Lewis, Frank Rowsey, Wesley Ketchell.

Heavyweights—Max Baer, Leroy Haynes, Lee Ramage, Fred Feary.

PACIFIC COAST RATINGS
By Joe Waterman

Heavyweights—Max Baer, Art Lasky, Los Angeles; LeRoy Haynes, Los Angeles; Lee Ramage, San Diego; Hank Hankinson, Los Angeles; Ford Smith, Seattle, Wash.

Light-heavyweights — John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.; Fred Lenhart, Montana; Young Firpo, Burke, Idaho; Wesley Ketchell, Los Angeles; Frank Rowsey, Los Angeles.

Middleweights—Oscar Rankin, Los Angeles; Young Corbett, San Francisco; Freddie Steele, Tacoma, Wash.; Swede Berglund, San Bernardino, Calif.; Guy Salerno, Los Angeles.

Welterweights — Jimmy McLarnin, Cerefino Garcia, Los Angeles; Kid Azteca, Mexico City; Al Manfredo, Fresno, Calif.; Baby Joe Gans, Los Angeles; Alvin Lewis, Seattle, Wash.

Lightweights—Peter Jackson, Los Angeles; Henry Woods, Yakima, Wash.; Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles; Frankie Klick, San Francisco; Jimmy McLeod, Tacoma, Wash.

Featherweights—Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles; Baby Arizmendi, Mexico City; Georgie Hansford, Los Angeles; Gene Espinosa, Los Angeles; Johnny Pena, San Francisco.

Bantamweights—Pablo Dano, Los Angeles; Speedy Dado, Los Angeles; Young Tommy, Los Angeles; Joe Tei Ken, San Francisco; Al Spina, Portland, Ore.

MICHIGAN RATINGS
By Mickey McIntire

Heavyweights—Johnny Miler, Joe Louis, Jack O'Dowd, Roscoe Tooles.

Light-heavyweights—Pretit Ferarer, Johnny Miler, Johnny Vorce.

Middleweights—Marty Simmons, Frankie Misko, Frank Kapanowski, Gene Stanley.

Welterweights—Morrie Sherman, Thurston McKinney, Pete Petroskey, Harry Robertson.

Lightweights—Champ Chuck Woods, Wesley Ramey, Sammy Chivas.

Featherweights—Champ Joe Pallazola, Roger Bernard, Orville Drouillard, Foster Young.

Bantamweights—Champ Ken Offet, Billy Cooper, Cliff McWherter.

Flyweights—Champ Johnny Thomas, Bobby Gignac, Red Casson.

CANADIAN ONTARIO NEWS SECTION
By G. A. M. Tutty

Leaders in this locality:

Flyweights—Spider Armstrong, Chuck Murphy.

Bantamweights—Horace "Lefty" Gwynne, Harry Bauman, Frankie Wolfram.

Featherweights—Ray Cook, Orville Drouillard, Cliff McWherter.

Lightweights—Bobby Allen, Eddie Carroll.

Welterweights—Tommy Bland, "Irish" Jimmie Boyne, Frankie Genovese.

Middleweight—Harry Sacks.

Light-heavyweight—Jack Dane.

Heavyweights—Larry Gains, Bill Maitch, James J. Walsh.

Canadian Champs, from above:

Heavyweight—Larry Gains.

Welterweight—Tommy Bland.

Featherweight—Ray Cook.

CUBAN RATING OF BOXERS
By Milton Baron

Heavyweights—Young Herrera, Goyito Rico.

Light-heavyweight—Young Herrera.

Middleweights—Kid Tunero, Bill Scott, Humberto Casals.

Welterweights—Relampago Saguero, Kid Calixto, Joaquin Torregrosa.

Lightweights—Sixto Morales, Baby La Paz, Joe Coego.

Featherweights—Kid Chocolate, Gilberto Castillo, Prudencio Arce.

Bantamweights—Kid Juancito, Joe Legon, Alex Yanes.

Flyweights—Juan Morales, Rafael Valdes, William Baeza.

TRENTON, N. J.
By Joseph Sox Pinto

Heavyweights—No heavies.

Light-heavyweights—Jack Reilly, Ted Ivins.

Middleweights—Johnny Oakey, Paulie Walker, Young Terry.

Welterweights—Ralph Fulton, Billy Kearns, Carman Presti.

Lightweights—George Levy, Larry Mangine, Young Andy.

Featherweights—Mooch Murphy, Meyer Goss, Joey Saxon.

Bantamweights—Johnny Brennan, Sid Berkowitz, Mickey Bellino.

Flyweight—Knocky Murphy.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By Clyde Smith

Ratings of Minnesota boxers:

Flyweight—Britt Gorman.

Bantamweight—None.

Featherweights—Gene Connolly, Harry Segal, Jackie Sharkey, Harvey Woods.

Lightweights—Babe Daniels, Johnny Stanton, Wen Lambert.

Welterweights—Henry Schaft, Jock Moore, Max Kalbrenner.

Middleweights—Frankie Battaglia, Jack Gibbons, Johnny Simpson.

Light-heavyweights—Vern Trickle, Ario Soldati, Lee Savoldi.

Heavyweights—Art Laskey, Charley Retzlaff, Earl Sather.

The best looking boys for this month, for all-round sportsmanship, are Jack Gibbons, Ario Soldati, Win Lambert, Gene Connolly.

SIOUX CITY IOWA SPARKS
By Bill Hawkins

Our annual rating of Sioux City boxers, also including South Dakota, Nebraska, and North Dakota, follows:

Flyweights—None.

Bantamweights—Prospects: Tommy Sacco, Dal Olson, Baby Chocolate (colored) Tommy Haddit.

Featherweights—Young Rightmire — Prospects: Mickey Slater, Eddie Reynolds, Billy Clancey.

Lightweights—Prospects: Speedy Clayton, Kid Newman, Terry Griffith, Lloyd Weaver, Ernie North.

Welterweights—Prospects: Mel Rice, Kid Jobe (colored) Al Pahl, Lloyd Rawson, Artie Stokes, Jackie James.

Middleweights—Prospects: Irish McKenna, Buddy Short (colored), Ray Mann, Ben Brown, Willie Jackson.

Light-heavyweights — Prospects: Kid Miller, Tuffy Dial, Keath Weaver, Don Rhymer.

Heavyweights—Same as light-heavyweights.

RATINGS FOR THE PHILIPPINES
By Conrado Mata

Flyweights—Young Santos (champion), Little Abayan, Young Dumaguilas, Speed Cabanela, Little Dado, Johnny Mortell.

Bantamweights—Jose Villanueva (champion), Star Frisco, Young Dumaguilas, Little Pancho, Cunning Nene, Joe Eagle.

Featherweights—(Title Vacant) B. de Guzman, Cris Pineda, Young Tarley, Joe Eagle, Baby Johnson.

Lightweights—Kid Vicente (champion), Mariano Adriano, Baby Johnson, Young Teddy, Fighting Carlos, Max Aguilar.

Welterweights—Young Frisco (champion),

Mariano Adriano, Con Cordero, Young Narsing, Rufe Milling, Max Aguilar.

Middleweights—(Title Vacant), Al Cante, Young Max Schmeling, Leo Bruno, U. S. Army.

SYRACUSE CHOICES
By Billy Shaw

Heavyweight—Bob Moody.
Light-heavyweight—Johnny Nelson.
Middleweight—Eddie (Babe) Risko.
Welterweight—Eugene Emanuel.
Lightweight—Eddie Dempsey.
Featherweight—Joey Brown.
Bantamweight—Joey Kushner.
Flyweight—None.

CANADA CHOICES
By Lawson Bampton

My Canadian ring ratings are as follows, based on performances during the past year:

Heavyweights—Steve Trojack, Winnepeg; Tiger Warrington, Liverpool, N. S.; Jack Tebo, Alberta.

Light-heavyweights—Tiger Warrington, Nova Scotia; Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton; Battling Tracey, Winnepeg.

Middleweights—Frankie Battaglia, Winnepeg; Laurie Peppin, Winnepeg; Kid Osborne, Alberta.

Welterweights—Gordon Wallace, Vancouver; Billy Townsend, Vancouver; Frankie Genovese, Toronto.

Lightweights — Tommy Bland (champion), Toronto; Eddie Carroll, Ottawa; Harold Stewart, Montreal.

(Al Foreman, British Empire champion, not rated as he did not box in Canada during year.)

Featherweights—Ray Cook (champion), Toronto; Orville Drouillard, Windsor, Ont., and Joe Marciente, Montreal.

Bantamweights—Frankie Martin (champion), Montreal; Lefty Gwynne, Toronto; Harry Gerson, Montreal.

(Bobby Leitham held championship until retirement in October. Frankie Wolfram, Winnepeg, campaigning in Ohio rings, would rank if he had competed in Canadian rings.)

Flyweights—Young Lamothe (champion), Quebec; Greggie Gregersen, Montreal; R. St Amand, Quebec.

SOUTHERN OHIO SELECTIONS
By Jimmie Amann

Heavyweights—Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Ted Graham, New Richmond; Sgt. Bob Irvin, Columbus.

Light-heavyweights — Long John, Columbus; Smokey Maggard, Cincinnati; Joe Mueller, Cincinnati.

Middleweights—Alabama Kid, Columbus; Roughhouse Glover, Cincinnati; Luis Morgan, Dayton.

Welterweights—Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati; Joe Carlos, Columbus; Jimmy Brown, Cincinnati.

Lightweights—Jackie Hoster, Columbus; Tiger Walker, Cincinnati; Al George, Columbus.

Featherweights — Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Ross Fields, East Liverpool; Mike O'Dowd, Columbus.

Bantamweights—Frankie Wolfram, Barberton; Georgie Annarino, Newark; Joey Palmo, Cincinnati.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA RATINGS
By Patsy Donovan

Heavyweights—Donald Red Barry, Natie Brown, Marty Gallagher.

Light-heavyweights—Bob Godwin, Billy Strickler, Red Bush.

Middleweights—Ken Overlin, Sylvan Bass, Jimmy Jones.

Welterweights—Frankie Hughes, Phil Furr, Bob Wilson.

Lightweights—Jackie Portney, Tootsie Bashara, Joe Rivers.

Featherweights—Pete Sarron, Phil Zwick, Harry Jeffra.

Bantamweights—Billy Landers, Pete Powell, Sammy Sweet.

LOUISIANA
By Matty Mathews

In compliance with your request I have named what I believe to be the leaders in the respective divisions.

Heavyweights—Max Baer, Steve Hamas, Primo Carnera.

Light-heavyweights—Bob Olin, Joe Knight, Maxie Rosenbloom.

Middleweights—Marcel Thil, Teddy Yarosz, Paul Pirrone.

Welterweights—Jimmy McLarnin, Bobby Pacho, Kid Azteca.

Lightweights—Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, Frankie Klick.

Featherweights—Freddie Miller, Baby Arizmendi, Merv Blandon.

Bantamweights—Al Brown, Sixo Escobar, Speedy Dado.

Flyweights—Jackie Brown, Benny Lynch, Tommy Pardoe.

BUFFALO RATINGS
By Hugh Shannon

Heavyweights—Big Boy Brackey; Earl Conway; Red Brennan.

Light-heavyweights—Lou Scozza; Billy Nichy; Bob Gore.

Middleweights—Dick Hartnett; Tony Tozzo; Bob Sawyer.

Try these Knock-Out Punches of Champions

Can you knock any man cold with one blow? It's easy when you know how to land these famous punches on the *eight vital points* of the body! Learn them all for only 25c. Read this amazing offer!

Win Any Fight with these Sleep-Producers

Next time you find yourself in a scrap, just haul off and land one of these famous Knock-Outs. WHAM! The fight's over! Down goes your opponent. He's out! You walk off a hero.

Yes, it's as simple as that when you know how to hit—with the deadly knock-out blows of the great champions. A hundred wild swings don't do one-tenth the damage of any ONE of these paralyzing punches. Why take a licking when you can KNOW these amazing secrets of the knock-out? Now they are revealed so clearly and concisely that any man can quickly master them. For only 25c you gain the knowledge that may save you from insult, humiliation, ridicule —that may make you a CHAMPION.

12 GREAT PUNCHES Explained and Illustrated—All for 25c

No man living can stand up under the paralyzing effects of these expert punches landed on the vital points of the body. Here are the king punches of all the great masters—Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Jack Johnson, Benny Leonard, Gene Tunney, Carnera—every punch explained and illustrated—every move made clear. And here's an EXTRA SPECIAL GIFT:

FREE Chart showing the eight vital knock-out spots and vulnerable points of the body. Tells you where to hit a man to render him helpless and unconscious.

Rush Coupon—Offer Limited

Only a limited number of these sets of Knock-Out Punches and Free Charts on hand. Don't miss yours! Mail the coupon or write, enclosing a quarter, or 25c in stamps for your complete set. Money Back Guarantee.

The INSTITUTE of PHYSICAL CULTURE
55 East 11th St. Dept. L2 New York, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON

THE INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. L-2
55 East 11th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once a complete set of the 12 Knock-Out Punches of Champions with Free Chart of Vital Points of Body. I enclose 25 cents in full payment.

Name .....

Address .....

Town..... State.....

PITTSBURGH DISTRICT
By Phil Goldstein

The three leaders of each division in the Pittsburgh district are:

Heavyweights—Charley Massare, Buddy McAuthor, Floyd Clements.

Light-heavyweights—Sammy Slaughter, Red Bruce, Jim McVey.

Middleweights—Teddy Yarosz, Anson Green, Al Quaill.

Welterweights—Joey Spiegal, Fritzie Zivic, Joe Randall.

Lightweights—Eddie Zivic, Mike Barto, Domnick Mancini.

Featherweights—Mose Butch, Ross Fields, Charley Burns.

Bantamweights—Nat Liftin, Tony Marino, Jimmy Thomas.

Flyweights—none. This class has been dormant since Willie Davies quit fighting.

BRITISH SELECTIONS
By John S. Sharpe

Flyweights—Jackie Brown (Champ), Benny Lynch, Tom Pardoe, Bobby McGhee, Phil Milligan.

Bantamweights—Johnny King, Len Beynon, Mog Mason, Billy Miller, Len Hampston.

Featherweights—Nel Tarleton (Champ), Dave Crowley, Johnny Mcgrory, Dick Corbett, Dave Finn.

Lightweights—Jack Kid Berg (Champ), Jimmy Walsh, Seaman Watson, Jimmy Stewart, Norman Snow.

Welterweights—Harry Mason, Charlie Baxter, George Bunter, Johnny Quill, Billy Bird.

Middleweights—Jock McAvoy (Champ), Al Burke, Archie Sexton, Moe Moss, Cock Moffitt.

Cruiserweights—Len Harvey, Tommy Farr, Eddie Phillips, Ernie Simmonds, Frank Hough.

Heavyweights—Jack Peterson (Champ), Len Harvey, George Cook, Jack Doyle, Jack Pettifer.

PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

IF wrestling didn't "make" itself in Pittsburgh in the show headlined by Jim Londos and Jack Dempsey, then there is no hope for it here. Jim Londos, recognized as the champion, threw Vic Christy, of California, with a series of body slams after 34 minutes, before a large crowd at Duquesne Garden. Jack Dempsey was the third man in the ring. In the semifinal Carl Pojello had little trouble disposing of Little Beaver in 17 minutes and 52 seconds. Dempsey created a furor by knocking the Indian down with a right cross after the latter had made a pass at Jack for pulling him forcibly from a hold. After Jack had knocked Little Beaver down it was easy for Pojello to finish him. Irish Pat O'Shocker of St. Louis and Billy Bartush of Chicago wrestled 30 minutes to a draw. In the opened, Hans Kampfer, the German, threw Henry Piers of Montreal with an armlock and body hold in 20 minutes and 54 seconds. The gross receipts were $4,450. It seems as if Promoter Ray Fabiani has finally clicked here after several years of patient effort.

Mickey Walker, "the toy bulldog," defeated Tait Littman in a hard-fought, close ten-rounder at Duquesne Garden. Littman stepped out in the ninth and tenth rounds with a furious assault to Walker's body and head but could not overcome the early lead that the veteran had piled up. Walker tipped the scales at 161 and Littman was one and a half pounds heavier. In the six-round semifinal Al Quaill won his eleventh straight fight since turning professional, by beating Jimmy Belmont. It was the best fight of the night. Quaill weighed 155¼ and Belmont 152¾. Harry Jacobs, 156, defeated Dick Ambrose, 157, in the second six-rounder and in the opening six, Jack Delcherone, 161, won over Vic Wicketts, 162¼. The show, an all middleweight affair, drew a fair-sized house.

Eddie Zivic got revenge for a disputed draw decision with Gene Salvatore of Chicago in the Windy City, a short while ago, by scoring a clean-cut K.O., in the first round, over the Chicagoan. Salvatore was counted out with one second left to go in the round. In the semifinal Alabama Kid, Negro middleweight of Dover, Ohio, was the victim of a T.K.O. in the second round by Jack Charvez, an Indian of Phoenix, Arizona. Alabama Kid entered the ring with a badly swollen arm and Referee Red Robinson wisely stopped the bout when it was apparent that the Kid was unable to do his best. The Commission held up the colored lad's money. In the second ten-rounder Ross Fields gave Dave Barry, ranking featherweight of Chicago, a trouncing, flooring Barry three times in the eighth round to gain the decision. Fields took the bout on one day's notice and weighed 130¼ and Barry weighed 123¾.

BOXING STEW—Sammy Slaughter, formerly of Terre Haute, is now making Pittsburgh his home . . . . plenty of activity around the Pittsburgh Lyceum these days. Practically all visiting and local boxers work out in the Lyceum gym . . . . Danny Ryan, in charge of the gym, is popular with the glove wielders and their mentors . . . . Al Quaill is rapidly forging to the front in the middleweight division, winning all of his eleven fights since turning pro . . . . Tait Littman and his manager, Al Fain, predicted a fine ring future for Al Sunseri, local lightweight . . . . Sunseri helped Littman train for the Mickey Walker bout.

For the High and Prep School Boy

If you want to know how to box, subscribe to Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course, the greatest ever written. Outclasses every other course on the market. Nine books sent to you in this course. See "Ad" in this issue. His course leads all others.

WILL BUY OR EXCHANGE

Old, rare boxing books or books out of print; Colors of famous old time fighters; any relics of old time fistic stars. Address, Nat Fleischer, **The Ring, 825-8th Ave., N. Y. City, N. Y.**

Just what *you* are looking for!

Nothing like it ever placed in book form

Is it worth 75 cents to you to add from half an inch to two inches to your height?

If you are still capable of growing, that is, if you are less than twenty-six years of age—boy or girl—my system of physical training, specially devised for increasing your height, will turn the trick.

Four months of intensive, conscientious training will add to your stature and make you feel proud of your achievement. It also will add to your athletic appearance.

I have just completed two years of experimentation with a class of boys ranging in age from 17 to 26, and have proved to my satisfaction, and that of my special pupils, that my system is the finest ever placed before the public.

It is a system that not only adds strength to your body, develops all the muscles of every part of your body, brings you health through exercises and enables you to increase your height, but is a system so enjoyable that, once you get into the swing of it, you'll never quit your daily exercises.

And what is most important, you don't have to spend one penny for apparatus. All my exercises are based on the scientific study of the human structure and the only apparatus you need is your bed or the floor, two hard rubber balls or a one-pound pair of dumbbells—nothing more. Cheap. I'll say so.

If you are among those seeking a position and find it difficult to get the job because of your height, you should get started on my "Height Increase Course."

There are no phonies among my many instruction books. You who have purchased my other books know the truth of that statement. That's why you can feel assured that

Nat Fleischer's "Simple Exercises for Height Increase"

will meet with your approval and bring results. 48 pages and sixty illustrations

Even if you can no longer increase your height, the seventy-five exercises listed in my latest book, and the special chapters on "How to Increase Your Weight" and "How to Reduce Your Weight," are well worth the price I'm asking.

Seventy-five exercises that not only will increase your height but will increase your chest development, add to your biceps, develop the arms, legs and neck, and put your body in fit condition for the daily tasks it must perform.

Wouldn't you rather spend an extra few cents for information that will bring you results? Then you, Mr. Shorty, you, Mr. Shrimp. Get Busy Now.

Keep your Health by using these exercises.

"Simple Exercises for Height Increase"

By NAT FLEISCHER

Famous authority on Physical Education, Boxing and Wrestling

Only 75 cents Exactly one cent for each exercise

Fill in the enclosed and mail a money order—no cash—to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden, 825 Eighth Avenue
New York City

Please send me, as soon as off the press, a copy of your latest book, "Simple Exercises for Height Increase," for which I enclose a money order for the sum of 75 cents.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... **State** .....

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

JOE LOUIS continues to be Michigan's outstanding boxer. The babyfaced Detroit Negro turned in two noteworthy accomplishments when he knocked out Stanley Poreda and Charley Massare. Poreda was overwhelmed and stopped in the first round and Massare lasted until the third round, when a pair of potent punches dropped him for the full count.

Johnny Vorce, Detroit Negro light-heavyweight, is going good. Johnny beat Red Johnson in Chicago. Bert Paxton bested Red Town, and Big Eddie Anderson was kayoed by Jack Krantz, Gary, Indiana, on the same card.

K. O. Morgan, the clubbing clown from Toledo, turned in one of his good fights at the Detroit Arena Gardens, and walloped Frankie Wolfram. The distance was ten rounds.

Thurston McKinney, sensational colored welterweight, bounded into the limelight with a knockout victory over Pee Wee Jarrell, the clever mittster from Mishawaukee, Indiana. McKinney rates as one of the better prospects in the state right now.

Chuck Woods, Michigan's lightweight, champion, is going great guns at this writing. After knocking out Mickey McAllister of Cincinnati, Woods knocked out Georgie Kid Stevens in impressive fashion at the Arena Gardens. It was the first time Stevens had been stopped. Stevens had just beaten Eddie Ran.

Louie Newman is doing the promoting at the Arena Gardens in Detroit.

Sammy Mandell's protege, Billy Celebron, defeated Frankie Misko in a good eight-round bout at Grand Rapids. Joey Mandell took an unpopular decision over Tony Lombardo, Mickey Misko beat Lin Harvey, and Pee Wee Magley drew with Danny Wright, on the same card.

Roger Bernard, Michigan's great 130-pounder, is still one of the best club fighters in the business. Roger lost to Mike Belloise, and then dropped a decision to the rising Leonard Del Genio.

Orville Drouillard turned in some good fights during the month. The Windsor walloper beat the tough Joe Marciente in Toronto; lost to Bus Breese in Chicago, and then took a ten-round decision from Dario Moreno in Detroit.

Gene Stanley, Detroit Free Press Golden Glove winner in 1932, who has been boxing in Europe, returned to Detroit and beat George Sutka, and kayoed Lin Harvey.

Johnny Vorce kayoed Danny La Meere in Chicago. This colored light-heavy will be heard from.

Jack Rosenbaum's Lansing boys are still fighting in good form. Joe Jancovic, light-heavy; Pee Wee Magley, light-heavy; Pretit Ferarer, light-heavy; Lin Harvey, middle; Foster Young, feather; and Bobby Gignac, flyweight, rate among the outstanding fighters in Michigan.

1935 promoters' lists may be had by sending twenty-five cents to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

Other fights involving Michigan boys follow: Morrie Sherman beat Tony Dominquez; Joe Meadows beat Tom Cinac; Chet Roberts beat Jimmy Cholak; Kid Stevens kayoed Jack DeMurro; Milton English kayoed Frank Bernard; Kid Cooley stopped Kid Mason; Frank Kapanowski knocked out Frank Gahee; Milton Albrecht beat Jackie Young, drew with Bob Kallay; Ed Plant beat Frankie Pallo and lost to Zachary Soof. Bud Chester beat Billy Moore; Steve Morgan stopped Jim Bowdell; St. Louis Kid beat Shake Lepoirs and Luis Carpentero. Jack Dalak stopped Oscar Cook; Cook Chapin kayoed Jackie Young and lost to Irish Jimmy Boyne. Cecil Lothery flattened Vin Miller, lost to Johnny Reggi and drew with Tommy Meeking. Reggi drew with Joey Szilagyi. Szilagyi lost to Arizona Kid. Ed Normand stopped Charles Martin and Billy Porter beat Ralph Smith and stopped Al Kotz. Frank Karpinsky kayoed Charley Young; Kid Cooley beat Joe Szilagyi; Szilagyi beat Eddie Plant; Tanley Abin beat Billy Brice; Art Callaghan beat Steve Shea; Frankie Pallo beat Jack Carter; Billy Porter beat Billy Moore; Ralph Smith beat Battling Bart; Marty Simmons beat Joey Bazzone; Jess McMurtry shaded Pete Loverix; Lefty Harris beat Clyde Roberts; Eddie Wells beat Mickey Lyle. Mike Kolnick lost an unpopular decision to Kid Chocolate at Barberton. Gib Black beat Walter Darge and Eddie Curtis flattened Nick Carter.

Joey Ingles, prominent bantam of six years ago, is on the come-back trail. He kayoed Joey Tothe of Barberton, O., on the last Hazel Park show.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

OF importance to every lover of the fistic sport, as well as to the active participants of the game, is the keynote of this month's columns of THE RING, foremost publication of its kind in the world. THE RING is without question the paramount factor in keeping boxing out of the deep sloughs of inertia during the past several lean years and now its valiant efforts are marked in this issue by the ultimate upturn and indication of a more fruitful 1935. However, Louisiana and vicinity the past year has failed to contribute, with the possible exception of one or two individuals, even a faint glimmer in the world's galaxy of fistic greats. The leaders in this section in order of their ratings in the respective divisions are as follows:

Bantamweights—Henry Moreno, Jimmy Perrin, Dewey Cannon.

Featherweights—Henry Moreno, Jimmy Lacoume, Nicky Camaratta.

Lightweights—Wesley Farrell, Ervin Berlier, Jumbo Rovira.

Welterweights—Gene Thomas, Eddie Flynn, K.O. White.

Middleweights—Jimmy Beeson, Ralph Chong (Chinese), P. G. Carson.

There are no flyweights, light-heavyweights or heavyweights worthy of recognition.

Each bout the popular colored lad, Wesley Farrell, participates in seems indicative of future greatness. Farrell has become the best gate attraction, either white or black, in New Orleans, and regardless of the ability of his opposition he jams them in. During the month he punched Kid Stringbean, New Orleans lightweight, into fistic oblivion in two rounds and decisioned Gene Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., in ten torrid stanzas.

Don DeSautel, one of the ablest of boxing and wrestling promoters, is located at Orlando, Fla., now and is giving that city exceptional fight cards. His many friends in Texas and Louisiana send congratulations. Fighters contemplating a journey into the South this winter should write him as his club is drawing good.

In an effort to again hear the welcomed click of spinning turnstiles, Marty Burke, promoter of white bouts in New Orleans, has cut his admission prices to twenty-five and forty cents. The same week of the low price inauguration, the promoter of the weekly Negro bouts raised his admission fees and drew a capacity house. It's all in matchmaking.

George Salvatore, persistently punching New England welterweight, introduced himself to New Orleans fans by easily and decisively whipping Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, in ten rounds at the Crescent City Coliseum.

In Mobile, Ala., the 1934 season was closed with Henry Moreno, pleasing Mexican bantamweight, again defeating the local pride, Dewey Cannon, in ten heats. The week before Jimmy Beeson, Long Beach, Miss., middleweight, defeated Ralph Chong, New Orleans.

Other bouts during the month wound up in this manner: Sterling Silver drew with Tommy Murphy; Eddie Flynn stopped Ace King; George Clausen decisioned Joe Marcus; Jumbo Rovira trounced Jack Griffin; Russ Tucker won from Jack Bradley; Johnny Russo was given the nod over Benny Nastasi; Joe White lambasted Mike Cusimano; Boomer Brooker defeated Jesse Green. Ralph Atkins shaded Oliver Shedden; Buck Landry and Sidney Duncan again drew; Vincent Bono downed Joe Engi.

Among the colored boys some interesting bouts resulted as follows: Baby Wills won over Battling Puggy, middleweights. Kid Carl kayoed Wildcat O'Connor; Battling Taylor dropped Jimmy Bennett, but was stopped by Leo Tankerson; Bob Manuel kayoed Roland Dixon and Lou Vanado; Al Vegas stopped Jimmy Bennett; Kid Adams and George Lawson drew, all welterweights. Kid Spibbens, who fights every week, beat K.O. Coleman. Johnny Simpson and Young Danno; Eddie Kid Brown also won over Danno; Young K.O. White dropped Johnny Simpson, all lightweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Jack Torrance, gigantic all-sports athlete of L. S. U., does not propose a professional boxing career as rumor had it . . . . Al Donnelly, ex-lightweight, operates a beer parlor . . . . Broadway Johnny Cox is proclaiming a fighter he has dubbed "Huey Long" . . . . Art Shires, the former stormy number of baseball, has been acting as referee of boxing and wrestling in Texas . . . . Fans in Louisiana would like to see W. B. Davee's protege, Ralph Sikes, in action . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursulines, New Orleans, La.

Gib Black, former star amateur flyweight from Newage, is boxing pro and doing well. He is fighting out of Selfridge Field.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

THE upshot of the recent "no fight" decision which was handed the Tod Morgan-Herb Bishop contest saw the pair meet again in the ten-round semi-windup to the Portney-Blatch glove-up. This time there was no hitch in proceedings, with a points' decision going to Bishop, although the margin in favor of the Australian was mighty close and perhaps Referee Wallis would have pleased most people had he declared a draw.

The idea of Bishop and Morgan contesting a ten-round semi-windup was the result of logic triumphing over the stubborn spit-balls of some of the die-hards. The promoters, backing Referee Wallis, refused to pay Morgan and Bishop their share of the "gate." Just when things began to look somewhat ugly, a bright suggestion came forth that the boxers should start where they left off. As fights here are of fifteen rounds, and seeing that Tod and Herb had reeled off five of them before the referee walked out of the piece in apparent disgust, the N.B.C. agreed to forget and forgive and make all monies available, provided Morgan and Bishop accepted the situation and completed the contest to the original schedule.

Rather an unusual procedure to be sure, but the fact that fans, promoters and fighters were unanimous about it, everything in the garden proved sublime.

As for Portney and Blatch, they were immensely pleased, as the presence of Morgan and Bishop on the bill put more than a couple of thousands dollars extra into the house. The Canadian "fork-hander" proved too knowing and strong for the local and in the seventh round, after sending Blatch to the floor on three occasions, Referee Wallis intervened and handed the pat to Portney.

Thus the Canadian scored his second win in consecutive weeks, as last week he outpointed Bishop in a solid encounter. With his unorthodox stance, Portney has got away to a good start at the expense of the local representatives.

Americans perhaps continue to be surprised at Morgan's success in Australia, but fight fans on this side do not pay good money away to a mediocre performer. The fact that Tod has made big money here is definite proof that he has delivered the goods. I am of the opinion, however, that a lot of praise must go to Ike Kutner, who has trained Morgan for every fight in Australia. In my opinion, he ranks close to being the best conditioner we have here. Other trainers of note that visiting American fighters can tie-up with confidence are Jack Dunleavy, Slam Sullivan, Sam Hart, Paul Harbulot and Harry Brown.

Ron Leonard is now generally recognized bantam champion of Australia. He and Pat Craig, in recent weeks, have twice fought for the honor. Ron won the first and was held to a draw in a return, although in my opinion, he was unlucky not to have landed the winning "pat."

Leonard's claims have become stronger owing to a doubt as to whether Mickey Miller can do the bantam limit. The latter, at the moment, is coming in as a featherweight. He is fighting a lot at the "smalls" and doing all right for himself. He sent the Filipino, Sacremento, kicking inside of fifteen seconds. Another strong claimant for the title is Wally Walker, the present holder of the Australian flyweight championship. He would have a great chance against Leonard, his right-hand wallop being particularly venomous.

Joe Hall is another youngster who gives the idea that he will make the big time before very long. He has decided backing as being the best of Australia's featherweights, but as this division, with the exception of Blandon and Miller (who so far have not interested themselves in Hall), is hardly up to standard, we shall have to wait a little longer before knowing for sure whether Hall is the lad promoters are on the look-out for. Personally I think the lightweight division will claim him in a month or so, as he is a growing youth of nineteen years of age.

Wrestling is still finding favor at both Sydney and Leichhardt Stadium . . . . As I predicted, however, Sonnenberg and Co. could not convince Melbourne people to take on the mat game again . . . . Sonnenberg, by the way, lost to Jack Clarke in Melbourne, hurting his leg to the extent of compelling his withdrawal from the match . . . . Gus followed on in Sydney by losing to Dr. Freddy Myers. He did one of his spectacular dives through the ropes to finish up in the seventh row of paying customers . . . . He failed to come up for any more, and for a while seemed to be in a bad way . . . . We will be back on the job again next week when he will go in with Ali Bey, who last week accounted for Dr. Myers by the only fall of the match . . . . Other wrestlers under the N.B.C.'s banner are, Dene Detton, Harry Mamos and Wong Bock Cheung.

Tom Lurich remains the "big noise" at Leichhardt. He is a magnet at the box-office, and, although he is the recognized villain of the play, things are never the same unless he heads the bill . . . . A wrestler's worth in Australia is usually gained by comparison with "Beeg" Tom. If the fans get it into their heads that Lurich is in for a caning, the "standing room only" sign has to be put into operation.

Light-heavy and Heavyweight Champion Ambrose Palmer has not been seen at Sydney Stadium for some considerable time . . . . Matchmaker Charlie Lucas is all keen on a Palmer-Carroll scrap, but Palmer is not enamored with the fixture . . . . He claims that he would not get any prestige in licking Carroll, who, as most of you know, is a welter, while there is always the chance of the unexpected cropping up and his losing out . . . . Anyway, the battle of words is on. In the meanwhile, Palmer is to fight Pietro Spagnola (Italian heavy) at Fitzroy (a suburb of Melbourne), to follow on with a match against Son Tealy at Leichhardt . . . . Tealy is the lad who licked Roy Williams.

Claude Varner and Merv Blandon are down for a return scrap. Blandon took out the points at the previous meeting, but, according to many people, the decision was all astray. The fight will attract a big attendance.

As was thought, Tod Morgan gave Jack Portney a helluva scrap, and, at the end of fifteen rounds, Referee Joe Wallis declared a draw. It was an excellent finding, although if one were pinned down to an opinion one would have favored Portney . . . . But perhaps the latter was entitled to lose ground for his persistency in holding, especially on the run for home when Morgan was making every post a winner . . . . Portney definitely had the edge on Morgan early on, but the seventh, eighth and ninth saw Morgan greatly in the ascendancy, and on more than one occasion he nearly broke Portney in two with rib cracking right-handers. From the tenth, Portney pulled himself together and managed to do a lot better against an opponent who began to tire . . . . Considering that Morgan fought with a cut optic and a big gash on the top of his head from round two—the latter wound bleeding profusely throughout—gives another reason why Australians go crazy about the world's ex-junior lightweight champ.

Willard Brown and "Kid" Murphy are due here . . . . If Brown knows his gloves, he should have no fears as to the financial outcome of his trip.

It is rather a pity that there is a dearth of middleweights in Australia . . . . In Fred Henneberry, who last week easily outpointed Ron Richards in Brisbane, boxing has one of the classiest and most attractive 160-pounders in the game. This kid would not allow Dave Shade to outthink him, and as he also carries a fine wallop, there is an excellent prospect going begging.

Jack Carroll returns to the fold with a match against Billy Martin. Martin is a clever youth, but he has his job ahead trying to get by at Carroll's expense.

Jack Portney's next match will be against Jack Carroll . . . . Jack has an idea that he can put a stitch into our welter champion, but such a thing is more easily said than done. Carroll is the fastest thing imaginable, and looks like being a glorious headache to the Canadian, despite the latter's southpaw stance.

Business still continues to be brisk in Sydney and the N.B.C., with Charlie Lucas in the managerial chair, has every reason to be pleased with the financial turnover the last twelve months.

By the way, the golf bug has badly bitten promoters, fighters, wrestlers and scribes . . . . Morgan consistently returns the best score, but Dene Detton often strikes terror into the hearts of his opponents by the length of his drives from the tee, though often he strays from the line and gives the boys a chance to make up the leeway . . . . Challenges are thrown out and accepted, but one must admit that the game has cemented many friendships despite the keen rivalry that takes place in the ring.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

WAILUKU, MAUI—Huerta Evans, Los Angeles Mexican, lost a hard fought decision to Young Gildo, local Filipino flash, in a ten-round bout before a packed house during the County Fair.

Henry Callejo beat Manuel Telles in the semi-windup . . . . Larry Santana won from Young Alfonso . . . . H. Tanaka won the decision from Kid Luzon . . . . S. Umetsu took to camp Young Dado in three . . . . S. Hotta T.K.O.'ed Fighting Richard in fourth.

Honolulu—Clever Sison, a 124-pounder, made quick work of Al Camacho by disposing the latter into submission within two rounds. All in all Camacho hit the floor six times for a count of nine each, before his manager tossed in the towel in the second round. Referee Andy Biddle gave the bout to Sison on a T.K.O.

In the semi-windup, Joe Velasco took a close six-round decision from Walter Cho, local Korean slugger . . . . Kid Bulldog dropped a hairline verdict to Johnny Cortez . . . . Kid Henry finished Flashy Yacas in four . . . . Domingo Dumerque and Daminador Ramirez fought to a draw . . . . Kid Waialua polished off Isabelo Nono in three . . . . Thunder Ben beat Manuel Corbet.

Johnny Yasui, Clever Sison and Young Gildo are the leading contenders for the Territorial featherweight championship once held by Vicente Venturillo, now fighting on the Coast.

Molokai—Young Gildo won from Walter Cho over six rounds.

Joe Velasco beat Freddy Buck in six rounds . . . . Kid Santana won from Kid Felipe . . . . Kid Luzon stopped Young Tanaka in one round . . . . Kid Lorenz, finished Peralto in one . . . . and Henry Gloring won from Abua.

Hilo, Hawaii—K.O. Kuratsu, after a year's suspension, came back and held Alejandro Pazmore to an eight-round draw in the main event of the American Legion smoker. Kuratsu was a bit clever and fast for the Fil during the initial rounds.

K.O. Pagan won a well-earned decision from Sabas Jamito in the semi-windup . . . . Hisashi Nishi and Paul Seronio fought to a hard-fought draw . . . . Kid Masa kayoed Flashy Joe in the second heat . . . . Kid Perrera won a slow fight from L. Feliciano . . . . Kid Katsumoto lost to Juan Anastacio.

The Handy Book for Managers and Seconds

Now Ready

Revised Edition

"How to Second a Boxer"

and

"How to Manage a Fighter"

By Nat Fleischer

Two books combined into one for your convenience

The Revised "How to Second a Boxer" contains many new items, including new pictures, which bring this book up-to-the-minute.

The first three editions have all been sold. So popular has this book been with those who handle a fighter in the ring, in actual contests, that the demand has been exceptionally great.

Not only have professional seconds purchased the book, but those who have charge of amateurs and those who take care of the college and high school students in boxing matches, have been among the buyers.

With the supply of the third edition gone, it was decided to bring the book of four years ago up-to-date with the result that you will find in the

Revised "How to Second a Boxer"

things of interest in your work that you cannot possibly afford to miss.

And to add to the interest, following numerous requests for a special book on

"How to Manage a Fighter"

complete data on that all-important phase of the fight game has been incorporated in the newly revised,

"How to Manage a Fighter"

so that you Seconds and Managers will now get Two Books in one, Two Important Books for The Price of One. No increase in price, only an increase in the information furnished.

Included in this section are the rules of the boxing commissions and forms of contracts fighters, managers and seconds must sign.

FIGHTERS, MANAGERS and SECONDS

should have a copy of the Revised

"How to Second a Boxer"

with the additional information on

"How to Manage a Fighter"

even if you already have the original edition minus the portion on managerial duties.

You can't go wrong, boys

Never has a book of this type been printed

You'll benefit considerably and for the small sum of $1.00, you'll reap a thousand-fold in return for your investment.

The BOOK OF THE DAY in Boxing Circles

Send in your order Now. Don't be without this new book. Fill in the coupon below and mail with a money order for $1.00 to

THE RING BOOK SHOP

Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. between 49th and 50th Streets

NEW YORK CITY

Name .....

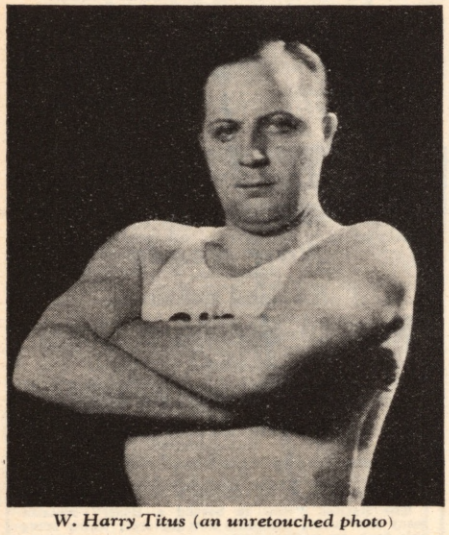
Street .....

City .....

State .....

Revised "How to Second"

I'll Bet You Half a Dollar I Can Make Your Muscles GROW



W. Harry Titus (an unretouched photo)

Try "Miracle Expansion" For Yourself

HERE'S a sporting proposition. I want to make a little bet with you. I want to PROVE I can give you a new body—a brawny, powerful, good-looking body. I want to SHOW you how my wonderful new method makes muscles GROW—how it covers your body with bulging bands of solid strength—gives you a magnificent pair of biceps, a mighty chest, broad shoulders, strong, shapely legs.

Perhaps you've been reading about my marvelous new system of "Miracle Expansion"—the quick, easy way to a superb development—without tedious, old-fashioned exercises, without apparatus. "Miracle Expansion" works **fast** because it utilizes **all** the vital principles of body-building. It makes muscles grow from the **inside.** It tunes up your whole system, strengthens and activates your internal organs, sends rich red blood coursing through your body to build up and energize the tissues. You gain amazing pep and vitality—speed and endurance. Your muscles develop into long, lithe, rippling sinews charged with dynamic power and lightning agility.

Amazing New Short-Cut to Health, Strength, Muscles

I could go on for pages telling you about the wonders of this new way to grow strong. But "seeing is believing." That's why I want to make this little bet with you. I want you to TRY "Miracle Expansion" for yourself. I want to show you, on your own body, how I can make your muscles grow—how I can give you a husky, handsome physique that will be your pride and joy. All I ask is a few minutes of your time each day for one week—and HALF A DOLLAR as an evidence of your good faith.

Just send your name, address and 50c and I'll start you on "Miracle Expansion" by return mail. Put my secrets of muscle-building to work. Give them one week to prove their value. Then, if you are not more than satisfied, I'll call the bet off and return your half dollar. This is a bet you can't lose—so mail the coupon below or write and let me start your muscles growing at once. But let me hear from you right away—this sensational offer may be withdrawn at any time. Here's your chance to see for yourself how easily YOU CAN GROW STRONG.

W. Harry TITUS, Dept. L-2
39 UNION SQUARE WEST, NEW YORK, N. Y.

W. HARRY TITUS, Dept L-2
39 Union Square West, New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Titus: I am taking you up on your bet that you can make my Muscles GROW. Send along your secrets of "Miracle Expansion." I'll try them for a week. I enclose only 50c which is to be returned to me if I am not fully satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

TOMMY PAUL shot the boxing build-up full of holes here when he took a run-out powder on Mike Belloise. Tommy cost the club plenty in money and hurt prestige. The Belloise-Paul bout would have drawn better than $3,000 which is a whole lot bigger gate than Paul will probably ever see again.

Belloise was put in with Joe Marciente, a last-minute substitute sent down from Montreal by our friend Lawson Bampton. Belloise had too much class for the game Canadian who took a terrible pasting, and the scrap was finally stopped in the ninth round.

The biggest surprise of the fistic season hereabouts was the record crowds drawn by Babe Risko and Freddie Sallus, two local boys. These rivals met twice and both times packed the Arena. Their first battle resulted in a draw decision, but in the return go Risko stopped Sallus in the ninth.

Eddie Dempsey journeyed to Toronto three times and engaged in a disastrous local bout. At Toronto he scored a T.K.O. over Frankie Genovese, and in a return bout dropped an unpopular duke. He then fought Steve Halaiko here and after giving Steve a merry fight for six rounds, was knocked flatter than a pancake in the seventh when Halaiko turned on the steam. Returning to Toronto, the action producing Dempsey lost to Tommy Bland in a bitter slugfest over the ten-round route.

Eugene Emanuel has kept busy in out-of-town rings. The former Bad Boy fought twice at Buffalo, losing twice, once to Joe Sweeney and then to Frankie Eagan. Both decisions however were very unpopular. Eugene met Sweeney in a return go at Scranton a few weeks later and evened matters. In the Eagan bout, Emanuel had Frankie on the canvas when the bell rang.

Billy Stevens keeps pretty busy with Jackie Davis. Billy is a fine young fellow and a live wire. There should be more managers in the game like him. Another popular pilot is none other than Jack (Three-Star) Henessey who is now working out of Scranton, Pa. Three-Star is a square-shooter and has a couple of great club fighters in Larry (Kid) Wagner and Matty White.

While handing out posies we might mention that Johnny McIntyre, that popular Binghamton hotel man, is okay too . . . . By the way, Binghamton staged one show this season . . . . A return fight between Werner Wilsch and Babe Risko was the headliner, and Risko won by a knockout in the third . . . . The show drew less than $300 but it was one of those "short notice" affairs.

Al Salbano came back from the wide open spaces of the Far West and was matched to meet Babe Risko for his first pro start in this section . . . . Risko won at the end of ten bitterly contested rounds, but Salbano proved dangerous every second he was in the ring . . . . This battle drew a nice crowd.

Following the Salbano-Risko show, your scribe resigned as matchmaker for the Disabled Veterans . . . . However, we expect to be located with another club before long and can still be reached at 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

The mail bag was filled to overflowing again last month but we must repeat for the benefit of you boys who have received no answers to please enclose a stamp for reply . . . . If we answered you all each month the cost of stamps would mount to overwhelming proportions . . . . Boxing is still a popular sport here but has a close contender in pro hockey which is played on Thursdays and Sundays and draws capacity crowds.

SOME FIGHT RESULTS HERE: Risko-Sallus card—Joey Brown, Syracuse, and Al Gillette, New York, drew (6); Al Traino, Rochester, and Connie Morris, Syracuse, drew (6); Alfy Williams, Syracuse, outpointed Eddie Swider, Syracuse (6); Kid Terrell, Binghamton, knocked out Kid Brown, Rochester (1).

Halaiko-Dempsey card—Tommy Howells, Buffalo, outboxed Al Gillette, New York (6); Connie Morris, Syracuse, outpointed Joe Nealon, Scranton (6); Frankie Eagan, Buffalo, defeated Al Traino, Rochester (6); Tony Petta, Syracuse, outslugged Joe Severino, Rochester (4).

Salbano-Risko card—Joey Brown, Syracuse, knocked out Sammy Russo, Jersey City (3); Baby Joe Thompson, Middletown, outpunched Gaspar LaRosa, New York (6); Freddie Sallus, Syracuse, whipped Joe Constantino, New York (6); Joey Kushner, Syracuse, trounced Joe Bottom, Syracuse (4).

Boxers eager to break into this section are advised to get in touch with the writer, who is widely known in this section and can do something for you.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

JIMMY LETO clearly outboxed and outpunched Bat Battalino in a speedy ten-round main bout in the state armory at Hartford.

Eddie Carr, aggressive light-heavyweight, of Waterbury, and Steve Carr of New Haven furnished the fireworks for the cash customers, when both gladiators mixed it freely in a toe to toe fashion, with Steve winning the decision.

Frankie "Butch" Nichols, Tariffville middleweight, tucked Eddie Moore of Bridgeport to sleep in the fifth stanza. Nathan Mann, the New Haven light-heavyweight, socked Walter Caroly of Worcester, Mass., on the chin with a hard right to end the scrap in the second frame. Freddie Foran, featherweight, outpointed Harry English of Norwalk, in four rounds.

Who's who in the line-up in the yearly rating of Connecticut fighters, for 1934, in accordance with ability and their accomplishments:

Heavyweights—Eddie "Unknown" Winston, Hartford; Al Boros, Bridgeport; Eddie Hogan, Waterbury. Prospects—Johnny Destephano, East Hampton; Big Kid Chocolate, New Haven; Long Tom Williams, New Haven.

Light-heavyweights—Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven; Steve Carr, New Haven; Eddie Carr, Waterbury. Prospects—Nathan Mann, New Haven; Ralph Bargnesi, Norwich; Gene Bryan, Norwalk; Eddie Jessup, Torrington.

Middleweights—Charley Eagle, Waterbury; Tiger Jack Renault, New Haven; Frankie "Butch" Nichols, Tariffville. Prospects—Billy Reeves, Torrington; Joe Arnold, Waterbury; Bull Davis, New London.

Welterweights—Jimmy Leto, Hartford; Louis Kid Cocoa, New Haven; Eddie Dolan, Waterbury. Prospects—Eddie Conley, Danbury; Billy Bridges, Willimantic; Billy Clark, New Haven; Harry Ryder, Waterbury.

Lightweights—Bat Battalino, Hartford; Joe Vignalli, Waterbury; Phil Baker, Norwalk. Prospects—Frankie Williams, New Haven; Johnny Bellus, New Haven; Eddie Mays, Hartford.

Featherweights—Pinky Morris, Bridgeport; Jimmy Stewart, New Haven; Freddie Foran, Hartford. Prospects—Joe Guzman, Hartford; Al Gillette, New London.

Bantamweights—None.

Flyweights—None.

The most promising, in my opinion, is Jimmy Leto, welterweight. He stands out as "A number 1."

Irish Eddie Dolan, aggressive welterweight of Waterbury, is coming along in great style. He went to Charlotte, N. C., to score a quick knockout over Jimmy Lundy of Butte, Mont., in the first frame of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Louis Kid Cocoa, one of the local welterweights, who has tasted defeats in the past month, came through with an easy win over Pete Mike of New York, in a ten-round combat.

Good fighters who are not under any contracts, and would like to fight in this locality, are requested to drop a letter to this scribbler. Address 50 Crown Street, Waterbury, Conn.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

RELAMPAGO Saguera, Cuba's welterweight champion, easily won a ten-round decision over Lope Tenorio of Manila at Cristal Arena. Will Liam Baeza, sterling flyweight, scored a six-round victory over Marino Diaz. Ramon Perez, hard punching welter, knocked out Joe Gandon in the fifth round.

Claudio Marticorena, welterweight, knocked out Kid de la Nuez in two rounds, and Joe Roman won over Juan Alvarez in four. Pancho Suarez drew with Jesus Alvarez in six, and Tuto Millet won over Marzo Fernandez. Humberto Kid Espinosa won over Kid Michelena.

Fillo Echevarria returned from Spain, and scored a three-round knockout over Mushy Green.

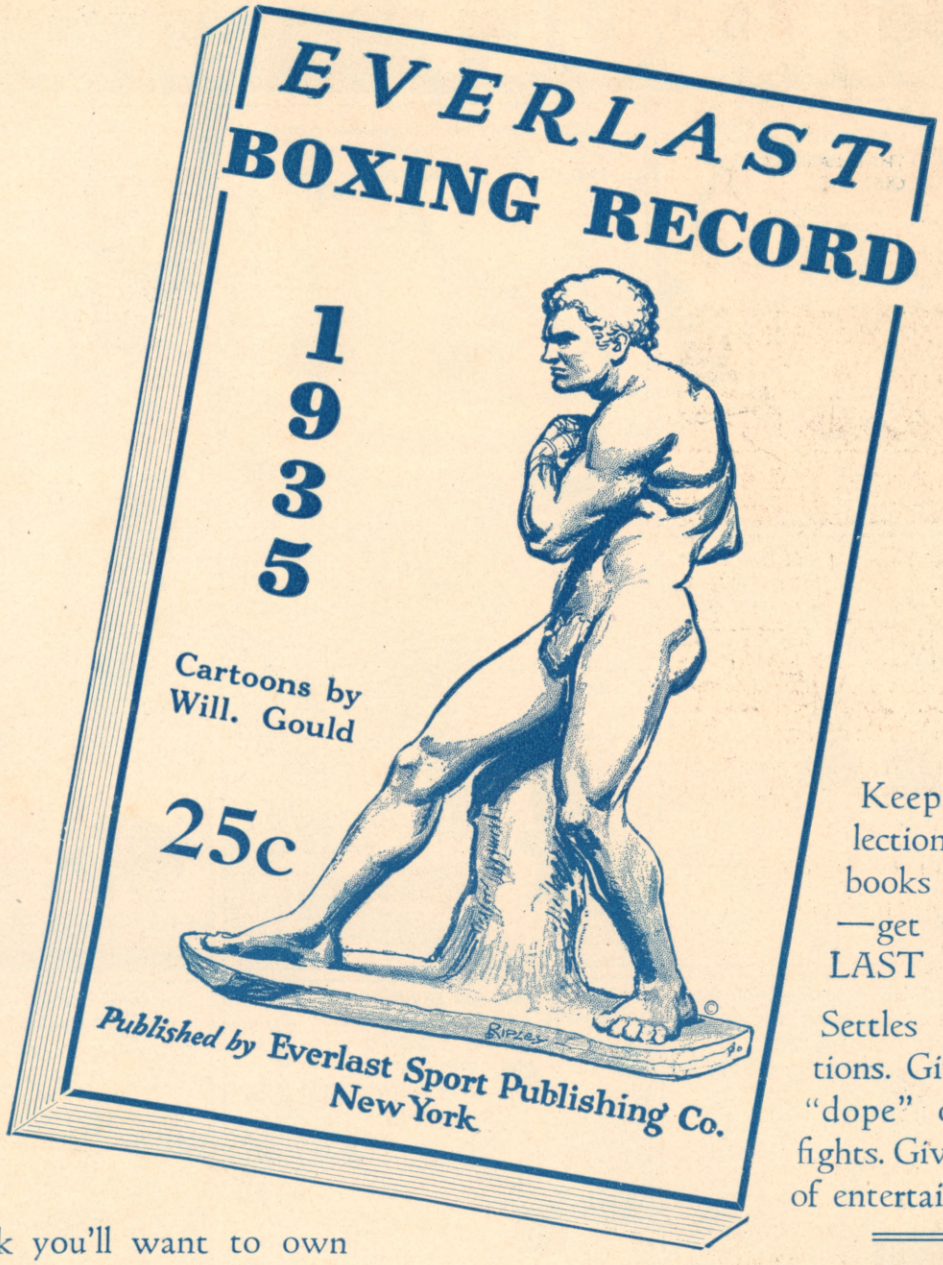
Sixtico Morales is the new lightweight champion by virtue of a ten-round knockout over Joe Coego.

Mariano Arilla, Spanish bantamweight, won over Gilbert Castillo, the Cuban champion. Ramon Perez was put *"hors de combat"* by Young Gallard.

Armando Reina, from Tampa, is still in town. Jim Downing, promoter, is also here, and drawing good gates with his wrestling shows on Thursdays.

Ignacio Ara is training for a tilt with Lop Tenorio, and Relampago Saguero will meet Kid Calixto for the welterweight title. Pablo Ramirez beat Ben Yayalan.

Red-Blooded Fight Fans Enjoy Reading the EVERLAST Boxing Record Book!



Keep your collection of record books up to date—get the EVERLAST 1935 book!

Settles fight questions. Gives you the "dope" on coming fights. Gives you hours of entertainment!

Here's the book you'll want to own because it gives you all the information you want on fights, fighters, and fighting, in addition to photos, stories, articles, sidelights and news by America's foremost boxing writers.

Be sure to get the 1935 edition of the EVERLAST Boxing Record—the book writers have been using for 15 years—the book broadcasters use—the official guide of the boxing world!

OUT Early in JANUARY

On Newsstands 25c
By Mail 35c

Send This Coupon TODAY!

Order your copy TODAY
from your newsdealer or direct →

The ONLY Record Book you need!

To
THE EVERLAST SPORT PUBLISHING CO.,
37 Union Square, New York City

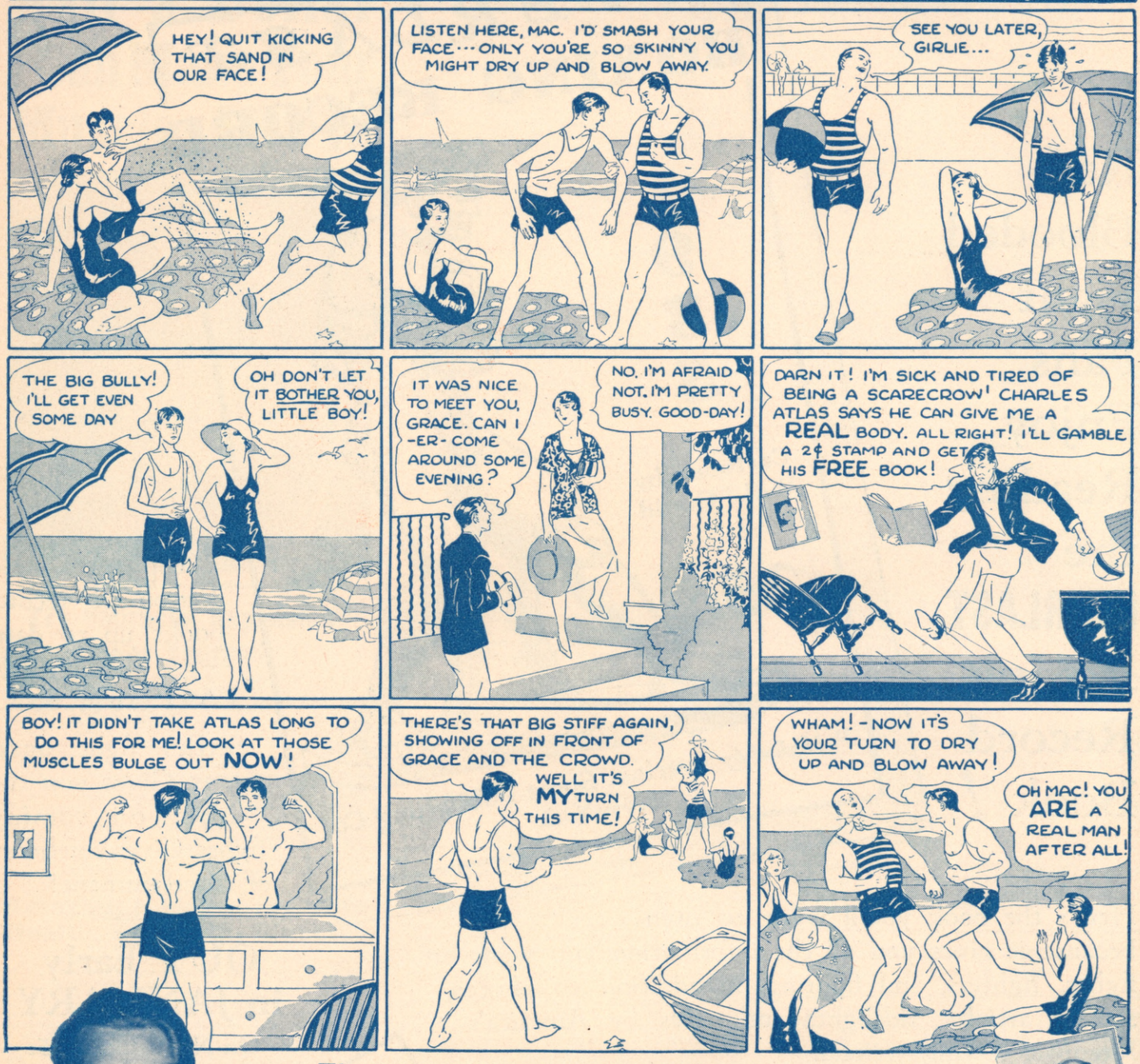
Here's my 35c for a copy of the 1935 book.
I want it in a hurry. Shoot it along.

NAME .....

STREET AND NUMBER .....

CITY AND STATE .....

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of the title: The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man

The 97-lb Weakling Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

THEY used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I weighed only 97 pounds. I was a sickly scare-crow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I make you this amazing offer. *At my own risk* I'll give you PROOF *in just 7 days* that my same method can make you over into a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

I'll PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, steel-like muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? *Give me just 7 days!* I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or contraptions that may strain your heart or other vital organs—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! In just a few minutes a day!

Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about **Dynamic-Tension.** Shows actual photos. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy **today.** Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 802, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS
Dept. 802, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
[Please print or write plainly]

Address .....

City ..... State .....

1935 C. A. Ltd.